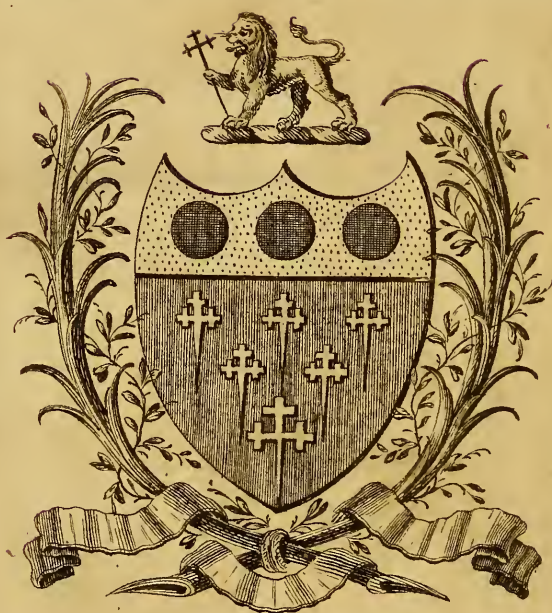


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John Quincy Adams.

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THE FIRST
SIX BOOKS
OF
VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

Translated into BLANK VERSE,

BY

Adams 2129

ALEXANDER STRAHAN, Esq;



2551

LONDON:

Printed for T. PAYNE, near the Mews-Gate; and
A. STRAHAN, at the Golden Ball, in Cornhill.

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T O

Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq;

Dear S I R,

INSTEAD of having recourse to some great Name to protect this Attempt of mine, I judg'd it much more proper to address my self to One, who by his Knowledge of the Original, must be allowed to be an adequate Judge. Besides, there were other Reasons that in a manner made it a Debt upon me; the Trouble you have taken to read over this Work, and to make some Amendments in it; and the favourable Opinion you was pleas'd to entertain of it: this I must confess contributed to lessen the Diffidence I had about its Success, which in some measure must affect every Man who ventures into the World as an Author.

The DEDICATION.

Altho' your good Opinion cannot ascertain the public Approbation, yet I look upon it as no unfavourable Circumstance tending to procure it, when it is approved by One of disinterested Judgment, far above the little Motives that influence inferior Critics.

I am farther induced to the present Address, that I might at the same Time declare to the World how much I value your Friendship. I am with the most perfect Esteem and Regard,

Dear SIR,

Your most faithful and

Obedient Servant,

March, 28th. 1753.

Alex. Strahan.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

AN Attempt to translate VIRGIL, in a Way that has been tried before, will probably be thought to stand in need of some Excuse ; but instead of a laboured Apology, I shall set before the Reader, the Motives that led me to this Attempt, and leave the Judgment he is to form of them, and of the Work, to his own Candour.

The *ÆNEID* has been already twice translated into Blank Verse. First, by the late Doctor BRADY of *Twickenham*, and afterwards by the late Doctor TRAPP. The first Performance was so mean, that I imagine Doctor TRAPP was induced by that to undertake the same Task. However qualify'd that Gentleman was for it, as a very good Scholar and Critic, and sometime Professor of Poetry at *Oxford*, the Public did not seem entirely satisfied with his Performance ; and it was

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from the unsuccessful Attempts of these Gentlemen that I was first accidentally led to begin part of the present Work. For having been from my earliest youth, so captivated with MILTON, that I prefer'd him infinitely to all our *English* Poets, I tried, for my Amusement, many Years ago, what I could do, by way of imitating the stile and manner of this my favourite Author; and one of my first Essays was a Translation from the beginning of the first Book of the *ÆNEID* to the end of the Storm.

I WAS previously encouraged to this by the Attempts of these two Gentlemen, which shewed that MILTON's manner, under proper restrictions, was the only true Method of succeeding in a translation of VIRGIL; and therefore I shewed this Specimen to several of my Friends and Acquaintance, who seem'd not to be displeas'd with it. It lay by me near twenty Years, without my having entertain'd a Thought of prosecuting the Work, or presuming to proceed in so bold a Task. But having shewn this Specimen accidentally to two Friends, upon their publishing something of the same Nature, I was encouraged to resume the Attempt, thro' their Persuasions. I then finish'd the First Book, which was perus'd and approved of, both by them and several others.

But

P R E F A C E.

But that I might still have the candid Judgment of the Public, with regard to its real Merit, as making some Allowance for the Partiality of Friends, I was induced to commit it to the Press, being anxious to know, whether I ought to proceed, or not; altho', perhaps in Prudence, I ought not to have risk'd it so soon. I intreated my most intimate Friends to acquaint me ingeniously with the Character they heard of it. The Report was more in my Favour than otherwise; and I have gone on. It has been objected that the Public has been already too much loaded with Blank Verse. Such as have no Relish for that sort of Verse, have a Right to think, and to say so. But surely if ever Blank Verse is approv'd of in any kind of Poetry, it is in the *Epic*; as it is the Opinion of some of the best Judges, that the Majesty, and Dignity of those Poems visibly sinks in Rhime. Besides, the Translators are often forced to omit part of the Original, and sometimes Words of great Energy and Import; as well as to give, in many places, another Cast and Form to the Original. In Blank Verse the Translator can follow his Author, even to the Imitation of his Phrases, and manner of Diction, and weigh every Word and Expression, as in a Scale; and considering the Inferiority of the *Eng-*

P R E F A C E.

lish Language, and Disadvantage of its Verse, he may endeavour to bring it as near the Original as possible. To effect this, without sinking into a low or prosaic Stile, has been my Aim thro' the whole Work, and I have found it much more difficult to make choice of apt Words and Phrases for expressing the Sense of the Original concisely and clearly, than I should have found to render it by a loose Paraphrase, in which the Spirit and Energy was lost.

I have kept as close to my Author as the late Doctor TRAPP, in respect to his Sense, but have taken a little more Compass, for the sake of Harmony. How I have performed is submitted, with all due Deference, to the Public. I have spared no Labour to make it worthy of their Acceptance, altho', there may still remain many Mistakes, and it may fall short of that Perfection which true Judges might require in such a Performance, nevertheless it is hoped, when they consider the Difficulty of the Undertaking, they will decide with Candour. How much soever I may sometimes have flatter'd my self with Hopes, I own I have much oftner sunk into Despondency. And as VIRGIL says of the Competitors in the Naval Sport in the Vth, Book,

exultan-

P R E F A C E.

exultantiaque baurit
Corda pavor pulsans, landumque arrecta Cupido.

I have often intermitted my Labour, and sometimes resolv'd entirely to relinquish it. But from time to time still going on, after finishing the Vth, I was desirous of trying my Abilities upon the VIth, Book. I set about it with Fear and Trembling, as being incontestably the most finish'd Part of the whole Work ; but have now the Pleasure to find it approved of by one of the best Judges in *England*.

As to some of the difficult Passages, concerning the Sense of which, even the Learned themselves differ, I have consulted most of the Commentaries, and look'd into our own, and I believe all the *Italian* and *French* Translations, and have taken that Interpretation which appear'd most reasonable, upon a Comparison of the whole. So that if any of my learned Readers differ from me, I would not have them rashly to condemn me, before they have taken the same Pains.

Having in my Hands the Copy of a Letter from a Gentleman, universally allow'd to be the finest Critic, and Judge of polite Literature, which accompanied a Translation of Part of VIRGIL, I thought I could not do better than

P R E F A C E.

give an Extract of some Passages, that coming from so great a Hand, will more amply, and with greater Authority express, in what manner a Translation of VIRGIL should be attempted.

“ What I may have in common with former
“ Translators, will be found I believe among
“ those of 'em who have followed VIRGIL most
“ closely, and allowed themselves as little Liberty
“ in rendering him as was possible. Indeed
“ where the Force of an Author's Words, and the
“ Turn of his Thoughts are carefully attended to,
“ they that put him into another Tongue, must
“ light equally on what most nearly expresses his
“ Sense; and consequently speak the same Lan-
“ guage.

“ Tho' I propos'd to my self to copy VIRGIL
“ with Exactness, yet I am sensible that I have
“ added here and there something to the Text,
“ which may seem rather imply'd than express'd
“ in it, and to be in some measure a Comment
“ upon it. This Superfluity of Words is a Fault,
“ into which the Nature of our Rhiming Verse
“ must always, less or more, lead those that make
“ use of it. Even my Lord ROSCOMMON, the
“ strictest and justest of our Translators, is some-
“ times guilty of it. But Mr. DRYDEN more
“ often and more remarkably so, as to give us

“ now

P R E F A C E.

“ now and then his own Thoughts, instead of
 “ those of his Author : as if he intended to make
 “ amends for what he omitted, by what he inserted
 “ in the Room of it. This is a Freedom not to be
 “ allowed to any but to great Masters ; and tho’
 “ they may do well, even when they indulge
 “ themselves in it, yet they certainly do better
 “ when they forbear it. Nothing of that kind
 “ will be found in this Version, wherein I propose
 “ to make VIRGIL, as Sir JOHN DENHAM speaks
 “ — *My great Example, as he is my Theme*---And
 “ to imitate him, in the same manner as he
 “ himself imitates THEOCRITUS and HOMER ;
 “ whose turn of Thoughts and Words he always
 “ traces as nearly as is consistent with preserving
 “ the Genius of the *Latin* Tongue, and the
 “ Spirit of Poetry. Can a Man, who has any
 “ Reverence for his Judgement, doubt, whether
 “ the strict manner of Translating be not more
 “ preferable to that which is more loose and dif-
 “ fus’d, in which we too often indulge our
 “ selves ?

“ If I should have failed in my Endeavours to
 “ express the *Molle atque facetum* which distin-
 “ guishes the Character of this Composition of
 “ VIRGIL’s, it is not to be wonder’d.

“ My

P R E F A C E.

“ My own Disadvantages, added to those of
 “ our Tongue, which is too much loaded with
 “ Consonants and Monosyllables, will sufficient-
 “ ly plead my Excuse.

“ If there be indeed any Excuse for a Man’s
 “ attempting to do that which in it self is not to
 “ be done”.

We see here the Difficulties of translating in Rhime, confess’d by one of the most consummate Masters, which indeed so constrained and embarrass’d him, that his Performance does not answer Expectations. There is one thing, which I believe has generally misled Translators, and it is their wrong Interpretation of that Verse of HORACE, in his Art of Poetry, commonly quoted upon such Occasions.

*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
 Interpres.*

Father SIMON * in his *Lettres Choïsies*, observes,
 “ That HENRY STEPHENS long ago took notice,

* Sans même qu’il soit nécessaire d’avoir recours au génie de la langue Hébraïque, cette même ellipse, on manquement de la particule, comme, se trouve dans les autres langues. Il y a long-tems que Henry Estienne a montré, qu’elle est familière à Horace. C’est sur ce pied-là qu’il a expliqué ce vers de la Poétique, Nec verbum verbo curabit reddere fidies Interpres. Il reprend ceux qui pretend prouver des paroles de ce Poëte, qu’un Traducteur exact n’est point obligé de s’attacher aux mots de son Texte. VOL. 4. Letter 43, at the End.

“ that

P R E F A C E.

“ that *ellipses* or *particles* understood, was familiar
 “ to HORACE, and that here, *tanquam*, or *ceu*,
 “ was understood, before the words, *fidus inter-*
 “ *pres*. He finds fault with those, who pretend
 “ to prove from these words of the Poet, that an
 “ exact Translator is not obliged to attach him-
 “ self to the words of his Text”.

The Translators have since render'd it in that manner. Besides this Precept of HORACE is directed to those who borrow, or imitate from other Authors, advising them not to follow them so closely, as if they translated them; and the expression *fidus interpret*, would rather seem to inculcate the contrary of what is generally understood from those words, which is, that HORACE was of opinion, a Translator should be faithful.

In another of Father SIMONS' * Letters he quotes the famous Mons. ARNAULD, in these words.

“ One must be wholly ignorant of the nature
 “ of literal Translation, to believe that it only con-
 “ sists in giving Word for Word: whereas what

* Mons. Arnauld, Liv. 5. ch. ix. P. 418. Repond ainsi a son Confrere. Il faut ne savoir ce que c'est que de traduire litteralement, quand on croit que cela ne consiste qu' a mettre mot pour mot: au lieu que ce qu'on doit rechercher dans une Traduction pour la rendre litteraire & fidelle, c'est de trouver des mots qui donnent nettement les mêmes Idées que ceux de l' Original.
 VOL. 4. Letter 51.

“ ought

P R E F A C E.

“ ought to be particularly endeavour’d in a Tran-
 “ slation, to render it literal and exact, is, to find
 “ out Words which clearly express the same Ideas
 “ that are in the Original”.

With regard to Translation in general, the learned HUETIUS, in his *Dialogue de optimo genere Interpretandi*, hath left us such excellent Rules concerning it, that I flatter my self, the Generality of my Readers will not be displeas’d to see some of the most material of them, altho’ it may not contribute to the Recommendation of my poor Performance, to set so complete a Delineation before them of a perfect Translation, yet so far as my Abilities would permit, I have endeavour’d to follow it.

* “ I say therefore that this is the best Method
 “ of Translation, when first the Translator most
 “ strictly adheres to the Sense of his Author, and
 “ after that even to his very Words, if the Genius
 “ of each Language will admit of it, and deli-
 “ neates the natural Character of the Author in
 “ such a Light, that it may be known to be his ;
 and

* Optimum ergo illum esse dico interpretationis modum, quum Auctoris sententiæ primum, deinde ipsis etiam, si ita fert utriusque linguæ facultas, verbis arctissimè adhæret interpret, & nativum postremò Auctoris characterem, quoad ejus fieri potest, adumbrat; idque unum studet, ut nulla eum detractiōe imminutum, nullo additamento auctum, sed integrum, suique omni ex parte simillimum perquam fideliter exhibeat. Cum enim nihil aliud esse videatur interpretatio, quam expressa Auctoris imago et effigies; ea autem optima imago habenda sit, quæ liniamenta oris, colorem, oculos, totum denique

P R E F A C E.

“ and only aims, most faithfully to exhibit him,
 “ neither less’n’d by any Omission, nor increas’d
 “ by any Addition, but entire, and the very
 “ Image of himself in every Part. For as Tran-
 “ slation seems to be nothing else, than an express
 “ Figure and Picture of an Author; that certain-
 “ ly is to be esteem’d the best Picture which re-
 “ presents his Features, Complexion, Eyes, the
 “ whole Air of his Visage, and deportment of
 “ Body, in such a manner, that being Absent he
 “ may seem Present; for that is a bad Picture which
 “ exhibits a thing otherwise than as it really is, al-
 “ tho’ it is painted more beautiful, and more
 “ pleasing to the Sight. It is therefore fully
 “ proved, that such an Interpretation is to be pre-
 “ fer’d, which does not prune the Luxuriancies
 “ of an Author, or supply his Defects, or clear
 “ up his Obscurity, or correct his Faults, or bring
 “ into Order his want of Method; but that which
 “ presents the whole Author before us, express’d
 “ in his natural Colours, and either to be prais’d

*denique vultus filum, & corporis habitum ita refert, ut absens
 coram esse videatur; inepta vero ea figura sit, quæ rem aliter
 effingit atque est, pulchriorem illam licet, & aspectu jucundi-
 orem exprimat: id profecto efficitur, eam demum præstabili-
 orem esse interpretationem, non quæ Auctoris vel luxuriam
 depascat, vel jejunitatem expleat, vel obscuritatem illustret,
 vel menda corrigat, vel perversum ordinem digerat; sed quæ
 totum Auctorem ob oculos sistat nativis adumbratum Colori-
 bus, & vel genuinis virtutibus laudandum, vel, si ita meritis
 est, propriis deridendum vitiis propinet.*

“ for

P R E F A C E.

“ for his genuine Virtues, or, if he deserves it,
 “ expos'd to Ridicule for his Faults.”

Some Pages afterwards he proceeds thus.

* “ The scatter'd parts of this Disputation I
 “ will review again with you, and place as it
 “ were in one View. There are, in all, three
 “ Things necessarily requisite to obtain the Praise
 “ of a true Translation; strict Adherence to the
 “ Sense; Fidelity to the Words; and the most
 “ careful Observance of the Manner. Without
 “ these Three, all the Endeavours of Translators

* Dissipatas disputationis hujusce partes vobiscum recognoscam, & sub unum veluti aspectum collocabo. Omnino tria sunt, quæ ad veram interpretationis laudem necessario requiruntur; religio in exponendis sententiis; fides in referendis verbis; summa in exhibendo colore sollicitudo. Absque illis tribus, inanes quippe sint interpretum conatus, & vana industria. Sententiæ igitur ita exponendæ sunt ut verbis includantur iisdem; verba ita conspectanda sunt, ut ex iis efflorescant sententiæ; ita congruere debent sententiæ, & verba, ut ex utrisque forma, sapor, & character exurgat. Omnis in iis rebus vis est interpretis exprimenda. Quisquis ita sententiis dat operam, ut verba negligat; vel ita studet verbis, ut sententias labefactet; vel ita demum sententias & verba persequitur, ut saporem pessundet, is boni interpretis laudem ac decus amittit. Tria ad hæc alia sunt, quæ ab interprete non exigam quidem, expectem certè, & exoptem: ut summa insit in Interpretatione perspicuitas; ut elegans sit & concinna; ut opus *αὐτοφύης*, non alieni interpretatio credi possit. Tribus hisce prioribus addideris postrema hæc tria, omnibus nimirum absolutam numeris Interpretationem procuraveris. Ita sit ut omnis interpretis virtus sex e rebus existat, sed ex his tribus præcipuè, religione in sententiis, fide in verbis, sollicitudine in colore; tum ex illis deinde etiam tribus, eximiâ perspicuitate; venustate; et eo quod Hieronimus, vernaculum, nos *αὐτοφύης* appellamus. Quæ si quis universa fuerit complexus, punctum is omne tulerit.

“ are

P R E F A C E.

“ are vain, and vain their Industry. The Sense
 “ therefore is so to be render'd, that it may be
 “ compris'd in the same Words; the Words so
 “ closely to be kept to, that the Sense may seem
 “ naturally to arise from them; the Sense and
 “ Words ought so to correspond, that from both
 “ the natural Form, Spirit and Character may
 “ appear. In these Things the utmost Powers of
 “ the Translator are to be exerted. For who-
 “ ever is so attentive to the Sense, that he neglects
 “ the Words; or is so careful about the Words,
 “ that he weakens the Sense; or so closely pur-
 “ sues the Sense and Words, that the Spirit is
 “ lost, he misses the Glory and Reputation of a
 “ good Translator. There are three Things be-
 “ sides these, which I do not strictly require in-
 “ deed from a Translator, but would certainly
 “ expect and wish: that there should be the
 “ greatest Perspicuity in his Translation; that it
 “ should be polish'd, and elegant; that it may
 “ be thought an Original, and not a Translation.
 “ If to the Three first, you add these Three
 “ last, you have a Translation complete in all its
 “ Parts. Thus it is, that the whole Merit of a
 “ Translation consists in six Things, but chiefly in
 “ the Three first; strict Adherence to the Sense;
 “ Fidelity to the Words; and the most careful

P R E F A C E.

“ Observance of the Manner ; then in these other
“ Three ; great Perspicuity ; Elegance ; and that
“ which St. JEROM calls Vernacular ; and we
“ Original. All which whoever has carried into
“ Execution, has acquir’d the utmost Perfection
“ of the Art.”

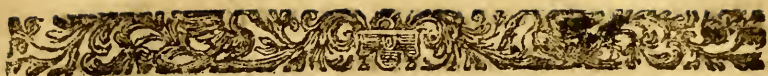
And having now, I think, sufficiently fix’d the Idea of Translation in general, it will be proper to add something with regard to this particular Work. I have made some few Alterations in the First Book since it was publish’d, and if these Six Books meet with a favourable Reception, it will encourage me to proceed in finishing the other Six, two of which are already near done.

I have often wished that, since this Labour was to fall to my Lot, I had set about it some Years earlier, lest the same Observation may be made upon me, that my late ingenious Friend, the Rev. Mr. LAYNG made upon Mr. DRYDEN, in the Copy of Verses he honour’d me with, for having undertaken this Task in his latter Stage of Life. Notwithstanding I am sensible that these Verses, are far above what my Performance deserves, yet as Custom has authoris’d, and thereby taken away all Imputation of Self Conceit for Authors to publish the favourable Sentiments of their Friends, I have taken the Liberty to prefix them before this

Tran-

P R E F A C E.

Translation. And hope the Reader will here indulge me to lament the Loss of that ingenious and worthy Clergyman, who died about five or six Months after the writing of these Verses, when our Acquaintance was in a manner but just begun.



T O

ALEXANDER STRAHAN, Esq;

On his TRANSLATION of

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

AT length our Vows prevail—and what of Old
The *Delphic* Tripod durst * not have foretold,
Time has achiev'd. These from the Banks of *Thames*,
Ye *British* Swains, these are *Virgilian* Themes,
And listning Fame shall catch the rising Sound,
To spread it o'er th' applauding World around,

Great MARO, like his own ÆNEAS, long
Involv'd in Mists escap'd th' inquiring Throng,
'Till by the Queen of Beauty broke, the Cloud
Retiring shows him to th' astonish'd Croud.
How firm he moves! how awfully he nods!
Each Gesture proves the Offspring of the Gods,
Ambrosial Airs, such as Immortals grace,
From Heaven translated bloom upon his Face.

* Quod Divum promittere Nemo
Auderet, volvenda Diis en attulit ultro.

TO ALEXANDER STRAHAN, Esq;

The Prelate DOUGLAS first on Northern Plains
Tun'd on his Reed uncouth the courtly Strains :
Strong were the Tones, but neither sweet nor clear,
When they should charm, they grate the nicer Ear.
Who but must laugh to hear the *Tyrian* Queen,
Make love, or rave like MOGGY o' the Green.

Next DRYDEN, mighty Master of the Song,
Assum'd the Toil that he defer'd too long.
Why was the Task declin'd in CHARLES'S Days,
When fresh the Verdure on his glossy Bays?
We know his Prowess, but decay'd his Force,
We tremble for him on the *Mantuan* Horse.
Slow climbs the Senior up his lofty Side,
And what was graceful stiffens into Pride.
Yet Envy owns that in his Years are seen,
A lasting Vigour, and autumnal Green;
And when well warm'd the heavenly Blade he shakes,
Up to the Hilt the flaming Faulchion quakes ;
The manag'd Steed he turns within his Length,
And Godlike Skill displays, and Giant Strength.
But practis'd long in every pleasing Cheat,
He Sound can give for Sense, and Light for Heat :
On his lean * Sides too loud his Arms resound,
Whilst unconfin'd he traverses the Ground.

Behind, we see a younger Bard arise,
No vulgar Rival in the grand Emprize,
Hail, learned TRAP, upon whose Brow we find
The Poet's Bays, and Critic's Ivy join'd !

* This Image is taken from DRYDEN'S Character in SWIFT'S
Battle of the Books.

TO ALEXANDER STRAHAN, Esq;

Bless'd Saint, to all that's virtuous ever dear,
Thy recent Fate demands the friendly Tear.
None was more vers'd in all the *Roman* Store,
Or the wide Circle of the *Grecian* Lore;
Less happy, from the World recluse too long,
In all the sweeter Ornaments of Song;
Intent to teach, too careless how to please,
What he might boast in Strength, he wants in Ease.

How justly PITT translated and how well,
For me let DOBSON, SPENCE, or LOWTHER tell;
Who jointly quaff'd the fam'd *Wintonian* Spring,
In the same Grove by PHOEBUS taught to sing.

'Twas not in Envy to these Sons of Fame,
That STRAHAN to the Field of Glory came,
But chose his Masters Greatness to display,
A different Route, the high *Miltonic* Way.

Poets, like Stars, their Radiance should unite,
And cast in Constellations purer Light.

'Tis thus the Sun, revolving in his Sphere,
By various Seasons constitutes the Year;
Thro' the broad Zodiac more benignly shines,
In the bright Influence of combining Signs.

'Twas his to finish what the Rest begun.
The last, so Heaven ordain'd, the Prize has won.

So where some Castle, as our Bards declare,
Rises by Necromantic Charms in Air,
Gigantic Phantoms watch the Brazen Door,
And Guardian Dragons hiss along the Floor;

To

TO ALEXANDER STRAHAN, Esq;

To prove their Force a thousand Champions come
Disgrac'd, a Thousand leave th' enchanted Dome.
But when the Knight arrives, by Fate design'd,
To break the Spell and Magic Force unbind,
Each yielding Monster shrinks at his Approach,
And the Valves burst spontaneous at his Touch.

October 20th, 1748.

H. LAYNG.

E R R A T A.

Book I. L. 140. for *uplifting*, r. *uplifted*: L. 445. for *Goodeſt*,
r. *Goddeſs*.

Book II. L. 33. for *deſart*, r. *deſert*. L. 59. for *its*, r. *is*.
L. 295. At the end for , place . L. 337. dele *th'* L. 466. for
we, r. *be*.

Book IV. L. 866. for, *in the Sands*. r. *on the Sand*.

Book V. L. 955. for *and*, r. *but*. L. 1085. for *NESAE*,
r. *NESAE*.

Book VI. L. 238. for *ſpecious*, r. *ſpacious*. L. 610. for ,
place : L. 755. for *raiſ'd*, r. *rais'd*. L. 757. for *raiſe*, r. *raſe*.
L. 936. after *coming*, place ,

N. B. There are ſome few other inaccuracies in Spelling, but ſo
obvious that every Reader can correct, for which reaſon it was
not thought proper to mention them, and for which the Reader's
Indulgence is craved.



T H E

First Æ N E I D

O F

V I R G I L.

B O O K I.



R M S, and the Man I sing, from
Trojan Shores

Who first, condemn'd by Fate to wan-
der, came

To *Italy*, and the *Lavinian* Strands ;
After long Toil sustain'd, and Perils great
By Land and Sea ; forc'd by Celestial Powers, 5
And cruel Juno's unrelenting Rage.

Much too in War he bore, ere he could found
The promis'd City, or his Guardian Gods

B

In

In *Latium* fix; from whence the *Latian* Race,
 And *Alban* Fathers, and Imperial *Rome*. 10
 Say, *Muse*, the Cause: who was the Deity
 Provok'd, or what incens'd the Queen of Heaven,
 A Man t'expose, for Piety renown'd,
 To such Adventures hard, such various Toils?
 Can Anger rage so fierce in Heav'nly Minds? 15

Far off, in counter-view of *Italy*,
 And *Tyber's* Mouth, an antient City stood,
Carthage, a Colony of *Tyrians*, rich,
 And savage by their ardent Love of War.
 This Region far beyond all other Lands 20
Juno held high in Love, and ev'n prefer'd
 To her own fav'rite *Samos*. Here her Arms,
 Here stood her Chariot: this the Goodefs nurs'd
 Even then, and cherish'd, with design to raise,
 Would Fate permit, to Universal Sway. 25
 But she had heard, in time there would a Race
 Of *Trojan* Blood arise, that should subvert
 The *Lybian* State, and by its Ruin grow
 Renown'd in War, and spread their wide Domain
 O'er all the Conquer'd Globe: so had the Fates 30
 Decreed. This *Juno* fear'd, nor was forgot

The War, which She, as Chief, for her dear *Greeks*
 Against proud *Ilion* wag'd. Her pungent Griefs,
 And Causes of her Anger, fresh remain'd
 In Memory ; deep in her Mind was fix'd 35
 Th' Award of *PARIS*, and Resentment high
 From Sense of injur'd Beauty, th' odious Race,
 And ravish'd *GANYMEDE*'s exalted State.
 By these Incentives fir'd, from *Latian* Shores
 The *Trojans* far She drove, thro' all the Seas 40
 She drove, the Sport of Winds ; the thin Remains,
 Who scap'd the *Grecians*, and destructive Sword
 Of fierce *ACHILLES* ; many Years they roam'd
 The Ocean wide, driv'n by Decree of Fate
 Inevitable. So immense the Toil, 45
 So great th' Emprise to found the *Roman* Name !

SCARCE losing Sight of *Sicily*, elate
 With prosp'rous Gale they gain'd the Deep, and
 With brazen Prows the foaming Waves ; when thus ^[plough'd]
 Spoke *JUNO*, bearing her eternal Wound 50
 Deep in her Heart. Shall I o'er-come desist
 From my fix'd Purpose ? nor have Power t'avert
 The *Trojan* King from *Latain* Shores ? For why ?
 The Fates forbid. And could *MINERVA* burn

The *Argive* Fleet, and plunge amid the Waves 55

The *Greeks* themselves, for One Man's Fault, for Crimes

By *AJAX* dar'd alone, *OÏLEUS'* Son?

She from the Clouds could lance with potent Arm

Jove's dreaded Thunder, scatter wide his Ships,

And from th' *Abyfs* upturn with furious Winds 60

The furging Waves : Himself, expiring Flames

From Breast transfixt, in Whirlwinds snatch, and chain

Upon the pointed Rock : whilst I, who walk,

In awful Pomp, the Queen of Gods, of *Jove*

Sister and Consort, with one Nation war 65

So many a Year : and who, henceforth, the Pow'r

Of *Juno* will invoke ? or Suppliant bend,

And grateful Honours on my Altars lay ?

THESE things, with Heart inflam'd, the Goodefs thus

Deep in her Mind revolving, fudden seeks 70

ÆOLIA's stormy Isles, of Tempests fierce

The Native Land, with furious South Winds fraught.

Here *ÆOLUS*, in Cavern vast and huge,

The struggling Winds and founding Storms, Supreme

Commands, and binds with Chains in Prison strong.

They round the rocky Vaults, with Tumult loud, 76

Impatient rage. High on a Royal Throne

Sits

Sits ÆOLUS, and calms with scepter'd Sway
 Their madding Minds, and moderates their Wrath,
 Left they, in wild Confusion, Earth and Seas, 80
 And Heav'n with all her number'd Stars should blend,
 And sweep together thro' the void Immense.
 This fearing, Them th' Almighty Pow'r in Caves
 Profound immers'd, and with the Load oppress'd
 Of weightiest Mountains; and a King impos'd, 85
 Who at Command, and by fix'd Laws, should know
 When to restrain and when relax the Reins.

HIM JUNO thus in Terms submits address'd :

Thou ÆOLUS, to whom the King Supreme,
 Great Sire of Gods and Men, hath giv'n to swell 90
 The boiling Deep, and to assuage at Will :
 A Race by me detested, wand'ring fails
 The *Tyrrhene* Waves and into *Italy*
 Bears ruin'd *Ilium* and their vanquisht Gods :
 Add Impulse to thy Winds, with Billows huge 95
 O'erwhelm their sinking Ships, and strow the Sea
 With floating Carcases, or drive dispers'd.
 Twice sev'n bright Nymphs I have of Beauty rare,
 But all the rest surpassing far in Grace,
 Fair DEIOPEIA, firm in Marriage Rite 100

I'll bind, and make thy own; her number'd Years
 Shall for this Service all be spent with Thee,
 And with a beauteous Offspring She shall grace
 Thee, happy Sire. To whom the God reply'd;
 Thy dread Commands, O Queen, in Charge to give
 Is yours; and mine implicit to obey. 106

Whate'er of Power I have to Thee I owe:
 To Thee, my Patroness with mighty Jove:
 By Thee on Bed of State at Solemn Feasts
 Of Gods I sit reclin'd, and claim by Thee 110
 O'er Storms and Tempests the Dominion sole.

THIS said, with Spear uplift the hollow Rock
 He struck; from its disparted Side, forth rush'd
 The Winds impetuous, as in martial Rank,
 And shook in Tempest all the Region round. 115
 O'er Sea they hung impending, and entire
 Uprais'd from its deep Seat, by th' adverse Blasts
 Of *Eurus*, and of *Afer* black with Storms,
 And *Auster* fierce, They to the sounding Shores
 Tumultuous drove the vast enormous Waves. 120
 Clamours of Men resound, and rattling Ropes.
 Forthwith the Clouds of Heav'n's refulgent Face
 Bereave the *Trojans*; Darkness thick invests

The Sea ; from either Pole loud Thunders roar,
And quick in Air the nimble Lightnings flash. 125
All Things conspire to urge immediate Death.

A HOROR chill ÆNEAS' Joints relax'd :
He sigh'd, and with his Hands uprear'd to Heav'n
Sad Silence broke : Happy, thrice happy They,
Who under *Troy's* proud Walls dy'd by the Sword, 130
Ev'n in their Parents Sight ! O DIOMED,
Of *Greeks* most puissant, on the *Trojan* Plain
Wherefore could I not fall ? and by thy Hand
Pour out this Soul ? where, by ACHILLES' Spear
Lies warlike HECTOR, where SARPEDON great : 135
Where *Simois*, swoln with Carnage, rolls along
Unnumber'd Shields, and Helms, and Heroes slain.

WHILST He thus plaintive, the tempestuous North
Against the Sail bore fierce, and to the Stars
Impell'd th' uplifting Flood ; the Oars are broke ; 140
The Ship then turns her Prow, and to the Storm
Her Side presents. Mountains of Water rise,
And fall with their own Weight : On the high Surge
Those hang ; to these, with horrid Chasm, the Waves
The lowest Deep disclose. With rolling Sands 145

The tumid Surges rage. Three Ships, the South
Afflicting fore, drove on the latent Rocks :
Those Rocks, amid the Ocean with broad Backs
Emerging prominent, *Italians* call
The Altars. Three, fierce *Eurus* from the Main 150
On Flats and Shallows forc'd, a fearful Sight !
And lash'd with Waves, and girt with Mounds of Sand.
On One Ship fraught with *Lycians*, and their Chief
ORONTES faithful, ev'n before his Sight
A whelming Sea now vertical descends : 155
Headlong the Pilot fell ; thrice round the Wave
Involving turn'd her, and the Whirlpool, quick
Within her rapid Eddies, deep ingulf'd.
Thin floating o'er the Ocean wide appear,
Men, Planks, and *Trojan* Wealth, by Waves dispers'd.
Now o'er the Ships which bore ILIONEUS, 161
ACHATES, ABAS, and ALETHES old,
The Storm prevails ; their firm compacted Sides,
Gaping with Leaks, admit th' invading Sea.

NEPTUNE mean while perceiv'd his Realm disturb'd
With great Uproar, the Storm sent forth, the Deep
Rais'd from its lowest Caverns. Greatly mov'd,
And careful of his Charge, He o'er the Waves

His

His placid Aspect rear'd, *ÆNEAS*' Fleet
Thro' Seas dispers'd he saw, the *Trojans* saw, 170
O'erwhelm'd with Floods, and Heav'n's collected Rage.
Nor lay his Sisters Wiles or Hate conceal'd.
He *Zephyrus* and *Eurus* call'd, and said ;
Does such Presumption then your Birth become, 174
Ye Winds, that Heav'n with Earth, ye dare confound,
My Leave unaskt, and raise these big-swoln Waves ?
Whom I——But chief it now imports, t'assuage
The troubled Deep ; henceforth ye shall not thus
With Punishment so slight your Crimes atone.
Add Wings to Flight, and to your King thus say : 180
The Empire of the Sea, and Trident dread
To me, not Him, by Lot was giv'n ; He claims
Wild monstrous Rocks, the Place of your Abode ;
Let *ÆOLUS* in that Dominion boast,
And Kingly Pow'r assume o'er Winds enchain'd. 185

He spoke ; than Speech more swift the Sea he calm'd,
The gather'd Clouds dispers'd, and Sun recall'd.
Cymothoe and *Triton*, with joint Force,
From cragg'd Rocks the Ships upheave : Himself
With Trident rais'd assists the shatter'd Fleet, 190
Opens the Quick-sands vast, and loud Misrule

Of Ocean strait controuls; his Chariot Wheels
 Glide o'er the glassy Surface smooth and calm.
 As when amongst a mighty Multitude
 Sedition oft arises, and the Croud 195
 Ignoble with unbridled Fury storm;
 Stones now, and Firebrands fly, Rage finds them Arms:
 If chance some Sage appear, for grave Deport
 And Virtue eminent, they hush, they stand
 With deep Attention; He by powerful Sway 200
 Of Eloquence persuasive, calms their Minds,
 And with soft Blandishments their Rage allays.
 Ev'n so, at once, th' outrageous Deep grew still,
 Soon as the Sire of Floods, with mild Regard,
 The Sea survey'd; thro' Air serene and bright 205
 His Chariot rolls, his Steeds, with Reins relax'd,
 Fly o'er the glassy Plain with easy Course.

THE weary *Trojans* to the nighest Shores
 Their Course direct, and steer tow'rd *Lybia's* Coast.
 There lies a Harbour far within the Land, 210
 Commodious form'd by an opposing Isle:
 Which breaking as a Mound the furious Waves,
 They run divided, calmer then unite.
 On each Side Rocks, and two with steepy Height
 Aspiring

Aspiring touch the Clouds, safe at whose Feet 215
The Waters far and near pacific sleep.
Distant from these a silvan Scene, beyond,
To bound the Prospect, Woods with horrent Shade.
Op'ning to View, beneath the hanging Rocks
A Cave; within, a Fountain pure; and Seats 220
Form'd from the living Stone; the cool Recess
Of Nymphs: no twisted Cable here retains
The Tempest-beaten Bark, nor crooked Tooth
Of pond'rous Anchor holds from threat'ning Storms.
Here with Sev'n Ships collected of his Fleet 225
ÆNEAS comes. The *Trojans* disembark,
Glad of the Land, the long-wish'd Shore enjoy,
And stretch their Sea-drench'd Limbs upon the Beach.
ACHATES first forth from the stubborn Flint
The latent Spark excites, and Fire receives 230
On wither'd Leaves, with Fuel dry increast,
It mounts aloft in Smoke and ruddy Flame.
Tho Weary, others air their damag'd Corn,
Restor'd, 'twixt Marbles grind, and kneaded bake.

MEANTIME the Rock ÆNEAS climbs, and thence
The Prospect of the Sea in utmost Ken 239
Surveys, if ANTHEUS, CAPYS he could spy,
Toft by the Winds, or other *Phrygian* Ships,

Or

Or that displaying high *Caicus'* Arms.

No Ship in View, but wand'ring on the Strand 240

Three Stags he sees, whom follow'd all the Herd,

A num'rous Croud, and browse along the Vales.

He stop'd, and sudden snatch'd his ready Bow,

And Shafts unerring by *ACHATES* borne.

The Leaders tossing high their branching Heads 245

First fell, then He the trembling Herd invades,

And drove for Shelter 'mid the thickest Woods.

Nor did he quit the Chace till on the Ground

Sev'n of the largest Size all panting lay,

Just equal with the Number of his Ships. 250

The Harbour then he seeks, and Spoil divides

Amongst his Company, and Wine supply'd

Abundant by *ACESTES*, when they left

Trinacrian Shores, the Hero likewise shares;

And with these Words their drooping Spirits rais'd.

O FRIENDS! nor Ignorant of Evils felt 256

Were We before; Oh! Greater have we borne:

To these a Period also *JOVE* will grant.

You *SCYLLA'S* Rage, and th' other Whirlpool too

Deep-founding from below, You, *CYCLOPS* Caves 260

Already have escap'd: Now then resume

Your

Your wonted Courage, and dispel your Fears.
Perhaps with Pleasure we our Dangers past
Hereafter shall recount. Thro' hard Assays,
Thro' various Toils to *Latium* we proceed, 265
Where peaceful Seats the Fates declare, where *Troy*
Again reviv'd shall from her Ashes rise;
Then persevere, and Fortune's Smiles await.
He thus aloud, tho' rack'd with deep Despair;
Hope in his Countenance he feigns, but Grief, 270
Conceal'd with Pain, possess'd his inmost Soul.

THEY for the Spoil prepare, and future Feast;
From the warm Sides the Skins they rend, disclose
The smoaking Entrails, lop the quiv'ring Limbs,
Fixt on sharp Irons, or into Water thrown 275
In brazen Caldrons, bubbling o'er the Flame.
With Food their wasted Strength they then repair,
And, on the flowery Herb reclin'd, partake
The Venison choice, and quaff the flowing Bowl.
Their Hunger thus asswag'd, in long Discourse 280
About their lost Companions they enquire,
'Twixt Hope and Fear divided, if they breathe
As yet the vital Air, or last Extremes
Have undergone, now deaf to all their Vows.

But

But good ÆNEAS most the Loss bewails 285
 Of brave ORONTES, then the Destiny
 Of AMYCUS deplores, and the hard Fates
 Of LYCAS, GYAS and CLOANTHUS bold.

THEY ended now, when JUPITER surveying,
 From th' Empyrean pure, this pendant World 290
 Of Earth, and Ocean circumfus'd, the Shores,
 And scatter'd Nations, on the Height of Heav'n
 So stood, and fix'd his Eyes on *Lybia's* Realms.
 Him, weighing then in his Eternal Mind
 The Fate of Empires, VENUS, her bright Eyes 295
 Suffus'd with Tears, dejected thus address'd.
 O Thou, who with eternal Scepter rul'st
 Both Gods and Men, and with thy Thunder awest;
 What Crime could my ÆNEAS perpetrate?
 Or what against thy Power the *Trojans* dare? 300
 That after such Calamities sustain'd,
 For sake of *Italy* they are debarr'd
 The World entire? You promis'd sure that hence,
 After the Flight of many a rolling Year,
 Should spring the *Romans*, hence the Chiefs to rise, 305
 From TEUCER's Blood restor'd, who Earth and Seas
 With ample Sway should rule: What Purpose new,

O Sire, hath chang'd thy predetermin'd Will?
With Thought of this, the Fall, the Waste of *Troy*
I bore consol'd ; with prosp'rous, adverse Fates 310
I pois'd. But now what Hope remains for Those
Whom the same cruel Fortune still pursues,
In various Toils long exercis'd ? What End
Wilt Thou, O King Supreme, their Labours give ?
ANTENOR from amid the hostile *Greeks* 315
Escap't, th' *Illyrian* Gulph, and utmost Bounds
Of the *Liburnian* Empire safe could pass,
And swift *Timavus*' Springs, who, to the Sea
Thro' nine wide Mouths, the Mountain roaring loud,
Rushes abrupt, and with a Deluge sweeps 320
The floated Vales : Yet here He *Padua* rais'd,
Here fix'd his Empire, and the *Dardan* Seats,
New nam'd the People, and the calm Repose
Of placid Peace enjoys. But, We, thy Race,
To whom Celestial Mansions are assign'd, 325
Expos'd a Victim to the Rage of One,
Our Ships dispers'd or lost, sad Chance ! are driv'n
Wide distant from our Hopes, th' *Italian* Shores.
Of Piety is this the Recompence ?
And do we thus to promis'd Empire rise ? 330

THE Sire of Gods and Men, with Aspect mild,
 Such as wherewith the Face of Heav'n he calms,
 And Tempests loud, serenely smiling, press'd
 Gently her Lips with Kisses pure, and spake :

VENUS, abandon Fear : thy People's Fates 235
 Immoveable remain. Thou shalt behold
 The promis'd City, and *Lavinian* Walls ;
 And to the Stars of Heav'n, sublime, shalt raise
 Magnanimous ÆNEAS ; nor is chang'd
 The Purpose of my predetermin'd Will. 340
 Hé soon a mighty War shall undertake ;
 (For I will speak, since this chief Care torments
 Thy anxious Breast, and deep Decrees of Fate,
 The most remote, in Order will unfold)
 In *Italy* fierce Nations he shall quell, 345
 And to his People Laws and City give :
 The *Rutuli* subdu'd, the *Latian* Realm
 Shall own his Sway ; till the third Summer Sun
 And the third Winter Frost alternate pass.
 But young ASCANIUS, now IULUS nam'd, 350
 (And ILUS was he call'd, while *Ilium* stood)
 In due Succession shall the spacious Round

And

Of Thirty rolling Years with Empire fill:
He from *Lavinium* shall transplant his Seat
To *Alba*, then first girt with tow' red Walls. 355
From him, Three hundred Years compleat, shall reign
The *Trojan* Race, till, at one Birth disclos'd,
The Royal Priests *ILIA* shall to *MARS*
A double Offspring bear; then *ROMULUS*,
Proud of the Wolf his Nurse's yellow Skin, 360
The Scepter shall assume, a City found,
Sacred to his Great Sire, the God of War,
And from his Name the People *Romans* call.
To them no Bound I fix of Rule or Time,
But give Eternal Empire: *JUNO* then, 365
Ev'n She, who now, implacable from Fear,
Earth, Ocean, Heav'n solicits and fatigues,
Shall change her Counsels, shall with me protect
The *Romans*, civiliz'd in Arts of Peace,
And Masters of the World; for such my Will. 370
The Time shall come, the Ages rolling on,
When *Phthia* and *Mycenæ*, now victorious,
Shall feel the Victor's Chain, and *Argos* own
ASSARACUS his Progeny her Lords.
Then shall arise, sprung from a *Trojan* Branch 375
Illustrious, *CÆSAR*, who shall bound his Reign

With Earth's wide Bounds, his Glory with the Heav'ns.
 JULIUS, deriv'd from Great IULUS' Name :
 Hereafter, Him, surcharg'd with Eastern Spoils,
 To Heav'ns high Throne thou shalt receive secure ;
 Whence still his Name with Sacrifice and Pray'r 381
 Shall be invok'd ; a God among the Gods !
 Then shall the fiercer Ages, Wars compos'd,
 Be soften'd into Mildness ; VESTA pure,
 And candid Truth, to Right shall point the Way,
 And REMUS with QUIRINUS dictate Law : 386
 The dreadful Gates of War shall then be shut
 With Adamantine Bars, whilst far within
 Sits impious Fury, on a Pile of Arms,
 Bound with a Hundred Chains, and raging fierce 390
 Shall gnash his Teeth, and roll his Eyes in vain.

HE finish'd here, and MAIA's Son from High
 Dispatches strait, that *Afric*, and the Towers
 New rais'd of *Carthage*, might Protection give,
 And Refuge, to the *Trojan* Chiefs distress'd ; 395
 Left Dido, ignorant of Fate, should drive
 From off her Bounds. He thro' the buxom Air
 Sails on the feather'd Oarage of his Wings,
 And quick descends upon the *Libyan* Shores.

And now, his Charge perform'd, their hostile Minds
The *Carthaginians* change : So Jove dispos'd. 401
But for the *Dardans*, above all, the Queen
Pacific Thoughts, and Mind benign admits.

MEANTIME ÆNEAS thro' the silent Night,
Revolving in his Breast full many a Thought, 405
Soon as the Purple Morn should streak the East,
To issue forth resolv'd, and the new Land
Discover, on what Shores tost by the Winds,
And if, for all was waste and desert round,
By Men or Beasts possess'd, and known report 410
To his Companions; but for Safety moor'd
His Fleet beneath the Rock, with Trees inclos'd,
And horrid Gloom, impenetrable Shade.
He only by ACHATES join'd went forth,
Two pond'rous Jav'lines shaking in his Hand: 415
Him, now arriv'd amid the thickest Wood,
Sudden his Mother Goddess meets; in Look
And Semblance like a Virgin fair, and arm'd
As those of *Lacedæmon*; or her Garb
Such as HARPALICE'S when wont to tire 420
The *Thracian* Courser, and in Speed surpass
The rapid *Hebrus* in his swiftest Course.

For like a Huntress from her Shoulders hung
Her ready Bow, and with a graceful Pride,
Her Locks dishevel'd wanton'd in the Wind : 425
Bare from the Knee, for in a Knot compress'd
The flowing Plaits of her loose Garment lay.
She first ; I pray inform me, gentle Youths,
If of my Sisters ye have seen by chance
Wand'ring this Way, their Quivers by their Sides,
And with the spotted Lynx's Spoils adorn'd, 431
Or following with loud Shouts the foaming Boar.
Thus VENUS ——and her Son with quick Reply :
None of thy Sisters have I seen or heard,
O Virgin, by what Name ? for sure thy Look 435
Not Mortal seems, nor Human sounds thy Voice ;
A Goddess certain Thou, DIANA chaste ?
Or of DIANA's Train a Sister Nymph ?
Known by what Name ? propitious prove, and aid
Our present Labours ; on what Region thrown, 440
Under what Clime, inform ; of Man and Place
We wander ignorant, by the vast Waves
And by the Fury of the Tempest driv'n :
Full many a Victim shall your Altars stain.
Nor Goddess, nor DIANA chaste am I, 445
Said VENUS ; but the *Tyrian* Virgins arm'd

Thus

Thus bear the Bow and Quiver, and aloft
The Purple Buskin bind around the Leg.
The *Punic* Kingdom, of the *Tyrian* Race,
And City of *AGENOR* you behold, 450
Of *Libya* Part, a Nation fierce in War.
The Scepter *Dido* holds, who to escape
Her Brother's Snares, from *Tyre* is hither fled.
The Story of her Injuries is long,
Long and perplex'd, but the essential Points 455
I'll briefly touch. *SICHÆUS* was her Lord,
The wealthiest of the *Tyrians*, and belov'd
With great Affection by th'unhappy Queen.
She, when a Virgin pure, to him was join'd
With Rites accustom'd, in Connubial Love. 460
PYGMALION then the *Tyrian* Scepter held,
By Blood her Brother, far in Wickedness
The Wickedest surpassing : These between
Rose mortal Hate ; when blind with Love of Gold
PYGMALION impiously *SICHÆUS* slew 465
Before the very Altars of the Gods,
Regardless of his Sister's Love or Hate.
The Fact he long conceal'd, and with vain Arts,
And vainer Hopes, the Love-sick Fair deceiv'd.
But in her Sleep appear'd the mournful Shade 470

Of her unbury'd Lord, his pallid Looks
Exhibiting in ghastly Form; and shew'd
The cruel Altars, and his Breast transfixt
By th'un suspected Steel; and full disclos'd
All the dark Scene, and execrable Deed. 475

He then exhorts her quick to fly, and leave
Her native City; and to aid her Flight
Discovers bury'd Treasures long conceal'd,
Of Gold and Silver Store, a Hoard unknown.

By these excited, Dido for her Flight 480

Prepares, accompany'd by faithful Friends:

All join, whom either Hate or Fear extreme
Of the fell Tyrant mov'd; the Ships they seize,
Which ready lay by chance, and lade with Gold:

PYGMALION's Riches thus, the Miser's Heaps, 485

By Sea are borne away; a Woman, Chief,

And Author of the Deed. Here they arriv'd,

Where now these lofty Walls and rising Towers
Of *Carthage* you behold, the Soil obtain'd

By Purchase; *Byrsa* from the Manner nam'd, 490

What Tract an Ox's Hide could circumscribe.

But who are you? Come from what distant Shores?

Or whither steer your Course? To her Demands

With

With Sighs, and from the Bottom of his Breast
His Voice slow raising, He with Words like these.

O GODDESS, if the Series of my Woes, 496
Tracing from their first Source, I should pursue,
And Leisure would permit to hear the Tale,
The Star of Evening first would Night proclaim,
And Day be clos'd. From antient *Troy* we come, 500
If e'er the Name of *Troy* have reach'd your Ear ;
And tost thro' various Seas, at length the Storm
Has driv'n by Chance upon the *Libyan* Shores.

ÆNEAS I am call'd, on board my Fleet
Snatch't from the Flames my Household Gods I bear,
My Piety and Fame has reach'd the Heav'ns. 506
To *Italy* I bend my Course, the Seat
Of my Progenitors, my Race derive
From Jove Supreme. With twice Ten Ships I plough'd
The *Phrygian* Sea, my Mother Goddess Guide, 510
What Fate allows pursuing ; scarce remain
Sev'n shatter'd by the Winds and Waves ; myself
Unknown, in Want, these *Libyan* Desarts roam,
From *Europe* and from *Asia* driv'n. Nor more
Him thus complaining VENUS could permit ; 515
But interrupted short his plaintive Grief.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy Life, I trust, to Heav'n
Is not obnoxious, nor the Course that leads
Thy Steps to *Tyre*. Proceed as you began,
And seek secure the Palace of the Queen. 520
For now I dare announce thy Friends restor'd,
Thy Ships preserv'd in Safety from the Winds,
If my fond Parents have not taught in vain
The Art of Augury. Yonder behold
Twice Six fair Swans rejoicing, safe escap'd 525
The Talons of the Bird of Jove, who, from
His airy Tour precipitating down,
Pursu'd them thro' mid Sky, now in long Train
Or touch the Earth, or chuse their Place of Rest.
As they with Clang of Wing descending play, 530
And in a Body wheel their airy Course,
And sing in sweetest Note, in Guise the same
Thy Ships, and lost Companions, now the Port
Or gladly hold, or make with swelling Sails.
Go therefore on, and, as the Way directs, 535
Proceed. Nor more, but turning round, her Neck
Like polish'd Ivory resplendent shone,
Ting'd with Celestial rosy Red; her Locks
Distill'd Ambrosia, and her gorgeous Robe
Descended

Descended with a sweeping Train; her Walk 540
Smooth gliding without Step, now manifest
A Deity declar'd. His Mother known,
He in her Flight pursu'd, and thus complain'd:
Thou cruel too! Why thus so oft delude
Thy Son in Forms assum'd? Why not allow 545
Hand to join Hand, and Converse sweet indulge
Heard and return'd, unconscious of Disguise?
In vain He thus expostulates, then turns,
And to the City strait his Way pursues.

BUT VENUS them in Cloud obscure involv'd, 550
Conceal'd their Persons, and secur'd their Way,
Lest any might perceive, or obvious meet,
And meditate Delay, or curious ask
The Cause of their Arrival. She, sublime
In Air, to *Paphos* flies, revisits glad 555
Her happy Seats, where stands her Temple high,
And where a Hundred brazen Altars, wreath'd
With recent Flow'rs, *Sabæan* Sweets exhale.

BUT they, mean while, their Way with hasty Steps
Pursue, where points the Road. And now the Hill
They mount, which o'er the City high impends, 561
And

And Towers full opposite beneath surveys.
The City's vast Extent (where Cottages
Late stood) ÆNEAS much admires : Admires
The ample Gates, pav'd Ways, and crowded Streets,
The *Tyrians* toil incessant ; massy Stones 566
They roll ; and labour, Part, the circling Wall
To lead ; and Part, to raise the lofty Tower.
Some for the Building chuse commodious Site ;
With measur'd French some mark the just Exent.
These study to compile the Rites and Laws, 571
The Magistrates and Senate Those elect.
Here others dig the Harbours ; others There
Foundations deep for Theatres design,
And from the Rocks th'enormous Columns shape,
The Decoration grand of future Scenes. 576
Such Labour in the Spring the Bees employs
Thro' all the flowery Meads, when in the Sun
Their Youth they exercise ; or liquid Sweets
Condense, and with Nectareous Juice distend 580
Their little Cells, or Loads receive from those
Homeward returning, or in close Array
Drawn up, the Drones, a lazy Crew expel
Forth from their Hives ; the Work incessant glows,
And strong of Thyme the fragrant Honey smells. 585
Oh

Oh happy they, whose Walls already rise!
ÆNEAS cry'd, and views the towering Height
Of the proud City, and of all unseen,
Wond'rous to tell, he mingles with the Crowd.

FULL in the Center of the City stood 590
A sacred Grove, delectable for Shade:
First landing here, long toss'd by Winds and Waves,
The *Tyrians* turn'd the Soil, and turning found
An Horse's Head, an Omen of Success;
That Martial Animal, sent as a Sign 595
By JUNO, that in time their Race would prove
Mighty in War, inur'd to Toil, of Thirst
And Hunger patient. Here a Temple great
To JUNO's Power *Sidonian* DIDO builds,
Splendid with Gifts, and awful by the Power 600
Whose Presence fill'd the Dome. Th'ascending Steps
Of solid Brass; with Brass the Beams are join'd;
Of Brazen Plates the folding Doors are form'd,
The folding Doors on Brazen Hinges groan.
Here first an unexpected Sight allay'd 605
His Grief; here first ÆNEAS dar'd to hope,
And better Thoughts of his afflicted State
To entertain. For whilst with curious Eye

The Structure of the Temple he surveys,
Its pictur'd Ornaments, and votive Gifts, 610
Waiting the Queen, and now compares the Hands
Of famous Artists, now admires their Works:
Distinct, in Order, on the Walls he sees
The Wars of *Troy*, the Battles now by Fame
Wide thro' the World resounded; he perceives 615
ATRIDES, PRIAM, and the wrathful Son
Of PELEUS stern to both. He stood, and while
The Tear pathetic flow'd, O Friend! he cry'd,
What Clime, what Region so remote on Earth
Our Labours have not fill'd? See PRIAM! See 620
The Palm that Virtue yields! In Scenes like these
We trace Humanity, and Man with Man
Related by the Kindred Sense of Woe.
Your Fears dismiss; even these Reports of Fame
Portend Security. He said, his Words 625
Deep interwove with Sighs, his Visage bath'd
With copious Floods of Tears, but sooth'd his Mind
In mournful Pleasure, o'er the pictur'd Scene.
For, fighting round the Walls of *Troy*, he saw
The *Greeks* Here flying, and the *Trojan* Youth 630
Close in Pursuit: ACHILLES dreadful There
With Crest terrific, on the *Phrygians* drove

His Chariot bright, wide-wasting like a Storm.
Nor far from thence, with weeping Eyes he views
The Tents of RHESUS whitening all the Plain, 635
Betray'd in their first Sleep; whom DIOMED,
Swimming in Blood destroy'd; o'er Heaps of Slain
Swift to his Tents the fiery Steeds he drove,
Or e'er they tasted of the Food of *Troy*,
Or drank of *Xanthus*' Stream. Another Part 640
TROILUS, Unhappy Youth! his Weapons dropt,
Inferior to ACHILLES in Contest,
His Horses flying drag; supine he clings
Low pendant from his Car; his Iv'ry Neck,
And Hair dishevel'd, sweep the Plain; yet still, 645
In Death tenacious, his left Arm retains
Th' unequal Rein, his Right the trailing Spear,
That now inverted idly marks the Dust.
Mean while to PALLAS' Temple tho' adverse,
The *Phrygian* Matrons with dishevel'd Locks 650
Proceed; as Suppliants sad the Votive Robe
They bear, and beat in mournful Plight their Breasts:
The Goddess all regardless keeps her Eye
Fixt steady on the Floor. Thrice round the Walls
ACHILLES now had HECTOR dragg'd, and sells 655
For Gold his breathless Corps. A secret Sigh
Deep

Deep from his Breast he drew, when as the Spoils,
 The Chariot, and dead Body of his Friend,
 And aged PRIAM, stretching forth his Hands,
 Unarm'd he view'd. Himself he likewise knew 660
 Amid the *Greeks*, piercing their deep Array,
 And th' Eastern Forces, and black MEMNON's Arms.
 The *Amazonian* Squadrons, bearing Shields
 Of crescent Form, PENTHESILEA led
 With Fury to the War, and ardent mix'd 565
 Amid th' embattel'd Thousands; just beneath
 Her Bosom bare was girt her golden Zone:
 Heroic Virgin, who so arm'd, yet dar'd
 The manly Hero in fierce Hosting meet.
 These Wonders while the *Dardan* Chief admir'd, 670
 Whilst he astonish'd stood, intent and fixt,
 On these sole Objects, to the Fane proceeds
 The Royal Dido, exquisite of Form,
 Encirl'd by a Band of radiant Youths.
 Like as DIANA on *Eurota's* Banks, 675
 Or *Cynthus'* Top, the Dances smoothly leads,
 On whom a thousand mountain Nymphs attend,
 And round inclose; She, with her Quiver grac'd,
 Majestic moves, and all the Goddesses
 In Grace and Dignity excells: with Pride, 680

And secret Joy LATONA's Bosom swells.
Such DIDO seem'd, so lovely pass'd, amid
Th' Acclaim of thronging Multitudes, and adds
New Vigour to the Works and Plans design'd :
Then, in the Center of the Temple plac'd, 685
Exalted on her Royal Throne, begirt
With Arms, to Laws she Sanction gives ; and Right,
As Substitute of Heav'n, dispenses mild.
The Labour of the Works in equal Parts
Just she divides, or draws by equal Chance. 690
When strait, with Concourse great, ÆNEAS saw
ANTHEUS, SERGESTUS, and CLOANTHUS brave
Approach, and others of the *Trojan* Youth,
Whom the fierce Tempest o'er the angry Seas
Had scatter'd wide, and drove to distant Ports. 695
Amazement seiz'd the Chief, with Joy and Fear
ACHATES too was struck, ardent they wish'd
Their Hands to join, but Doubt their Minds perplex'd:
Dissembling therefore, by the hollow Cloud
Involv'd and hid, they diligent observe 700
The Fortune of their Friends, their Ships where left,
And what the Cause of coming; for they came,
Elected from each Ship, to sue for Peace,
And loud Expostulating, seek the Fane.

Admittance gain'd, and Leave obtain'd to speak, 705
Their Chief, ILIONEUS, compos'd, began.
O Queen, to whom a City new to build,
And with just Laws a haughty People curb,
Great Jove hath giv'n; We, Sons of hapless *Troy*,
Thro' every Sea by angry Tempests tofs'd, 710
Implore thy Favour; from our Ships avert
Those impious Flames, a pious People spare,
And deign propitious to regard our Woës :
We neither come to waste with Fire and Sword
The *Libyan* Fields, nor to our Ships to bear 715
The plunder'd Spoil; not ours this Insolence,
Nor Pride, ill suited to a vanquish'd Mind.
There is a Place, by *Greeks Hesperia* call'd,
Potent in Arms, an antient fertile Land,
Held by *Oenotrians* once, but now by Fame 720
Entitled *Italy*, a Term deriv'd
From later *ITALUS*, their Leader's Name.
Our Course we thither steer'd. When suddenly
ORION rising in th' ascending Scale
Of Heaven, with Tempests arm'd, o'er hidden Flats
Drove us, and Rocks abrupt; the swelling Waves,
By furious *Auster* driv'n, surmounting All;
A few these Perils scap'd, have reach'd your Lands.

But

But ah, what Custom this ? what barbarous Soil,
What Race so savage; from their Shores to drive 730
All Sense of Hospitality ? Fell War
Receives us on the Beach. If human Ties,
If mortal Arms you slight, at least believe
High Heav'n, Superior Judge of Right and Wrong.
ÆNEAS was our King, for Arms in War 735
Renown'd, in Peace for Piety rever'd ;
Whom if the Fates preserve, if yet he breathe
The vital Air, nor rest in *Stygian* Shades,
Then need not we despair to find Success;
Nor need you then repent the first to strive 740
In Offices of Friendship. Store of Arms,
And Cities, we in *Sicily* may claim,
Where reigns ACESTES, sprung of *Trojan* Blood.
Permit us then to bring our Fleet ashore
Shatter'd by Winds and Waves, and in the Woods
To shape the massy Beams and slender Oars : 746
That if 'tis given for *Italy* to fail,
(Again our King and lost Companions found)
With Joy the Realms of *Latium* we may seek.
But if for Thee no Safety, Last and Best 750
Of *Trojans* ! Thee if *Libyan* Seas o'erwhelm,
Nor of IULUS any Hope remain ;

That then we may at least *Sicilian* Shores,
From whence the Tempest drove us, gain in Peace,
And once again behold ACESTES Good. 755
Thus spake ILIONEUS, and loud Assent
The *Dardans* with united Voice declare:
Then DIDO briefly, with a modest Air.
Fear banish from your Hearts, your Cares dispel,
O *Trojans*! Strong Necessity, and State 760
Of my unsettled Realm, compel me thus
To manage my Affairs, and to defend
The Limits of my Kingdom with strict Watch.
ÆNEAS, and his Race, who does not know?
The Powers of *Troy*, the Virtues of her Sons? 765
And the dire Flames of that important War?
Our *Punic* Genius is not so obtuse,
Nor joins his Steeds the All-enlivening Sun
Distant so far, so far averse from *Tyre*.
Whether HESPERIA great, *Saturnian* Fields, 770
Or ERYX', now ACESTES' Realm, you chuse;
Safe I'll dismiss with Help, with Treasure aid.
Will you with me abide in this my Realm?
This City which I build, as yours partake: 775
Then let your Navy strait embrace our Shore;
Born in what Realm, no Diff'rence will I make;
Trojan

Trojan and *Tyrian* shall be hence the same.

Oh! that your Chief, that your *ÆNEAS* stood

Here present, by the Southern Blast compell'd: 780

But Messengers of Trust shall soon be sent,

Order'd by me to search the utmost Bounds

Of *Libyan* Sands; if cast perchance on Shore;

He thro' the Woods or Cities err unknown.

Encourag'd by these Words, *ACHATES* brave, 785

And just *ÆNEAS* thro' the Cloud to break

Impatient wish'd, and first *ACHATES* thus.

What do you now resolve? O Goddess born!

All safe behold, our Ships and Friends restor'd;

Save one, whom we ourselves beheld o'erwhelm'd;

And swallow'd by the Waves; the rest agrees 791

With all your Heav'nly Mother late foretold.

He scarce had spoke, when instantly the Cloud

Breaking, dissolv'd at once, and rarify'd,

Mix'd with the purer Air. *ÆNEAS* stood 795

Reveal'd to Sight, and seem'd, in clearer Day,

In Countenance and Stature as a God:

For o'er her Son the Goddess had diffus'd

Radiance divine, excelling human Form;

His Hair flow'd down in Curls; his Visage smil'd 800

Celestial blooming Youth; his Eyes shot forth

A beamy Brightness, such as curious Art
To polish'd Iv'ry adds, or Silver bright,
Or *Parian* Marble, when enchas'd in Gold.

Then to th' Assembly, and the Queen, he thus 805
Spoke, unexpected: Whom you seek, behold,
Trojan ÆNEAS, snatch'd from *Libyan* Waves.
O Thou, who hast alone Compassion shown
On *Troy's* unutterable Woes! and deign'd
Her thin Remains, escap'd the *Grecian* Sword, 810
By various Perils of the Land and Seas
Exhausted, destitute, to entertain,
And in thy Palace an Asylum grant:
Thanks adequate to give exceeds our Power,
Or what may still remain of *Dardan* Name, 815
Wherever found, wide scatter'd thro' the World.
The Gods alone, if any Gods regard
Th' Upright, if Justice any where, or Mind
Conscious of Good and Ill, Eternal dwells,
To Thee an equal Recompence will grant. 820
What happy Ages gave you to the World?
What Parents such Perfection could produce?
Whilst to the Seas the Rivers flow, whilst Shades
Around project from Mountains, whilst the Heavens
Their

Their Stars shall feed, your bright Idea, Name 825
And Honour shall for ever dear remain,
(Toss'd on what Sea, or on what Region thrown)
And be the copious Matter of my Praise.
He said, with his Right Hand ILIONEUS
He welcom'd first, SERESTUS with his Left, 830
CLOANTHUS then, and GYAS, and the rest.

ASTONISH'D at his first Appearance stood
Sidonian DIDO; but she more admir'd,
That Fate should persecute so great a Man.
Then thus she spake: What cruel Destiny, 835
O Goddess born! thro' such Adventures hard
Pursues thee still? What Force unknown compels
On barb'rous Shores? Are you ÆNEAS, He,
Whom VENUS, on the Banks of *Simois'* Stream,
Bore to ANCHISES, of the *Dardan* Race? 840
To *Sidon* TEUCER, I remember, came,
Banisht his native Soil, by BELUS' Aid,
Projecting Kingdoms new; the *Cyprian* Isle
My Father BELUS then with Arms assail'd,
And conquer'd; from that Time the Fall of *Troy*,
Thy Name, and *Grecian* Kings, to me were known.
The Foe himself the *Trojans* high extoll'd, 847

And from your Royal Line his own Descent
 Deriv'd : Wherefore, with welcome enter, Youths
 Our Palace ; a like Fate, long Toil sustain'd, 850
 Threw me upon this Land ; acquainted long
 With Ills, I learn to succour the distress'd.

THIS said, ÆNEAS to her Palace high
 She leads, and in the Temples of the Gods
 Orders the Honours due, nor yet neglects 855
 A Present for the Fleet of twenty Beeves
 To send, a hundred Boars with bristly Hides,
 And with their Ewes as many fatted Lambs,
 The Gifts and Joys of BACCHUS not forgot.
 But of the Palace the interior Part 860
 In splendid Pomp appears for Feasts prepar'd,
 And Vests of choicest Workmanship, inwove
 With *Tyrian* Purple : on the Tables rose
 A Pile immense of Plate ; sculptur'd in Gold
 The brave Exploits of her Forefathers shone, 865
 A lengthened Series, and continu'd down
 From the first Founder of her antient House.

ÆNEAS (for paternal Love admits
 No long Delay) with Speed ACHATES sends,

To bear the gladfome Tidings to the Fleet, 870
And to the Court the young ASCANIUS bring.
The tender Sire on his ASCANIUS dear
Center'd his total Care; but for the Queen
Rich Gifts ordains, escap'd the Sack of *Troy*;
A Royal Mantle rich emboss'd with Gold, 875
In various Figures wrought; a lucid Veil,
Round which th' *Acanthus* spread its golden Leaves:
Of *HELEN* these the ornamental Pride,
Brought from *Mycenæ*, when to *Troy* she came
And fought forbidden Nuptials, the rare Gift 880
Of *LEDA* her bright Mother; and with these
The Scepter, by *ILIONE* once borne;
(Of *PRIAM* She the eldest Female Hope)
The Circlet, which her snowy Neck adorn'd,
Of Oriental Pearl, her Royal Crown 885
With Gold and Diamond Blazing; These to bring,
ACHATES to the Ships now speeds his Way.

BUT *CY THEREA* close within her Breast
New Arts, new Counsels meditates; she casts
How *CUPID* should, in borrow'd Shape and Form;
The Innocence of sweet *ASCANIUS* feign, 891
And with his fatal Gifts the Queen inflame,

And thro' che close Recesses of her Heart
 Convey the subtil penetrating Fire :
 For much she dreaded this deceitful Race, 895
 The *Tyrians* double-tongu'd : SATURNIA's Rage
 Implacable, augments her Care, and racks
 Her anxious Bosom thro' the silent Night.
 Wherefore she thus the winged Boy address'd.

O Son ! my Strength, and my effectual Might ;
 Son, who alone the dreaded Shafts of Jove, 901
 Of Heaven's Omnipotent dar'st to despise :
 To thee I fly, and suppliant seek thy Power.
 Well known to thee thy Brother's Fate severe,
 By JUNO's partial Hate, from Shore to Shore 905
 Longcast ; touch'd by my Grief, Thou oft hast griev'd
 For our ÆNEAS. Him with blandish'd Speech
 Receives *Phœnician* DIDO, and detains.
 But much the Hospitality I doubt
 Of JUNO's Vot'ries. This important Time 910
 Will She not seize ? Therefore the Queen by Fraud
 To circumvent I meditate, and wrap
 In Flames, that no Impulse of Deity
 May change her Mind, but that she may be bound
 With me t' ÆNEAS by excessive Love, 915
 Now

Now this how to effect my Counsel hear.

The Royal Youth, my great, my chiefest Care,

Obedient to his Father's Call, his Way

To the *Sidonian* City now intends ;

For Presents bearing what the Sea and Flames 920

Have spar'd ; the Rests of *Troy* ! Him lock'd in Sleep,

In sacred Shades of the *Idalian* Wood,

Or on *CYTHERA*'s Heights I mean to hide ;

The sweet Deceit, lest conscious he detect,

Or obvious intervening render vain. 925

Thou the fictitious Semblance of his Looks

Assume but for a Night ; thyself a Boy,

The well known Features of the Boy express ;

That when the Queen more joyous 'mid the Feasts,

Regal Magnificence, and flowing Bowls, 930

Shall clasp thee to her Breast ; with fond Delight

Embrace thee in her Arms, and Kisses sweet

Impress with Warmth, thou mayst into her Veins

Thy secret Fires and Poison sweet infuse.

To his dear Mother's Will the God of Love 935

Obsequious, quits at once his golden Wings,

And gladly imitates *Iulus*' Step.

Mean while *ASCANIUS*' Senses in soft Sleep

Infolding, *VENUS* on her Bosom plac'd,

And

And gently to th' *Idalian* Groves convey'd ; 940
Where Flowers; exhaling Odours sweet, embrace
Him soft reposing, with their fragrant Shade.
Obedient now, as to his Father's Will,
CUPID with Joy the Gifts to *Carthage* bears,
ACHATES leading ; where arriv'd, the Queen 945
With decent State upon her golden Couch,
Grac'd with Embroid'ries rich, compos'd they found,
And middle plac'd. ÆNEAS and his Chiefs
Succeed, and on spread Purple they recline.
Th' Attendants for their Hands the Water bring, 950
And Bread in ozier Canisters dispense,
And Tables with their flaxen Coverings spread.
Within full fifty Female Servants wait,
The Royal Feast in Order due to set,
And fume with Incense sweet the Household Gods. 955
Twice fifty more, with the like Number join'd
Of Youths of equal Age, the Viands place
Upon the Board, and Cups of massy Gold.
The *Tyrians* too within the spacious Rooms
With Mirth resounding loud, in Frequence meet, 960
On painted Couches plac'd : ÆNEAS' Gifts
They much admire ; admire the Robe, and Veil
O'er which th' *Acanthus* spread its golden Leaves ;

But

But more admire the Boy, the Words well feign'd,
And radiant Count'nance of the God conceal'd. 965
But chief th' unhappy Queen her wishful Eyes
Could not restrain, or check her warm Desires,
But every Look increas'd the growing Flame,
Devote and sacred to the future Pest,
Much with the Gifts, more taken with the Boy. 970
He prest in close Embrace, and hanging long
Around ÆNEAS' Neck, his Sire suppos'd,
With counterfeited Fondness fill'd his Love;
That satisfy'd, advances to the Queen.
She with her Eyes and all her Senses fix'd 975
Insatiate gazes, then with Ardour clasps
Close to the yielding Whiteness of her Breast.
Unhappy Queen! nor conscious of the God,
Whose potent Fraudulence now plots thy Fall.
But he now mindful of his Mother's Will, 980
His all-tormenting Mother, by degrees
Begins SICHÆUS' Image to erase,
And with a living Flame to repossess
Affections sluggish long, and Hearts diffus'd.
A Pause to Feasting made, and Viands mov'd, 985
The Goblets large with sparkling Wine they crown.
A Noise confus'd ensues; the spacious Dome,

And

And ample Courts, with Voices loud resound.
Down from the golden Ceiling Starry Lamps
Depending, yielded Light as from a Sky. 990
The Queen demands a Bowl, and fills with Wine,
Weighty with Gold the Bowl, enrich'd with Gems,
Which BELUS, and All those from BELUS us'd;
And Silence strait injoin'd, She thus began.

O JUPITER, by Thee, the Sacred Laws 995
Of Hospitality, 'tis said, are given;
To *Tyrians* and to *Trojans* happy grant
This Day; a Festival let it remain
To late Posterity. Thou, Source of Mirth
BACCHUS, and JUNO good, propitious join; 1000
And ye, assembled *Tyrians*, all approve.
She said, and to the Gods Libation pour'd
Upon the Board, and touch'd with gentle Sip;
To BITIAS next, impatient gave; He quick
Emptied the foaming Bowl, and deep in Gold 1005
His Head immers'd, and then the other Peers.
And strait with flowing Hair IOPAS crown'd
Melodious modules to his golden Lyre,
What long before the mighty ATLAS taught;
The Moon's erratic Course, the Speed immense 1010
And

And Labours of the Sun ; to what first Cause
Or Man or Brute their Being owe ; from whence
Thunder and Rain ; of Constellations bright
The various Influence, ARCTURUS' Storms,
The Watry HYADES, and Polar Star : 1015
And why the Winter Suns so soon their Light
Quench in the Ocean, or in Summer's Heat
Wherefore the tardy Nights so slow advance.
The *Trojans* and *Pœnicians* with Applause
And Admiration hear. With various Talk 1020
Unhappy DIDO too the Night prolongs,
And drinks large Draughts of Love ; of PRIAM much,
Of HECTOR much inquiring : Now demands
What Arms AURORA's fable Son assum'd ?
Now to describe the Steeds of DIOMED, 1025
ACHILLES' Stature, and Majestic Port.
Begin, she cry'd, the wondrous Tale unfold,
The Stratagems of *Greece*, and Woes of *Troy* ;
But chief thy own Adventures, thro' a Length
Of seven revolving Years, o'er Land and Seas, 1030
That bring thee wand'ring to the *Libyan* Shores.



VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

T H E

S E C O N D B O O K.

TH' Assembly silent, and attentive wait,
When from his Couch of Royal State began
ÆNEAS thus. Your high Commands a Grief,
O Queen! renew, which Language fails to tell :
How all the *Trojan* Power and Kingdom, once 5
So glorious, fell, subverted by the *Greeks* :
Which mournful Scene these Eyes beheld, of which
Even I myself participating bore
Too large a Share. This melancholy Tale
Recounting, of *ACHILLES'* Troops what *Greek*, 10
Or Stern *ULYSSES'*, could from Tears refrain.
Already Night precipitates from Heav'n,
And setting Stars invite to soft Repose.

But

But if so ardent your Desire to know
Our sad Calamities, and briefly hear 15
Troy's last and fatal Labour ; tho' my Mind
Shrinks at the dire Remembrance, and with Grief
Recoils ; I will begin. The *Grecian* Chiefs,
Spent with the War, and now by Fate repuls'd
So many a rolling Year, erect a Horse 20
Huge as a Mountain, by the Skill divine
Of PALLAS aided, of split Fir its Sides
Composing ; This, an Off'ring they pretend,
Vow'd to MINERVA for their safe Return :
Such the Report. Here in its hollow Sides 25
Their choicest Warriors, for that end by Lot
Elected, secret they inclose, and fill
The Caverns deep within, and Belly wide
With armed Bands. In sight lyes *Tenedos*,
An Island for its Wealth renown'd by Fame, 30
While PRIAMS' Kingdom stood ; but now a Bay
Open, and Station insecure for Ships.
Here come, themselves they hide on desert Shores.
We thought 'em gone and for *Mycenæ* failed.
Troy therefore her long Mourning lays aside. 35
The Gates are set wide open. With Delight

The

The People croud to see the *Grecian* Camp,
The Plain, th' abandon'd Shore. The *Dolops* here
Encamp'd, there fierce *ACHILLES*; here the Fleet
Anchor'd, and there the Hosts in Battle join'd. 40
But most they wond'ring view the fatal Gift
To *PALLAS*, and the Steed's enormous Size.
THYMÆTES first within the Walls persuades
To have it brought, and in the Castle plac'd;
By Fraud, or so *Troy's* Destiny requir'd. 45
But *CAPYS*, and all those of sounder Minds,
The *Grecian* Snares and Gifts suspected urge
Into the Ocean to precipitate,
Or burn with Fire; or bore its hollow Sides,
And dark Recesses search. The wav'ring Crowd, 50
In Sentiments divided, warm dispute.
When from the Citadel, a Multitude
Attending, lo! *LAOCOON* descends,
And veh'ment cries from far; O Countrymen
Most wretched! what Infatuation's this? 55
The Enemy departed can you think?
Or *Grecian* Presents void of foul Deceit?
Is thus *ULYSSES* known? Some *Grecians* lie

Within this Wood conceal'd, or it's design'd
An Engine, o'er our Walls t'inspect the Town, 60
And from on high t'affault ; some Fraud is couch'd.
Suspect the Horse, O *Trojans*. Whatsoe'er
The true Intent, the *Grecians* still I dread
Even offering Gifts. This said, a weighty Spear
He darted, straining all his Might, against 65
The Monster's side, and Belly prominent :
The Spear stood trembling ; at the furious Shock
The Caves resounded, and the Caverns groan'd.
Had then the Fates allow'd, had Reason's Ray
Enlighten'd our infatuated Minds, 70
He had persuaded us to have destroy'd
This Den of *Grecian* Thieves, and Thou, O *Troy* !
Hadst now remain'd, and PRIAM's Palace high
Yet stood. Mean while, behold ! a Youth, his Hands
Behind him bound, some *Dardan* Shepherds drag'd 75
With Clamour to the King ; and who unknown
Himself had yielded of his own Accord,
On Purpose to contrive this Treachery ;
And *Troy* to *Greece* deliver up ; Of Soul
Intrepid, and for each Event prepar'd, 80
By Fraud, t' o'ercome, or certain Death to meet.

The

The *Trojan* Youth on all sides croud amain
Eager to see the Captive, and insult.

Now mark the *Grecian* Wiles, and in this Crime

The Nation see. For whilst in Sight of all, 85

Confus'd, unarm'd he stood, and around view'd

The *Phrygian* Troops; alas! what Land, what Seas

Can now, He said, receive? or what Resource

For me is left, me Miserable? Whom

The *Greeks* will not receive, the *Trojans* too

Offended, call for Vengeance and for Blood, 90

His Exclamations mollify our Minds,

And Violence restrain: We press to tell,

Where, of what Parents born, and what for News

He brought, and should reflect what little Faith 25

Is to a Captive given. When he at length,

His Fear dismissing, in these Words reply'd.

The Truth, O King! I'll full declare, whate'er

Th' Event may prove, nor that to *Greece* I owe

My Birth will impudent deny: This first. 100

If Fortune hard has *SINON* wretched made,

False and a Lier she shall never make.

PERHAPS you may have heard in chance Discourse
Of PALAMEDES, and his great Renown
Spread by the Voice of Fame ; sprung from the Race
Of antient *Belus*, whom the *Greeks* condemn'd 106
By Sentence most detestable to Death,
Tho' innocent, on Accusation false
Of Treachery, because he disapprov'd
The War ; of Life depriv'd they now bewail : 110
To him ally'd, my Father indigent
Gave me, as his Companion of the War,
In early Youth, and sent me here in Arms.
Whilst he his Power unshaken held, the State
By his wife Counsels flourishing, some Name 115
And Dignity I too maintain'd : But when,
Thro' Envy of ULYSSES, smooth and false,
(I mention Facts well known) this upper World
He left, afflicted I my Life in Grief
And Darknes led, and at th' unhappy Lot 120
Of my dead guiltless Friend in secret mourn'd.
Till, mad with Rage, at length I loud proclaim
My self as his Avenger, if again
I Victor to my native ARGOS e'er
Should safe return ; and rais'd by such Complaints

A fatal Enmity. Hence the first Source 126
Of my Misfortunes : From that time new Crimes
ULYSSES still imputed, and among
The Multitude ambiguous Words threw forth ;
And conscious of his Guilt, try'd to destroy 130
By all his Arts : Nor ceas'd, until by Aid
Of CALCHAS——But why do I dwell in vain
On this sad Tale ? Or why the Time protract ?
If all the *Grecians* you alike regard
As Enemies, this is enough t'have heard : 135
Now then your Punishments prepare : At this
ULYSSES will rejoice ; this with great Price
The Brother Monarchs eagerly would buy.
Impatient strait the Cause we then demand ;
In such great Crimes and *Grecian* Wiles unskill'd. 140
He trembling, and with treach'rous Heart proceeds.

THE *Grecians* oft projected had their Flight,
Tir'd with the Siege, and weary of the War,
(O that they had accomplish'd their Design)
But their Retreat as oft tempestuous Seas 145
Prevented ; and at last prepar'd to fail,
With furious Storms fierce AUSTER terrify'd.
But chief when built of Maple-Planks this Horse

Rear'd its stupendous Height, thro' the dark Sky
 The Storms tempestuous drove. We in Suspense,
 EURIPILUS of PHÆBUS' Oracle 151
 Send to enquire; This sad Response he brought.
 By Blood of Virgin Slain, the Winds, O *Greeks*!
 Were first appeas'd, when *Phrygian* Shores you sought;
 And your Return by Blood must be obtain'd, 155
 A *Grecian* Life the Sacrifice. These Words
 The Multitude no sooner heard, but blank,
 Astonied they remain'd, a Horror chill
 Ran thro' their Veins, each for himself afraid,
 Whom Fate had destin'd, or the God requir'd. 160
 Here ITHACUS the Prophet CALCHAS brings
 By Force into th' Assembly, with great Noise
 And Tumult, and importunate demands
 The Orders of the Gods; many foretold,
 And others silent saw th' inhuman Plot 165
 Of this Artificer of Fraud. Ten days,
 In close Retirement, silent he remain'd,
 And any one t' expose to Death refus'd,
 Or by his Voice betray. He scarce at length,
 Forc'd by ULYSSES' Importunities, 170
 By Concert speaks, and me the Victim names.
 They all assent, glad that Destruction falls

On one devoted Head, which threaten'd each
Without Distinction. Now was come the Day
Detestable ; the sacred Rites prepar'd, 175
The salted Cake, and Fillets to surround
My Temples ready stood : from Death I 'scap'd,
I own, and broke my Bonds : and in a Lake,
Among the Rushes hid, conceal'd I lay
All Night, until the Fleet should fail, if Chance 180
It were to Sail ; but now to me no Hope
Remains, that I shall e'er revisit more
My native Soil, my Children sweet, or Sire
Belov'd, on whom perhaps they may revenge
This Flight, and with the guiltless Blood of those
Unhappy Wretches expiate my Fault. 186
I therefore thee implore by all the Gods,
Conscious of sacred Truth, by Truth it self,
If any where inviolate 'mong Men
It yet remain, such mighty Sufferings 190
Commiserate, commiserate a Wretch,
Pains undeserv'd enduring. By these Tears
O'ercome, we grant him Life, and Pity show.
His Bonds to loosen PRIAM first himself
Commands, and thus with friendly Speech replies. 195
Whoe'er thou art the *Grecians* lost forget,

Henceforth thou shalt be Ours. But answer true
These Questions I shall ask. With what Intent
Fram'd they this Bulk enormous of a Horse?
The Author who? As a religious Act 200
Do they intend it, or Machine of War?
He said. When He with Fraud and *Grecian* Wiles
Replete, his Hands, now freed from Bonds, to Heav'n
Uplifting high. You I attest, he said,
Ye Fires eternal, ye Divinities 205
Inviolable, ne'er to be profan'd;
Ye Swords, and Altars impious which I 'scap'd,
And sacred Fillets I as Victim bore:
Let it be lawful for me to unloose
The sacred Ties of *Grecians*, grant it just 210
To hate the Men, and all their Acts disclose,
If any they conceal, to open Day;
Nor am I by my Country's Laws oblig'd.
Thou only keep thy Word, and Thou preserv'd,
Thy Faith, O *Troy*! preserve; if Truths I tell, 215
And Matters high, of Moment great reveal.

IN PALLAS' Aid, the *Greeks* had ever plac'd
All Hope, and Confidence of their Success
In War, since first commenc'd: but from the time

TYDIDES impious, and ULYSSES, first 220
Contriver of the sacrilegious Act,
Profan'd her holy Temple, and by Force
(The Guardians of the Citadel first slain)
Her fatal Image, the *Palladium* seiz'd;
With bloody Hands presuming thus to touch 225
The Virgin Fillets of the Goddess chaste:
That instant backward roll'd, and ebb'd apace
The *Grecian* Hopes; their Strength and Vigour fail'd,
The Goddess was estrang'd in Look and Mind.
Nor were by dubious Prodigies declar'd 230
Signs of MINERVA's Wrath; scarce in the Camp
Was plac'd her Statue, when her glaring Eyes
Shot forth pernicious Fires, from all her Limbs
A briny Sweat flow'd down; thrice from the Ground,
Wond'rous to tell, she bounded light, her Spear, 235
And dreadful Ægis brandishing aloft.
CALCHAS, without Delay, the Seas by flight
To be attempted prophecies, nor *Troy*
By *Grecian* Arms can be o'erturn'd, until
Their Auspices at ARGOS they repeat, 240
And bring the Goddess fav'ring back, whom they
Across the Seas on board the Fleet themselves
Were to conduct. And now that with spread Sails
They

They to *Mycenæ* are return'd, new Troops,
And Reconcilement with the Gods they seek ; 245
Then failing back, unthought of, they'll return.
The Omens CALCHAS regulated thus.
Hence warn'd this Figure they contrive, design'd
In lieu of the *Palladium*, to appease
Th' offended Deity, and expiate 250
Their horrid Wickedness. Its Bulk so huge,
Its Stature reaching to the Sky, and form'd
Of massy Beams, by CALCHAS's Command :
That thro' the Gates it might not be receiv'd,
Or pass within the Walls, and so deprive 255
The People of their Guardian Deity.
For should you violate MINERVA's Gift,
Then would Destruction great on PRIAM's Crown,
His House and *Phrygians* fall (which Omen turn,
Ye Gods, upon himself :) but if by you 260
The City it ascend, with all its Powers
Asia shall *Argos* in its turn invade :
Such Fortune our Posterity awaits.
By such insidious Snares, and by the Art
Of perjur'd SINON, Faith this Tale obtain'd ; 265
And they by Treachery, and Tears constrain'd
Were taken, whom ACHILLES, DIOMED,

A Thousand Ships, nor ten Years Siege could force.

AND here a greater Prodigy occur'd
To us so wretched, much more to be fear'd, 270
Which with Amaze our Minds confus'd disturb'd.
LAOCOON, by Lot, elected Priest
To NEPTUNE, sacrific'd a stately Bull
Before the solemn Altars, when, behold !
(With Horror I relate the dire Portent) 275
Two monstrous Serpents roll'd in circling Folds
Immense, oppress the Deep, from *Tenedos*
Their course directing o'er the level Flood ;
Their Breasts, and Blood—Streak'd Mains amid the
Erect, surmount the Deep ; their other Parts *Waves*
Prone sweep the Flood behind, extended long 281
And large in Spires : Against their Sides the Waves
Dash all in Foam. And now the Land they reach,
Their ardent Eyes suffus'd with Blood and Fire,
They dart their forked Tongues and dreadful Hiss.
Pale at the Sight we fly : In Line direct 286
The Serpents to LAOCOON advance ;
First round the tender Limbs, of his two Sons
They wind themselves, and cruelly devour.
Himself, next bringing Aid, and in his Hand 290
Poising

Poising the missive Javelin, quick they seize,
And bind with their vast Folds ; twice they embrace
His Body round, and twice their scaly Folds
Around his Neck entwine : They with their Heads
And crested Necks above him threatening tower, 295
He with his Hands attempts to loose the Knots,
His Wreaths with Gore and Poison black distain'd,
And with most dismal Bellowings fills the Heavens :
Such is the Roar when from the Altar flies
A wounded Bull, and from the Ax escapes, 300
With Blow oblique impell'd. To the high Tower
The Serpents glide away, and to the Fane
Of cruel PALLAS make direct ; beneath
The Goddess' Feet, within the very Orb
Of Her tremendous Shield they refuge take : 305
Then a new Fear thro' our astonish'd Minds
Insinuates : LAOCOON, they cry,
But suffer'd what his Rashness merited,
Who had presum'd against the sacred Wood
To arm his sacrilegious Hand, and dart 310
His wicked Spear against its hallowed Side.
All urge, that to MINERVA's Fane, the Horse
Should strait be led, and that with Prayers and Vows
The Goddess's Protection be implor'd.

A mural Breach we make, and level lay 315
The City's strong Defences : eager All
Croud to assist. Beneath its Feet they place
Rollers, and Cables fix about the Neck :
The fatal Engine our devoted Walls,
Big with Destruction, climbs : Boys, Girls around 320
Sing sacred Hymns, and Joy the Rope to touch.
On it advances threatening Havock dire,
And to the Center of the City glides.
O *Ilium* ! O my Country, Seat of Gods !
And *Dardan* Walls renown'd in War ! four Times 325
Upon the Threshold of the Gate it stop'd,
Four times the Arms within its Belly rung.
We heedless still urge on, with Fury blind ;
And in the sacred Citadel inshrine
The Monster dire. CASSANDRA then declar'd 330
Our future Fate ; but by the Gods Command,
Ne'er from the *Trojans* Credit to obtain.
Unhappy we the Temples of the Gods,
That Day that was to be our last, adorn
With festal Garlands all the City o'er. 335

MEAN while upon its Axis Heaven revolves
And Night from th' Ocean rushes, with its Shade
Involving

Involving Heaven and Earth and *Grecian* Frauds.
 The *Trojans*, station'd at their several Posts,
 Lay quiet, Sleep their weary Limbs embrac'd. 340
 And now by friendly Silence of the Moon
 The *Grecian* Troops, embark'd from *Tenedos*,
 Set Sail, and seek the well known Shores: Soon as
 The Royal Ship had rais'd the Signal Flame;
 SINON, by Fate protected, and by Gods 345
 Adverse to us, the wooden Bolts unloos'd,
 And, pent within the Horse, the *Greeks* enlarg'd.
 The Monster teeming pours them forth to Air;
 Exulting issue from the hollow Wood,
 THESSANDRUS, STHENELUS, ULYSSES dire, 350
 Chief Leaders, by a Rope down to the Ground
 Descending; ATHAMAS, and THOAS next,
 With NEOPTOLEMUS, and, first in Skill
 Of healing Wounds, MACHAON, MENELAUS,
 And EPEUS, Architect of this dire Fraud. 355
 The City they invade, buried in Sleep
 And Wine; the Watch are slain, and thro' the Gates,
 Wide open, their Associates they admit,
 And join the Parties, conscious of the Fraud.

It was the Time when first repose of Sleep 360
Steals grateful on tir'd Mortals, Gift of Gods.
I thought that in my Sleep before me stood
HECTOR in mournful Guise, adown his Cheeks
Pouring a Flood of Tears ; by Horses drag'd,
As erst we saw ; deform'd with gory Dust ; 365
And Thongs drawn thro' his pierc'd and swollen Feet.
Alas, in what Condition ! How unlike
That HECTOR, who, by ACHILLEAN Spoils
Distinguisht, from the bloody Field return'd ;
Or darting Fire at *Grecian* Ships ! His Beard 370
Defil'd, his Hair together glew'd with Blood,
And cover'd with those many Wounds receiv'd
Fighting around His Country's Walls. It seem'd
That weeping I the Hero first address'd,
And in these mournful Accents Silence broke. 375

O LIGHT of *Troy* ! O liveliest Pledge of Hope
To *Trojans* in Distress ! what great Delays
So long detain'd you ? From what distant Shores,
In vain expected, HECTOR com'st thou ? How,
After such dire Destruction of thy House,
After such Toils of Citizens and Friends,

With

With Labour spent, do we behold thee ! What
Unworthy Hand those Looks serene defil'd ?
Or why those Wounds ? To these my Questions vain
He nought, but from the Bottom of his Breast 385
Sighs difficultly drawing ; Fly, he said,
Ah Goddess born ! Snatch from these Flames thy self.
The Walls the Enemy possesses ; *Troy*
Falls from her envy'd Height : Enough is done
For PRIAM and our Country : if preserv'd 390
They could have been by Valour, this right Hand
Had then preserved them. *Troy* to thy care
Her Consecrated Things, and Household Gods
Commits ; Companions of thy Fortune, These
Receive : for These, on bold Adventure seek 395
Those Walls, which after many a length of Sea
Wander'd, you then magnificent shall build.
This said, he from the Sanctuary close,
The Wreaths, and VESTA's powerful Image took,
Th' Eternal Fire, and to my Trust consign'd. 400

MEAN time with various Grief the City's fill'd ;
And (tho' ANCHISES' House far distant stood
With Trees inclos'd) the Noises more and more
Distinct, and Horrors of the Arms increase.

From Sleep I start, and to the Battlements 405
Climbing ascend, and stand with list'ning Ears.
As when a Fire, whilst south Winds furious rage,
Catches a Field of Ceres ripe, or when
A rapid Torrent, from a Mountain flood
Precipitating, ravages the Fields, 410
The fertile Harvests ravages, and all
The Labours of the Plough, and drives along
Woods rushing down in Ruin; Shepherd Swains
From Summit of a Rock astonish'd hear
The thund'ring Noise, unweeting of the Cause. 415
Then plain the Truth, and *Grecian* Frauds appear'd;
For now the Palace of DEIPHOBUS
In Ruin falls, a Pile magnificent:
The Flames surmounting, next *Ucalegon*
Adjoining burns: the broad *Sigea* Sea 420
Shines with Reflection of the blazing Fires.
Clamours of Men arise, and Clangors shrill
Of Trumpets. Mad with Rage I seize my Arms,
Nor Sense appear'd in arming; yet I burn
Impatient to collect a chosen Band, 425
And push to reach the Castle with my Friends.
Rage drives me on, and Fury, and the Thought
How gloriously he dies, who dies in Arms.

BUT now behold ! escap'd the *Grecian* Darts,
 PANTHEUS, APOLLO'S and MINERVA'S Priest, 430
 The Son of OTREUS, dragging slow along
 The sacred Utenfils, his conquer'd Gods,
 And little Grandson by the hand, his Flight,
 With Fear distracted, bending toward the Shore.
 How, PANTHEUS stands the Commonweal ? What place
 Shall we our Refuge make ? I scarce, when he 436
 Sighing reply'd : The Time inevitable,
Dardania's last and fatal day is come :
 We *Trojans* are no more : *Ilium* is gone :
 And the bright Glory of the *Teucrans* : All 440
 To *Argos* cruel JUPITER transfers.
 The *Grecians* in the flaming City reign.
 The lofty Horse within our Ramparts pours
 Its Warriors ; SINON now victorious spreads
 The Conflagration : Thousands thro' the Gates, 455
 Wide open, furious rush ; such Swarms before
 From populous MYCENÆ never pass'd.
 Some with protended Spears the narrow Ways
 Opposing guard ; a Body, sheath'd in Iron,
 Stand with drawn Swords, their threat'ning Points
 For Slaughter ready ; and the Guard within 451
 The

The City scarcely now the War attempt,
And faintly but a blind Resistance make.

AT PANTHEUS' Speech, and by the Gods inspir'd,
'Midst Flames and hostile Arms I rush, where'er 455
Blind Fury leads, where Tumult calls, and Cries
Confus'd, of Victors and of Vanquish'd, strike
The Vault of Heav'n. RIPHEUS, and IPHITUS
Renown'd in Arms, directed by the Moon,
And HYPANIS, and DYMAS, and the young 460
CHORÆBUS, Son of MIGDON, round me throng.
He at that Time, by accident, at *Troy*
Had just arriv'd, by ardent Love inflam'd
Of fair CASSANDRA, and as Son in Law
To PRIAM, Succour to the PHRYGIANS brought. 465
Unhappy! that we had not lent an Ear
To th' Admonitions of his Spouse inspir'd.

WHOM rallied, and prepar'd for Fight when I
Beheld, I thus address'd. O Youths! in vain
Your generous Courage swells your Breasts, resolv'd
To follow me, the last Extremities 471
Attempting? You the present State behold
Of our Affairs: Already all the Gods
By whom this Empire stood, their Altars left

And Temples, have deserted us : You bring 475
Aid to a City burnt : lets die, and rush
Precipitate, amid our thickest Foes :
The Vanquish'd have no Hope, but from Despair.

By this the Courage of the Youths is rais'd
To Fury : thence like prouling Wolves, whom Thirst,
And the keen Rage of Hunger furious drives 481
In a tempestuous Night forth from their Dens,
Their Young left destitute, whose famish'd Mouths
Call loud for Food ; thro' Darts, thro' Enemies
We go, resolv'd on Death, and shape our Way 485
Quite thro' the City in a Line direct,
Night flying with her sable Wings around.

But who the Slaughter of that Night, who can
By Words the various Deaths relate ? what Tears
Can equal such a heavy Weight of Woe ? 490
An antient City, many Years possess'd
Of Empire, falls in Ruin : thro' the Streets,
The Houses, and the Temples of the Gods,
Full many a breathless Corps lies strown : nor fall
Alone the *Trojans* ; to the vanquish'd oft 495
Returns their antient Virtue, and the *Greeks*
Victorious, Victims in their Turn become :

On each hand cruel Grief, on each hand Fear,
And Death in all his various Shapes display'd.

ANDROGEOS was the first who of the *Greeks* 500
Himself presented, by a numerous Croud
Attended, and to us, associate Troops
Unwary deeming, these mild Words address'd.
O Friends advance, what tardy Indolence
So long delays ? while others *Iliou* burn 505
And plunder, from your lofty Ships you now
Only descend. He said, when he perceiv'd
Instant (we hesitating, and confus'd,
In our Reply) that he among the Foe
Was fall'n. Confounded and amaz'd he stood, 510
And stopt both Speech and Step. As when a Man
Intangled and perplex'd 'midst Bushes thick
And intricate, himself to disengage
Springs light upon the Ground, and unawares
Treads on a Snake ; whom rising into Rage 515
When he beholds, with sleek enamell'd Neck
Big swelling, quick he fearful flies away :
So terrify'd ANDROGEOS, so surpriz'd
With this Rencounter unexpected, fled.

WE fierce assault, and in a Body close 520
Surround them, and surpris'd, and struck with Fear,
Of Places ignorant, dispatch with Ease.
Auspicious Fortune crowns our first Attempt.
CHORÆBUS here exulting with Success,
In Courage rais'd : where Fortune, O my Friends,
He said, the Way to Safety points, and where 526
She shews herself propitious, let us go.
Shields let us change, and to ourselves adapt
The *Grecian* Helms ; who asks, whether by Fraud,
An Enemy is conquer'd, or by Force ? 530
They'll furnish Arms themselves. This having said,
He buckles on ANDROGEOS' waving Crest,
And Ornaments egregious of his Shield,
And girds the *Grecian* Sword upon his Thigh
Puissant. This RIPHEUS, DYMAS, all the Youth 535
With Gladness imitate, each one assumes,
The recent Spoils, and arms himself a-new.
Mixt with the *Greeks* we go, but with the Gods
Averse : full many a Battle thro' the Night
Obscure we fought, and many a *Greek* to Hell 540
We sent : Some to the Ships, and faithful Shores
Their Flight direct ; and part with shameful Fear
Climb the great Horse again, and hide themselves
Within

Within his well-known Belly. But, alas !
What can vain Man against Heav'n's Will presume ?

Lo ! from MINERVA's Temple, and her Shrine,
CASSANDRA, Royal Virgin is drag'd forth 557
With Hair dishevel'd ; and her piercing Eyes
Lifting to Heav'n in vain ; her Eyes, for Bonds
Her tender Hands restrain'd : mad with Despair 550
That sight CHORÆBUS bore not, but amid
The thickest Foes to certain Death he rush'd.
We all strait follow, and in Phalanx close
Make our Attack. Here first we're overwhelm'd
From Summit of the Temple, by the Darts 555
Of our own People, and a Slaughter great
Ensues, by Semblance of our Arms deceiv'd,
And by the *Grecian* Crests. The *Grecians* then,
Thro' Grief and Anger that the Virgin fair
Was rescu'd, from all sides collected, make 560
A fierce Assault. AJAX most resolute,
Th' ATRIDES both, and the DOLOPIAN Bands.
As when the adverse Winds from broken Clouds
Encounter fierce ; the West, the South, and East,
Proud of his orient Steeds ; the Forests roar, 565
And NEREUS with his foamy Trident swells

The Ocean, heav'd up from its lowest Depth.
 They too, whom by Deceit, and in the Dark
 We thro' the City had driven, return'd; and first
 Our Shields, feign'd Arms and diff'rent Speech
 Strait we're oppress'd by Numbers; by the Hand ^{perceiv'd.}
 Of PENELEUS, at PALLAS' Altar, falls 572
 CHORÆBUS first, and RIPHEUS too is slain;
 Than whom more just no *Trojan*, or more strict
 Adher'd to Equity. The Gods deem'd this 515
 Expedient tho' we did not. Pierc'd by the Darts
 Of Friends, were HYPANIS and DYMAS Slain:
 Nor PANTHEUS, Thee, could signal Piety,
 Nor Ensigns of APOLLO, dying save.
Dardanian Ashes, and ye fun'ral Piles 580
 Of those I lov'd, bear witness, at your Fall
 That fatal Night, if any chance of War,
 Or *Grecian* Darts I shun'd, and if the Fates
 Had will'd my Fall, my Deeds deserv'd it well.

Thence PELIAS, IPHITUS, and I myself 585
 Are forc'd to hasten: IPHITUS with Age,
 And PELIAS flow by Wounds ULYSSES gave;
 To PRIAM's Palace summon'd by the Noise.
 A desperate Battle here was fought, as if

There

There was no War, nor any fell elfewhere, 585
Thro' all the City : MARS so unrestrain'd,
And *Grecians* pouring to the Walls we see,
Under an Iron Canopy of Shields,
To storm the Palace, and the Gate to force.
The Ladders to the Walls are fix'd, they climb 595
Th' Ascent, their Shields objecting to the Darts,
And with their right Hands seize the Battlements.
On th' other side the DARDANS strip the Roofs
From off the Towers and Buildings, when they see
Things desp'rate, with such Weapons they essay, 600
In their last Moments, to defend themselves.
Down fall the gilded Beams, and Ornaments
Magnificent of our Progenitors.
Others, with naked Swords the Gate below
Stand ready to defend, in Battle close 605
Drawn up. Fresh Ardour rises here t' assist
The Royal Palace and our conquer'd Friends,
And with new Aids their drooping Spirits raise.
There was a secret Postern, which maintain'd
The Intercourse of the two Palaces, 610
And by the Foe neglected; by this Way
The sad ANDROMACHE, while stood our State,
Was wont with Privacy to pass, and pay

Her Duty to her Parents, and the Boy
ASTYANAX to his pleas'd Grandfire lead. 615
This way I 'scape up to the Battlements ;
From whence the miserable *Trojans* hurl'd
'Their Darts in vain. On a steep Precipice,
With Story rais'd on Story ; stood a Tower
Touching the Clouds, whence *Troy* in Prospect lay,
The *Grecian* Camp and Navy, by long use 621
Familiar to our Sight : This round we cut
With Iron, where the Beams by length of Time,
Were most decay'd, and then with Labour huge
In its deep Seats unloosen too and fro ; 625
It forthwith crushing falls in Ruin down
And thund'ring Desolation, and o'erwhelms
Battalions with its Fall : but others soon
Succeed ; meanwhile nor Stones nor any kind
Of missive Weapons cease. Before the Gate, 630
In splendid Arms exulting, PYRRHUS stands,
Conspicuous far. As when a Serpent, swell'd
By pois'nous Herbage, all the Winter cold
Under the Ground lies feeble and decay'd ;
But he, with Spring reviving, casts his Slough, 635
And fresh with Youth springs out to Day, with Head
Crested aloft, his Body sleek, and fierce

With

With the Sun's Ray, in Gordian Twine infolds
His tortuous Train, and darts his forked Tongue.
With him great PERIPHAS, AUTOMEDON 640
His Squire, Conductor of ACHILLES' Car,
And all the *Scyrian* Youth advance, and hurl
Vollies of Fire up to the Battlements.
He charging in the foremost Ranks himself,
Snatches an Ax, and cleaves the solid Posts, 645
And off their Hinges tears the brazen Doors,
An Entrance opening large; within appears
The Palace; th' ample Courts and Corridores
Lie open; the Recesses close appear
Of PRIAM, and our antient Kings, and Guards 650
In Armour sheath'd, at th' Entrance plac'd they see.

BUT the Interior Palace now is fill'd
With Sighs, and sad Uproar, and with loud Shrieks
Of Females all the concave Arches ring,
And hollow Courts re-echo; up to Heaven 655
Ascends the Clamour; thro' the spacious Dome
The wretched Matrons wander, to the Doors
They cling with strict Embrace, and kiss the Posts.
PYRRHUS, impetuous like his Sire, his Way
Still urges on, nor Bars nor Guards can stop. 660

With

With Shocks repeated of the battering Ram,
The Gate totters, and, loosen'd, off its Hinges falls.
By force a Way is open'd ; unrestrain'd
Access the *Grecians*, enter'd now, procure ;
The first they meet they massacre, and fill 665
The Palace in a Moment with their Troops.
Not with such Fury rages o'er its Diques
A foaming River, when by Mountain Floods
Swell'd, and surcharg'd, its deluges the Plains,
And sweeps thro' all the Country Herds and Stalls.
PYRRHUS with Slaughter furious I beheld, 671
And both th' ATRIDES in the outer Court.
I HECUBA, deploring her sad Fate,
Attended by her Hundred Daughters saw,
And PRIAM round the Altars, with his Blood 675
Those Fires polluting which himself before
Had consecrated. Fifty Bridal Rooms,
So great the Hopes of Progeny, the Doors
Adorn'd with Trophies and Barbaric Gold,
Fell to the Ground : all that escapes the Flames 680
The *Greeks* destroy. You haply may expect
Of PRIAM's destiny to be inform'd.

WHEN

WHEN he the conquer'd City's wretched Fate
Beheld, the Gates of his own Palace forc'd,
And close Recesses by the Foe possess'd, 685
The aged Monarch Armour, long diffus'd,
Upon his trembling Shoulders fits in vain,
And useless Sword girds on; resolv'd to rush
Amid the thickest Foes, and to meet Death.
Within the Palace, in its Center, stood, 690
Under the open Sky, an Altar large,
And near, an antient Laurel, hanging o'er
The Altar, cov'ring with its ample Shade
The Household Gods. Here HECUBA in vain,
And her fair Daughters round the Altars flock'd;
As Doves with Wing precipitate descend, 695
When the black Tempest lows, and closely press'd
With strict Embrace the Statues of the Gods.
But when, with youthful Arms assum'd, She saw
The aged King, O Confort miserable! 700
What Madness, or what Folly prompts, she said,
To sheath thy self in Arms? Where dost thou rush?
Not such Assistance, nor Defenders such
This Time requires; not if my HECTOR dear
Himself were present now: here then retire, 705

This Altar shall protect us, or we'll die
Together. Having said, to her she drew
And plac'd the Senior on his sacred Seat.

BUT now behold POLITES, from the Sword
Escap'd of PYRRHUS, one of PRIAM'S Sons, 710
Thro' Darts and Foes, along the Porticoes,
And Courts, already wounded, flying quick.
Him PYRRHUS ardent with his mortal Dart
Pursues ; and now upon the Point to seize,
Now wounding with his Spear ; until arriv'd 715
Before his Parents, prone to Ground he fell,
And pour'd out Life thro' many a flowing Wound.
Here PRIAM, tho' encompass'd round with Death,
Could not abstain, nor check his Speech, or Rage.
The Gods for this thy Wickedness, he cries, 720
For Crimes like these (if any Pity dwells
In Heavenly Minds regarding human Woes)
The meet Reward, and Retribution just
Render thee back, who with these Eyes the Death
Of my own Son has forc'd me to behold, 725
And with this Slaughter hast a Father's Sight
Polluted. That ACHILLES, whom thou feign'st
Thy Sire, was ne'er to PRIAM such a Foe ;

With Modesty he own'd the Rights, and Claim
To me his Suppliant due, and HECTOR's Corps 730
Restor'd to be inter'd, and me my self
Back to my Kingdom sent, secure from Harm.
Thus spoke the Senior, and his Javeline darts,
Weak, without Force to wound, it hung, repell'd
By the Resistance of the sounding Brass, 735
From the exterior Covering of the Shield.
T' whom PYRRHUS. To my Sire then Messenger
Go Thou thy self, and fail not to relate
These cruel Actions; NEOPTOLEMUS
How far degenerate from ACHILLES great: 740
Now die. This saying he him trembling drag'd
Up to the very Altar, sliding thro'
The Pool of his Son's Blood; and by the Hair
Then seizing with his left Hand, with his right
His Sword to th' Hilt deep buried in his Side. 745
This was the sad Catastrophe and End
Of PRIAM's Fates; this was the Exit doom'd
For him, beholding *Troy* in Ashes laid,
And Citadel of *Pergamus* destroy'd;
The Monarch proud of *Asia*, but of late 750
Over so many diff'rent States and Realms,
Extending his Dominion wide, now lies

A mighty Ruin on the Shore, a Trunk
Without a Head, a Corps without a Name.

THEN first a Horror seiz'd me, and aghast 755
I stood; My Fancy painted to my Sight
My Father's Image, when I saw the King,
Of equal Age, by such a cruel Wound
Breathing his last; it represented too
My dear CREUSA's and IULUS' Fate, 760
And House expos'd to Rapine. I look round
To see what Troops about me still remain'd.
All wearied had abandon'd me; to Ground
Some desp'rately had leap'd, or to the Flames
Their wounded Bodies giv'n. And thus alone 765
I now remain'd: when HELEN, in the Porch
Of VESTA's Temple, silent I behold,
Hid in a secret Place. My wand'ring Steps,
And Eyes, surveying every Object round,
Are guided by the Brightness of the Fires. 770
She dreading equally the *Trojans*, high
Incens'd for *Ilion's* Fall, as of the *Greeks*
The Vengeance, and of her deserted Lord
The Wrath; of her own Country and of *Troy*
The common Fury, had conceal'd herself, 775

Detested

Detested by the Altars where she sat.
Flames kindled in my Soul, Rage urg'd me on
My bleeding Country to revenge, and take
Just Satisfaction for such wicked Crimes.
Shall she her *Sparta* and *Mycenæ* then 780
Revisit with Impunity? To her,
As Queen, shall Triumphs be decreed? Her House,
And Consort, Parents, Children shall she glad
Review, by Multitudes attended, brought
From *Troy*, and *Phrygia*, Captives bound in Chains?
Shall PRIAM perish by the Sword? Shall *Troy* 786
Be laid in Ashes? Shall the *Dardan* Shore
So oft with Blood of Thousands smoke? Not so:
Altho' in female Punishment, no Name,
Nor Glory can redound, nor any Praise 790
Attend the Vict'ry; yet an impious Wretch
To have cut off, and the due Penalty
From Guilt to have exacted, Praise will claim;
Besides the Joy of taking sweet Revenge,
And to appease the Manes of my Friends. 795

SUCH Thoughts revolving, with a desp'rate Mind
I hurried on; when strait before me stood,
Never before so visible to Sight,

My heavenly Mother : thro' the Gloom obscure
 With radiant Light she shone : adorn'd with all 800
 Those winning Graces, those alluring Smiles,
 Those Charms Celestial, wont to be display'd
 In presence of the Gods ; and by the hand
 Taking, restrain'd, then in this Manner spake,
 Opening her rosy Lips. What Anguish, Son, 805
 So great, can such unbridl'd Passion raise ?
 Why furious thus ? Or for what Cause, neglect
 The Care of my Concerns ? Will you not see
 First how ANCHISES fares, bent down with Years ?
 If still, your Comfort dear, CREÛSA live, 810
 And young ASCANIUS ? Whom the *Grecian* Troops
 Roaming for Prey, inclose on every side ;
 And had not my Protection interpos'd,
 By Fire had perish'd, or the Sword destroy'd.
 Not HELEN's Charms, so odious to thy Sight, 815
 Nor PARIS blam'd, but the remorseless Gods,
 The Gods incens'd, this mighty State o'erturn,
 And tow'ring *Troy* lay level with the Ground.
 Behold, for from before your Eyes the Cloud
 I will remove, which, interpos'd, obstructs 820
 Thy mortal Sight, and humid spread around
 Darkens the visual Nerve ; that so assur'd,

Whatever

Whatever my Commands, you need not fear ;
Nor disobey the Precepts I enjoin.

Here where those Towers demolish'd, and where Stones
You see from Stones disjointed, and thick Smoke 826
Rising in dusky Wreaths, immix'd with Dust ;

NEPTUNE the Walls from their Foundations shakes,
Struck by his mighty Trident, and subverts
The City all entire from its fix'd Seat. 830

There JUNO, raging fierce, the Scean Gate
Possesses, arm'd in Panoply divine,
And calls from their tall Ships th' Associate Troops,
As in Command supreme. MINERVA see,
On Summit of the Citadel, with Light 835

Refulgent shining, and the *Gorgon* fierce :
Even Jove himself, the *Greeks* with Courage fires,
And Force resistless : He himself the Gods
Excites to War against the *Trojan* Power.

Fly, and a Period to your Labours put, 840
My Son. I'll follow wheresoe'er you go,
And safe to your paternal Seat will lead.

She spake, and disappear'd, wrapt in the Shades
Of thickest Night. Forms terrible appear'd,
And potent Deities, in strictest League 845

United, Enemies declar'd of *Troy*.

That instant *Ilum* seem'd at once entire
To sink into the Flames, and to be ras'd
Down to her deep Foundations. Like an Ash
Of antient Growth on some high Mountain Top, 850
Which Country Hinds with Emulation strive,
Cut round on all sides with repeated Strokes
Of Steel and many an Ax, t'uproot; long time
It threatning stands and shakes its Head, the Leaves
Trembling on every Branch, till by degrees 855
With Wounds reiterated overcome,
Groaning at last, and from the Mountain torn,
It falls with Ruin on the Plains below.
Strait I descend, and pass thro' Foes and Flames,
The Goddess leading; Darts innoxious fly, 860
And Flames retreating slope their pointed Spires.

BUT now when I had reach'd our antient Seat,
My Sire, whom first I purpos'd to the Hills
To bear, whom first I sought, Life to prolong
Refus'd, or suffer Banishment, now *Troy* 865
A Heap of Ashes lay. Do you, he says,
Whose Blood yet boils in youthful Veins, whose Strength
Firm and entire remains, attempt your Flight:
For me if longer Life the Gods had will'd,

This State they then would have preserv'd : enough,
And but too much, that we before have seen
One Desolation, and to have surviv'd
One conquer'd City. Thus, my Body Thus
Lay out, like a dead Corps ; the last Farewell
When taken, then depart. With my own Hand 875
Death I'll procure : Perhaps the Enemy
Will Pity take, and me the Labour spare,
Glad of my Spoils. If they deny a Grave,
The Loss is light. Long Time an useless Load
To Earth I've been, and odious to the Gods ; 880
Since the great Sire of Gods, and King of Men
Struck me, and scorch'd with his Ethereal Fire.

THIS said, he in his Purpose firm remain'd,
Inflexible : about him I myself,
CREÜSA stood, IÜLUS, all the House, 885
With Prayers, and Tears adjuring, with himself
That he in Ruin would not All involve,
And add new Load to our impending Fate.
Nor Prayers nor Tears avail, but still he keeps
The steady Purpose of his Mind, and Place 890
Unmov'd. Again I rush amid the Foe,
And Death as my chief Good and final Hope

Invoke. What other Choice or Fate was left ?
And could'st thou, O my Father, think that Thee,
Deserted and defenceless left, my Life 895
I would preserve? Could such Impiety
Fall from a Parent's Mouth? But if the Gods
So please, that of this mighty City none
Remain, if your Resolve be fix'd, to add
To *Troy* now perishing, yourself, and all 900
Your own; if that delight you, open lyes
The Way to our Destruction. Now, even now,
Besmear'd with *PRIAM*'s Blood, fierce *PYRRHUS* comes,
Who barb'rous, in his Father's Sight, the Son,
The Father at the Altars sacrific'd. 905
Indulgent Mother! was it then for This,
That safe you led me thro' the Darts and Flames,
The Enemy in my own House to see;
My Sire, *CREÜSA*, and *ASCANIUS* dear,
Butcher'd, and weltring in each other's Blood. 910
My Arms, bring me my Arms: this our last Day
Upon the Vanquish'd calls! Permit me then
Again to face the *Greeks*, and to restore
The Battle once again: we shall not All,
I solemnly protest, die unreveng'd. 915
Once more I'm clad in Arms, and sitting right

My Shield, was issuing forth, when in the Porch
Behold ! CREÜSA, falling down, my Feet
Embraces close, and to his Siré presents
IÜLUS young, of our connubial Love 920
The Fruit and Pledge : To perish if you go,
She cries, take us as Partners of your Fate :
But if Experience long can any Hope
Afford in Arms now reassum'd, then first
This House defend ; defend IÜLUS young, 925
ANCHISES old, myself, for some time past
Call'd only yours, abandon'd left. She said,
And with Laments and Sighs the Palace fill'd.
When Strait, a wond'rous Prodigy appear'd,
And strange to tell. For 'mid th' Embraces fond, 930
And Kisses of his Parents sorrowful,
Just on the Summit of IÜLUS' Head
A pointed Light was seen, and lambent Flame,
Innoxious, playing o'er his Hair, and round
His Temples kept alive. The burning Locks, 935
Trembling with Fear, we shake; by Water some
To quench the Sacred Fire attempt. But glad
ANCHISES, with his Voice, and Hands, and Eyes
Uplifted in Devotion, suppliant pray'd.
O JUPITER Omnipotent ! if Prayer 940

Can move, incline thine Ear, this first we beg ;
And if by Piety we merit ought,
Father assist, this Omen ratify.

He scarce, when on the Left, with sudden Peal
It thunder'd loud. And thro' the Gloom of Night
With radiant Train swift shoots a falling Star, 946
Gliding athwart above our Heads, our Road
Pointing ; we saw it fall in *Ida's* wood,
Diffusing Light thro' all its shining Way,
And with sulphureous Odour wide around 950
Fuming the Air. My Father now o'ercome
Arose, the Gods, and holy Star ador'd.
In me is no Delay, I follow where
Soe'er you lead. O sacred Household Gods !
My Family and Grandson safe preserve ; 955
This Omen's yours ; on your protecting Power
The Fate of *Troy* depends : I yield my Son,
Nor now refuse t' accompany your Flight.
So spoke my Sire, and now the crackling Flames
Along the Walls is plainer heard ; the Heat 960
Rolls nearer with augmented Force. O Sire
Belov'd ! upon my Neck you shall be placed,
My Shoulders shall support ; nor will such Load

Oppress. Let what will happen, one Distress,
Or one Deliverance we will jointly share. 996
IULUS young shall my Companion be,
CREUSA, distant far, my steps observe.
Servants attend, and carefully retain
What I shall speak. To those, who this Way leave
The City, fronts a Hill, and Temple old 970
Of CERES, now deserted; and hard by
A Cypress, long in Veneration held
By our Fore-Fathers. There by diff'rent ways
We meet together. You, O Father! take
The holy Ornaments, and Household Gods; 975
For me to touch them were Impiety,
From War, and recent Slaughter just return'd,
E're in the living Stream my self I cleanse.
This said, a Lion's tawny Skin, and Vest,
O'er my broad Shoulders, and submissive Neck 980
I spread, and then the Burthen dear receive.
The Boy IULUS, in my right Hand link'd,
His Father follows with unequal steps,
My Confort far behind. We steal along
Thro' Streets most unfrequented and By-Ways: 985
And me, who late whole Showers of Darts unmov'd,
And Swarms of *Grecians* in close Battle join'd,

Could

Could face intrepid, every Breath of Air,
Each lightest Sound, now startles and appalls;
For my Companion equally afraid, 990
As for my Burthen. To the Gate I now
Approach'd, and each sinister Accident
'Scap'd, as I thought; when on a sudden seem'd
The Tread of nimble Feet to strike my Ear:
My Father too alarm'd, cries out, Fly, Fly, 995
My Son! they come; for I, by Glimpse, discern
Their Arms resplendent, and their burnish'd Shields:
I know not what malignant Deity
Depriv'd me of my Reason here, confus'd
Before; for whilst my Flight secure I make 1000
By intricate and devious Ways, and shun
The open and direct; alas! I lost
My Comfort dear: uncertain, if cut off
By cruel Fate, or erring lost her Way,
Or wearied stop'd; these Eyes ne'er saw her more.
Nor did I missing find, nor with my self 1005
Reflect, before the Hill, and sacred Seat
Of antient CERES we had reach'd: here safe
All met at length, and absent She alone;
Her Father, Husband, Son, and Friends deceiv'd.
Whom did I not of Men, or Gods accuse

Insensate?

Insenfate ? What in the wide Scene of Woe,
Than this more cruel, late before my Eyes ?

ASCANIUS and ANCHISES, with the Gods
Of *Troy*, to trusty Friends I recommend, 1015

And hide them secret in a winding Vale :

Back to the City I return myself,

In shining Armour clad, resolv'd to run

All Chances, and all *Troy* again search o'er,

And to expose my Life to Dangers new. 1020

The Walls and secret Opening near the Gate,

Thro' which I had escap'd, I visit first,

And follow back the Steps I trod before

In Darkness, and revisit now in Light.

On each side Horror, Solitude itself 1025

Even terrifies my Mind. Thence home I go,

If Chance had led her there, Chance might, but there

The *Grecians* had broke in, and fill'd the House.

The Fire devouring rolls along, by Winds

Impetuous drove ; to th' highest Roofs the Flames

Superiour rise ; thro' all the Sky a Heat 1031

Rages intense. To PRIAM's Palace thence

I go, and to the Citadel proceed :

But in its desert Cloisters, crouded late,

The Sanctuary of JUNO, PHÆNIX now, 1035

And

And Stern ULYSSES, Conservators chosen,
 Preserve the Spoil : Here, gather'd from all Parts,
 The Wealth of *Troy*, the Tables of the Gods,
 Goblets of massy Gold, and Vestments rich,
 Robb'd from the flaming Temples, are pil'd up. 1040
 Boys, with their trembling Mothers, stand around
 In Order long. In th' Anguish of my Heart
 I dar'd to raise my Voice, and fill'd with Grief
 Again CREÛSA, and again, I call'd.
 While thro' the City frantic thus I roam 1045
 In fruitless Search, before me seem'd to stand
 The Shade, the Image of CREÛSA's self,
 But larger than the Life; amaz'd, my Hair
 Stood up erect, my Voice no Utterance found.
 When She my Cares endeavour'd to dispel 1050
 In Words like these : What pleasure, to indulge
 A frantic Grief, O Comfort dear lov'd?
 Without Divine Permission, these Events
 Arrive not : 'Tis not given CREÛSA hence
 To take; the Sovereign Power of Heaven forbids. 1055
 Long Exile you must bear, and plough vast Tracts
 Of Ocean. At th' *Hesperian* Soil at length
 You shall arrive, where *Lydian* Tyber rolls 1060
 With gentle Stream o'er rich and fruitful Plains,
 Held

Held by a warlike Race. There smiling Joy, 1060
A Royal Bride, and Empire Thee await :
'Tears for belov'd CREÛSA then restrain.
To his rich Bed no haughty *Grecian* Chief
A Concubine shall lead me, nor proud Dame
Command, as to a Captive, Service vile ; 1065
A *Dardan* Princess, who to VENUS claims
Alliance as your Wife. The Mother great
Of Gods detains me in this Land. And now
Adieu ; the Boy our common Child still love.
This said, me weeping, and of many things 1070
Desirous to discourse, She sudden left,
And vanish'd into Air. Thrice I essay'd
My Arms around her Neck to throw, and thrice
The Shade, in vain attempted, fled my Touch,
As swift as Winds, or like a fleeting Dream. 1075
The Night thus past, at length I seek my Friends.
And here I wond'ring found a Multitude
Arriv'd of new Companions, Women, Men,
Of all degrees, a miserable Croud !
Collected from all Parts, Themselves and Goods 1080
Committing to my Care, prepar'd for Flight,
Into whatever Land I should by Sea
Think fit to lead. And now the Morning-Star

Upon the Summit of Mount *Ida* rose,
The Harbinger of Day; The *Greeks* possess'd
The City Gates : no hope of Succour left.
Contest was therefore vain, my Sire replac'd,
Up to the Mountain I direct my Way.

1088

The End of the SECOND BOOK.

VIRGIL'S



VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

T H E

T H I R D B O O K.

WHEN now the Gods were pleas'd to over-
throw

The *Asian* Empire, PRIAM's royal House,
And People innocent, that *Ilium* proud
Fell from her stately Height, and on the Ground
Neptunian Troy from her Foundations sinok'd: 5

n Exile, into divers desert Lands,
We're driven by heav'nly *Auguries*: our Fleet,
Close by *Antandros*, under *Ida's* Mount
We build, uncertain to what Place the Fates
Would carry us, or where 'twould be allow'd 10
To stop our wand'ring. Thither we collect

Our

Our scatter'd Remnants. Scarce began to breathe
The Summer-Zephyrs mild, when to the Fates
ANCHISES strait commands to spread the Sails.
My Country's Shores, and Ports I weeping leave, 15
And Fields, where *Troy* once stood; into the Deep
An Exile I am carried, with my Friends,
Son, Household Gods, and greater Deities.
Sacred to MARS far off a Country lies
Of vast extent, by *Thracian* Swains manur'd, 20
And by LYCURGUS warlike rul'd of old:
To *Troy* by right of Hospitality,
And mutual Intercourse long bound, whilst smil'd
Propitious Fortune. Hither I am drove
By adverse Fates, and on the winding Shores, 25
Foundations for a City new design,
And after my own Name the People call.
To my Celestial Mother, and the Gods,
With happy Auspices the rising Works
To favour, Sacrifices due are made, 30
And to the King of Heav'n a milk white Bull.
By chance, a Hill stood near, its Summit crown'd
With Cornel Shrubs, and Myrtles pointed Spears.
I thither went, and striving from the Ground

To tear the living Wood, to cover o'er 35
The Altar with green Boughs, a dire Portent,
Dreadful to tell, I saw. The Tree, which first
Up from the Roots was torn, Drops of black Blood
Distill'd, and stain'd the Earth with Gore: Horror
Shook all my Limbs with Fear, and froze my Blood.
Again, and of another I persist 41
The stubborn Roots to wrench, and Causes hid
Explore yet farther: Of that other still
Blood from the tender Fibres issues forth:
Revolving various Thoughts within my Mind, 45
The Sylvan Nymphs I supplicate, and MARS,
Who o'er the *Thracian* Fields presides, t' avert
These dreadful Omens, and propitious turn.
But when, with greater Force, a third I try'd,
And strove with bended Knees against the Earth, 50
Shall I proceed, or silent be? A Groan
Most lamentable, from the lowest Part,
And Voice distinct, brought to my Ears, are heard.
ÆNEAS, why a miserable Wretch
In Pieces tear'st thou? Spare a buried Corps; 55
Spare to pollute thy pious Hands: *Troy* first,
To you no Stranger, gave me Breath, nor flows
This Blood from Trees inanimate: But fly

These cruel Shores, this Land of Avarice.
For I am POLYDORÉ. An Iron Shower, 60
Of Darts tranfix'd me here, which, taking Root,
This Harvest large of pointed Reeds produced.
Then seiz'd with doubtful Fear, amaz'd, my Hair
Stood up erect, my Voice no Utterance found.
This POLYDORÉ unhappy PRIAM sent 65
For Education to the *Thracian* King,
Secret, with Heaps of Gold, when he his Arms
Distrusted first, and City saw by Siege
Block'd up. He, when the *Trojan* Power was broke,
And Fortune shifted, AGAMEMNON's part 70
Following, and Arms victorious, every Tye
Breaks basely through, kills POLYDORÉ, and keeps
The Gold by Force. What dare not mortal Breasts
Attempt, infernal Thirst of Gold, by Thee
Impell'd? So soon as my astonish'd Mind 75
Fear had relinquish'd, to my Father first,
Then to the People's chosen Chiefs I tell
The Prodigy, and their Opinion ask.
One Sentiment of all, this wicked Land
To leave, polluted Hospitality 80
To fly, and to the Winds our Sails expand.
We then the funeral Obsequies renew

Of POLYDORE; upon the Hill we heap'd
Vast Loads of Earth, and to his Manes rear'd
Altars, with funeral Wreaths and Cypress black. 85
The *Trojan* Matrons, with dishevel'd Hair,
Stand round, as usual. Bowls of tepid Milk,
And Goblets filled with Victims' Blood we bring;
His Ghost within the Sepulchre compose,
And with loud Voices take our last Farewell. 90

THEN when the first Assurances appear'd
Of Safety, and the Winds gave placid Seas,
And Aufter gently breathing in soft Gales
Invites aboard, the Sailors launch the Ships,
And croud the Shore. We sail from Port; and Land,
And Cities now, and sinking Hills recede. 96
There lies an Island in th' *Ægean* Sea,
To DORIS, Mother of the Nereid Nymphs,
And NEPTUNE sacred, a delightful Spot;
Which wand'ring long around the Seas and Shores,
APOLLO fix'd with *Mycone's* high Cliffs, 101
And *Gyaros*, and gave to be rever'd
Immoveable, and to condemn the Winds.
Hither I'm brought: This in her Harbour safe
Receives us weary. Landing we adore 105

APOLLO's sacred City. ANIUS King,
King of the People, and APOLLO's Priest,
His Temples with the consecrated Wreaths
And Laurel bound, receives us. He, his friend
Of old, ANCHISES owns. Our Hands we join 110
In Sign of Hospitality, and go
Strait to the Palace. Prayers I offer up,
The Temple reverencing of the God,
An Edifice antique, of Marble built.
Resplendent God of *Thymbra*, grant a Place 115
That we may call our own, a City give
To wearied Men, a City to remain,
And Progeny, for Ages yet to come ;
Preserve this second *Troy*, escap'd the Sword
Of *Grecians*, and ACHILLES merciless. 120
Whom follow ? Whither go, where shall we fix
Our Seat ? O Father, a Prophetic Sign
Propitious give, descend into our Breasts.
Scarce had I spoke, when suddenly the Floor,
The Laurels of the God, the Mountain round 125
Seem'd all to tremble ; from behind the Veil,
A Sound like Thunder issu'd, and to View
Stood all the Mysteries disclos'd. Submit
Upon the Ground we fall, a Voice then speaks.

Dardanians

Dardanians hardy, from your antient Stock 130
That Soil which first receiv'd you, back return'd,
The same shall in her fertile Lap receive :
Your antient Mother seek : *ÆNEAS'* Race
To universal Empire here shall rise,
And their Sons Sons, and who from them shall spring.
APOLLO thus. Great Joy with Tumult mixt 136
Arose, and all what City this should be
Inquire, to which *APOLLO* calls us back
Wandering so long, and to return commands.
My Father then revolving in his Mind 140
The Chronicles of antient Times, O Peers !
Attend he said, and learn your future Hopes.
In mid Sea, *Crete*, the Isle of mighty *Jove*,
Is placed ; from whence their first Original
Our Nation, and their *Ida's* Mount derive. 145
The *Cretans* in a hundred Cities great
Inhabit, potent in a fertile Soil ;
Hence our great Sire, if I remember right,
TEUCER, first pass'd upon *Rhætean* Shores,
And chose a Place for regal Residence. 150
Iliou as yet was not, nor yet was rais'd
The Citadel of *Pergamus* ; they dwelt
In Vallies low. From hence came *CYBELE*,

Inhabitant of Mountains, and her Rites,
And Corybantian Brads, and *Ida's* Wood, 155
And Secrecy inviolably kept
Of sacred Mysteries, and Lions yok'd,
Who patient of the Whip the Goddesses draw.
Wherefore, my Friends, where e'er the Gods commands
Lead, let us follow with Alacrity : 160
The Winds appeas'd, seek we the *Gnosſian* Shores.
The Courſe not far ; a favourable Wind
The Fleet will waſt upon the *Cretan* Shores
By the third Day. This ſaid, the Honours due
On th' Altars of the Gods he ſacrific'd ; 165
A Bull to NEPTUNE, and to Thee, a Bull
APOLLO fair ; to Winter a black Sheep,
And to the Zephyrs fortunate a white.
Fame goes, that King IDOMENEUS, expell'd,
Had left his Father's Throne, and that the Shores 170
Of *Crete*, Cities, and Lands deſerted were,
And emptied of our Foes. *Ortygia's* Port
We leave, and thro' the Sea we fly ; the Hills
Of *Naxos*, with the Shouts reſounding loud
Of BACCHUS' Votaries, *Donyſus* green, 175
Olearon, and *Paros* white, and ſpread
Thro' all the Deep the Cyclades, and Seas

With

With many an Island intermixt, we pass.
With various Emulation Clamours loud
Arise of Sailors. They exhort to steer 180
In quest of *Crete*, and our Progenitors.
A rising Gale from Stern impels us on,
And the *Curetes'* antient Shores at length
We sailing smooth arrive. The City then
So long desir'd, I therefore eager raise, 235
And call *Pergamea*; pleas'd with the Name,
The People I exhort this Settlement
To cherish, and a Citadel to build.
And now, the Fleet secur'd on the dry Strand,
The Youth in cultivating of their Land, 190
And Hymeneal Rites employ'd, a Form
Of Government I 'stablish, and assign
To each their Habitation: When at once
From an infected Quarter of the Sky
A pestilential Vapour came, which fell 195
Most lamentably on their Limbs, the Trees
And Fruits of th' Earth, and brought a deadly Year.
Their precious Lives they yielded up, or drag'd
Their feeble Bodies. Then to parch the Earth,
And Herbage burn, the Dog Star red began, 200
And the sick Grain due Sustenance denied.

Again my Sire exhorts me to consult
Ortygia's Oracle and PHOEBUS' Will,
 The Sea remeasuring, and to implore
 Forgiveness, and his Aid ; to our Affairs, 205
 So desperate, what End he would assign,
 From whence he would command that we should seek
 Help in our present Evils, where direct
 Our Course. 'Twas Night, and Sleep had clos'd the
 Of Man and Beast. Before me seem'd to stand, ^{Eyes}
 As in a Sleep profound immers'd I lay, 211
 The sacred Statues of the Deities,
 And Household Gods which I had brought from *Troy*
 Out of the Conflagration dire, by Light
 Of the full Moon made manifest, which thro' 215
 Th'inserted Windows pour'd her Silver Rays,
 Then spoke, and with these Words my Cares dispell'd.
 To thee return'd t' *Ortygia*, at his Shrine
 For Answer what APOLLO would have given,
 Here he vouchsafes to give, and to your House 220
 Sends us unask'd. We, who *Dardania* burnt,
 Thee and thy Arms have follow'd, under Thee
 Measur'd the swelling Seas on board thy Fleet :
 We still the same, up to the Stars will raise
 Thy Progeny, and to thy City give 225

Imperial Power. Build you a City, great
In Circuit, for a People great; nor shun
The Risks, and Labours long of this thy Flight.
Your Habitation you must change, these Shores
Delian APOLLO did not recommend, 230

Nor in this Isle commanded you to fix.
There is a Place, by *Greeks Hesperia* call'd,
Potent in Arms, an antient fertile Land,
Held by *Oenotrians* once, but now by Fame
Entitled *Italy*, a Term deriv'd 235

From later ITALUS, their Leader's Name.
There is our proper Home, *Jasius* thence
And *Dardanus* first came, and from this Prince
Our Origin we draw. Therefore arise,
And to your aged Sire these Words report, 240
Indubitably true. AUSONIA seek

And CORITUS, for JUPITER denies
Diſſean Fields. Astonish'd with the Sight
And Warning of the Gods (nor was it Sleep,
Their Visages distinct I saw, their Heads 245
Cover'd with Veils, and Bodies present stood)
O'er all my Limbs forthwith a gelid Sweat
Flow'd down, I started from my Bed, and rais'd
My Hands in Supplication, and my Voice

To Heaven, and Offerings unpolluted burn 250
Upon the sacred Hearths, at th' Honour great
Rejoycing. To ANCHISES I report
The Vision, and the whole in Order tell.
He own'd th' ambiguous Race, and double Line
Of our Progenitors, and in the Names 255
Of antient Places, that he was deceiv'd
By modern Ignorance ; then thus he said.
Son, exercis'd and tried by *Ilion's* Fate,
CASSANDRA these Events alone foretold.
I now remember that she still declar'd 260
These Kingdoms as our due, and many times
Hesperia, often *Italy* she nam'd.
But who would then believe, *Hesperian* Shores
That *Trojans* e'er should touch, or at that time
Whom would CASSANDRA's Prophecies have mov'd.
Obey we then APOLLO, and forewarn'd, 266
Now follow better Counsels. Thus he said,
And all Obedience pay to his Command
With Joy. This Settlement we also quit,
And spread the Sails, leaving a few behind, 270
And in the hollow Vessels plough the Main.
After the Fleet had gain'd the Deep, and Land
No where appear'd, Sky all around, and all

Around

Around the Sea : Just o'er my Head, a Cloud
Stood black with Night and Tempest, and the Storm
More dreadful by the Darknefs grew. Forthwith
The Winds plough up the Deep, and mighty Seas
Arise. O'er the vast Gulph we're tofs'd dispers'd.
Black Clouds obscure the Day, and veil from View
The Firmament at Night. The Lightnings flash 280
Thick from the broken Clouds. Out of our Course
We're driven, and wander thro' the Waters dark.
Even PALINURUS, he declares himself
Unable to distinguish Day from Night,
Or thro' Mid Sea what Way his Course to shape. 285
Thus three uncertain Days, of Light depriv'd,
We wander thro' the Seas, as many Nights
Without least Glimpse of Stars. On the fourth Day
The Land at length appears, the Mountains rise,
And open at a Distance, and the Smoke 290
Curling ascends : The Sails are dropt, we rise
Upon our Oars ; the Sailors now alert
Quick turn the Foam, and sweep the Waters green.
Escap'd the Deep, the Shores of *Strophades*,
Isles seated in the great *Ionian* Sea, 295
By a *Greek* Name so call'd, receive me first;
Celæno and the other Harpies dire

These Isles inhabit, since they were expell'd
 The House of PHINEUS, and constrain'd thro' Fear
 To leave his former hospitable Board. 300
 Than these a fouler Monster, or more fierce,
 No Pestilence, or Anger of the Gods
 E'er rais'd from *Stygian* Waters; Birds with Face
 Of Virgin Sweetness, of detested Smell
 What of their Food redounds; Hands with sharp
 And Visages with Hunger ever pale. Claws,
 Here when arriv'd we enter into Port : 307
 Behold ! fine Drovers of Oxen, Herds of Goats,
 Wandring without a Keeper o'er the Plains
 We see. Upon th' Attack we rush, and call 310
 The GODS, and JUPITER himself, the Spoil
 To share and part; then on the winding Shore
 Our Couches raise, and on rich Viands feed.
 But suddenly descend with dreadful Flight
 The Harpies from the Mountains, and their Wings
 With sounding Clangor beat; our Food they seize,
 And every thing contaminate with Touch
 Impure, and then amid the Odour foul
 A Voice terrific. In a long Recess
 Under a hollow Rock, with Trees inclos'd 320
 Around, and awful Shades, again we raise

Our Tables, and on th' Altars Fire replace.
When from a different Quarter of the Sky,
And secret lurking holes, the noisy Croud
Eager their Prey with crooked Claws surround : 325
The Viands they pollute with Mouth obscene.
To my Companions then their Arms to take
I Orders issue out, and War denounce
Against this cruel Nation. They obey,
And hide beneath the Grass their Swords and Shields.
When therefore they, with Clangor of their Wings,
Descending, made the winding Shores resound,
MISENUS from on high the Signal blew
By Trumpets Sound ; My Soldiers charge, and try
Unusual Warfare, to afflict with Wound 335
These Sea Birds foul. But no Impression Steel
Could make upon their Feathers, nor transpierce
With keenest Edge their Bodies, but they mount
With Flight precipitate, and leave their Prey
Half eaten, and obscene Remains behind. 340
CELAENO all alone, from a steep Rock,
Ill-boding Prophets, these Words pronounc'd.
War is it for our Oxen slain, and Steers
Slaughter'd, O *Trojans* ! War do you prepare
And from their Realms hereditary drive 345

The Harpies innocent? Therefore attend,
 And these my Words deep in your Minds imprint,
 Which JUPITER to PHÆBUS bright foretold,
 And by APOLLO's self to me disclos'd,
 Chief of the Furies, I to you declare. 350

To *Italy* your course you steer, the Winds
 Propitious made, you *Italy* shall reach:
 But not before with Walls shall you surround
 The promis'd City, until Hunger dire,
 Shall force you quite your Tables to consume 355
 Half eat before, for this outrageous Deed.

She said, and springing on the Wing, retir'd
 Into the Wood. With sudden Fear the Blood
 Of my Companions froze, their Spirits sink,
 Nor more they beg Peace may be fought by Arms,
 But Vows and Supplications, whether they 361
 Be Goddeffes, or Birds obscene and dire.

And good ANCHISES standing on the Shore,
 His Hands uplifted, the great Gods invoc'd,
 And Sacrifices due ordain'd. O Gods 365

These Threats prohibit, such Mischance avert
 Ye Gods, and merciful the Good preserve.

He then commands the Cables to be cut,
 And all the Yards and Sails to be unloos'd.

The South winds fill the Sails : O'er foaming Waves
We're carried, where the Wind our Course directs,
And Pilot guides. *Zacynthos* crown'd with Woods,
Dulichium, *Samè*, craggy *Neritos*,
Now rising from amid the Waves appear.
We shun th' *Ithacian* Rocks, *LAERTES*' Realms, 375
And curse the Land that fell *ULYSSES* rear'd.
And soon the stormy Heights of *Leucas*' Isle,
And Dread of Mariners, *APOLLO*'s Fane,
Opens to View. This place we wearied seek,
And to the City small proceed. From Prow 380
The Anchor's cast, the Ships ride on the Shore.
Land therefore having reach'd, so long unhop'd,
We sacrifice to *Jove*, and with our Vows
The sacred Altars blaze, and *Ætian* Shores
We celebrate with *Ilian* Games. The Youth, 385
Oyl flowing o'er their naked Limbs, perform
Their Country Exercises. We rejoice
So many *Grecian* Cities to have 'scap'd,
And thro' the midst of our inveterate Foes
Pursu'd our Flight. Mean time the Sun roll'd round
His annual Course, and hoary Winter ploughs 391
In Furrows deep the Sea with Northern blasts.
A Shield of hollow Brass, by *ABAS* great

Wont to be worn, upon the Doors I fix,
 And in this Verſe record the great Exploit. 395
 “ Theſe Arms ÆNEAS from the Victor *Greeks*.”
 To leave the Port, and Rowers to their Seats
 I then command. By Emulation fir’d
 The Sailors ply their Oars and ſkim the Waves.
Phæacia ſoon and her aerial Towers 400
 Are loſt, and cloſe along *Epirus*’ Shores
 We ſail, and enter the *Chaonian* Port,
 And thence *Buthrotus*, City high, aſcend.
 News here incredible ſurpriz’d my Ears ;
 That HELENUS, the Son of PRIAM, reign’d 405
 O’er *Grecian* Cities, PYRRHUS’ Queen and Throne
 Poſſeſſing, and that fair ANDROMACHE
 Again was wedded to a *Trojan* Prince.
 Amaz’d I ſtood, my Breſt with great Deſire
 Inflam’d, the Hero to embrace, and learn 410
 Theſe wonderful Events. I leave the Port
 And to the City go. That Day by Chance,
 ANDROMACHE the Queen, upon the Banks
 Of the pretended *Simois*, perform’d,
 Within a Grove near to the City Walls, 415
 A ſolemn and ſepulchral Sacrifice :
 Two Altars ſhe had rais’d of verdant Turf,
 And

And consecrated, and an empty Tomb
Between had rais'd; sad Causes of her Grief:
With melancholy Gifts, and loud Laments 420
The Manes she invok'd of HECTOR great.
Soon as she saw me coming, and beheld
The *Trojan* Arms around, like one aghast,
With Wonders so surprizing terrified,
She stiffen'd as she gaz'd, the vital Heat 425
Her Bones relinquish'd, down she falls, and scarce,
After long Interval, thus faltring speaks.

A REAL Person? Messenger of Truth
Comest thou? O Goddess born! Art thou alive?
Or if the Sovereign, vital Lamp of Light 430
Extinguist be, where's HECTOR? Having said,
Tears plentiful she pour'd, and all the Place
With Lamentations fill'd. I scarce could make
Reply to her thus frantic, and my Tongue
Falter'd with interrupted Speech: I live 435
Indeed, but in the utmost Misery
My Life I lead. Your Doubts dismiss, for true
Appearances, no Phantom you behold.
But after Loss of such a Husband, what
Adventure next befall? Or what Caprice 440

Of Fortune chang'd worthy of You returns?
For HECTOR, or for PYRRHUS flow these Tears
ANDROMACHE? With Eyes downcast and Voice
Depress'd She spoke. O Virgin! happiest far
Of PRIAMS Daughters! who at th' hostile Tomb,
Under *Troy's* lofty Walls condemn'd to die, 446
No chance of Lots indignant bore, nor Bed
As Captive touch'd of a triumphant Lord.
Our Country ruin'd, we o'er various Seas
Transported, of ACHILLES' Son the Pride, 450
And youthful Insolence, in Servitude
And Pangs of Labour bore. He smitten next
With Love of LEDA's fair HERMIONE,
And LACEDÆMON's Hymeneal Rites,
To HELENUS his Slave, me as his Slave 455
Transfer'd by Marriage: But him too secure,
ORESTES, with a desp'rate Love inflam'd
Of his lost Bride, and by the conscious Guilt
Of horrid Crimes impell'd, attack'd, and slew
Before the Altars of his Country GODS. 460
On NEOPTOLEMUS's Death by Right
To HELENUS part of the Kingdom fell;
Which he *Chaonia* call'd from CHAON's Name,
And on these Mountains rear'd this *Trojan* Tower,
And

And a new *Pergamus*. But what impulse 465

Of Winds, or Fate directed? Or what God
Drove you unknowing to our friendly Shores?

ASCANIUS where is He? Still yet alive

Breathes he the vital Air? Whom now to you

Troy.——

470

The Boy retains he any Memory,

Or Love of his lost Parent? Does his Sire

ÆNEAS, and his Uncle HECTOR, rouse

To antient Virtue, and heroic Deeds

His tender Mind? With greatest Sympathy 475

Questions like these she veh'ment ask'd, and pour'd

Long Showers of Tears in vain: When from the
Walls

The Hero HELENUS with pompous Train

Attended came, and knew his own, and glad

Led to the Palace, and between each Word 480

Tears in abundance issu'd. I proceed,

And *Troy* diminutive, and *Pergamus*

In Imitation of the Great I see,

And a dry Channel after XANTHUS nam'd,

And kiss the Threshold of the *Scæan* Gate. 485

The *Trojans* too, so unexpected found,

The social City enjoy. In spacious Courts

The King receiv'd them, and amid the Hall,
They made Libations to the GOD of Wine;
In Gold the Feast was serv'd, the Goblets Gold. 490

AND now one Day, and then another Day
Pass'd o'er; the Winds invite to Sea, and fill
With a full South the Main Sail. In these Words
The Prophet I address, and ask Advice:
O *Trojan* born! Interpreter of GODS, 495
Who understand'st APOLLO's Oracles,
The Tripos, Clarian Laurels, and the Stars;
The Languages of Birds, the Auspices
Of those of swifter Wing who know'st; now speak:
(For all the GODS by Oracles and Signs, 500
This Course declar'd propitious, and advis'd
To sail for *Italy*, and Lands remote
Explore: CELÆNO, Harpy dire, alone
Strange Prodigy predicts, and to repeat
Abominable; Hunger she foretells 505
And heavy Wrath of GODS,) what Dangers first
Shall I avoid? Or by what means pursued
Be able to o'ercome such mighty Toils?

HERE HELENUS, the Heifers offer'd first,
As us'd, the favour of the Gods implores, 510
And then the Fillets of his Sacred Head
Unbinding, takes me by the Hand himself,
And leads, APOLLO! to thy Temple, aw'd
By Presence of the God: With Mouth divine
Then Thus he prophesies. O Goddess born! 515
That by the greater Auspices you sail
The Deep is certain; so the King of Gods
The Fates disposes, and Vicissitude
Of Things directs: This Series of Events
Now rolls its Course. Some Things of many more,
That safer you the hospitable Seas 521
May traverse, and th' *Ausonian* Port obtain,
I'll briefly touch: your Knowledge of the rest
The Fates forbid, and JUNO, Queen of Heaven,
Prohibits HELENUS to speak. First *Italy* 525
Which near you think, and ignorant prepare
Its Ports to enter soon, vast Tracts of Sea
Of Navigation difficult, and Lands
Impenetrable separate. Your Oar
Must first in the *Trinacrian* Wave be bent, 530
And Fleet explore the calm *Ausonian* Sea;
Th' infernal Lakes, and *Circe's* Isle, before

You safely can in a Pacific Land
The promis'd City build. The Signs I'll tell,
Which in your Mind deposited, be sure 535
Most faithful to retain. Anxious with Care,
When on the Margin of a silent Stream,
Beneath some Elms upon the Shore, you find
A Sow with Litter large of thirty Pigs ;
White, lying on the Ground, about her Teats 540
Her young ones, likewise white, gather'd around ;
This for your City new will be the Place ;
Of all your Labours this the certain Rest.
Nor of your Tables dread the future Meal :
The Fates a Way will find, and to your Aid 545
APOLLO, when invok'd, will present be.
But all these Lands, and Shores, which nearest lie,
Of this *Italian Coast*, wash'd by our Seas,
Avoid, by wicked *Greeks* they're all possess'd.
Narycian Locrians here have fix'd their Seat, 550
And the *Salentine Plains*, IDOMENEUS,
Native of *Lyctis*, with arm'd Soldiers fills ;
Petilia small, by PHILOCTETES here,
The *Meliboean Chief*, supported stands.
But when in Harbour safe your Fleet shall ride 555
Beyond these Seas, your Vows you shall discharge :
Under

Under a Purple Veil your Head conceal,
Left any hostile Face should intervene,
Amid the sacred Fires on th' Altars plac'd
In honour of the Gods, and th' Omens spoil. 560
This form of Sacrifice let all your Friends,
This You yourself be constant to retain,
And your Descendants most remote, let them
In this Religion pure still persevere.

BUT when the Winds have borne your wandering
To the *Sicilian* Shore, and to your View ^{Fleet}
Pelorus' Straits shall wider grow, the Land
Make to the Left, and with a Circuit long
The Left hand Seas pursue, the Right hand coast
And Waters fly. These Places, Fame reports, 570
By Force, and by an Earthquake vast convuls'd,
(Such Changes length of Ages can produce)
Asunder parted, when before each Land
Was one : The Sea rush'd in between, and tore
By might of Waters the *Hesperian* side 575
From *Sicily*, and Cities, Fields, by Shores
Divided, washes with a narrow Frith.
Scylla the Right infects, and the Left side
Implacable *Charybdis*, who absorbs

Thrice the vast Waves into the Caves profound 580
Of her Abyfs, and then again to Air
Alternate raifes, fpouting to the Stars.
But in blind lurking Holes a Den confines
Scylla, her Jaws extending, and the Ships
Dragging upon the Rocks. A human Face 585
First, and a Virgin to the Waift appears
With Bofom beautiful ; her nether Parts
A huge *Leviathan*, to Wombs of Wolves
And Tails of *Dolphins* join'd. The utmost Bounds
It is more eligible to furvey 590
Of Cape *Pachynus*, and a winding Courfe
To circumscribe, tho' with delay, than once
Mishapen *Scylla* in her Cavern vast,
And Rocks refounding with her Sea-Green Dogs
To fee. Besides if *HELENUS* can claim 595
Of Prudence any fhare, if any Faith
Be to the Prophet given, and if his Mind
APOLLO with Predictions true inspire ;
One thing, O Goddefs born ! chiefly one thing
In charge I'll give you, and repeating, o'er 600
Again, and o'er again enforce : Befure
With humble Supplications to adore
Of potent *Juno* the Divinity ;

To JUNO with alacrity prefer
Your Vows, and overcome the powerful Queen 605
With humble Gifts; thus Conqueror at last
In Safety you shall reach th' *Italian* Shore.

HITHER when wafted, you shall then arrive
At the *Cumæan* City, and the Lakes
Divine, and, founding thro' her lofty Woods, 610
Avernus; there a Prophetess inspir'd
You'll see, who under a steep Rock the Fates
Declares, by Characters, and Words inscrib'd
On Leaves. Whatever Prophecies on Leaves
The Virgin writes, in order she digests, 615
And locks up in the Cave. They in their Place
Unmov'd remain, nor from their Order change;
But when the Air, the Hinges turning, strikes
With slightest Impulse on them, and the Door
The tender Leaves disturbs; she takes no Care, 620
The Prophecies dispers'd, and flying round
The hollow Cave, together to collect,
Or place in Order. The Expectants go
Without an Answer, and detest the Grot.
Yet let not here a small Delay, so far 625
Be reckon'd an Impediment, altho'
Your Friends may chide, and favourable Winds

Invite with Violence to pursue your Course,
And of a happy Navigation give
Assurance full ; yet let not these prevent 630
Your visit to the Prophetess, and beg
With earnest Prayers, that she herself would deign
Distinctly to declare, by Words pronounc'd,
The Oracle divine. The future Wars
Of *Italy*, and Nations different, 635
And how each Toil t' avoid, or overcome,
She will explain, and duly honour'd, make
Your Course secure. These are the only things
Allow'd t' advise you of. Go on, proceed,
And by your Actions to the Stars of Heaven 640
Uplift the *Trojan* Name. The Prophet, thus
Having express'd his Mind benevolent,
Of massy Gold, and polish'd Ivory, Gifts,
Directed to be carried to the Fleet,
And Piles of Silver heap'd ; and Vases rare 645
Of *Dadonean* Brass ; a Coat of Mail,
Thick sow'd with Rings of triple plaited Wire
Of Gold ; the Crest of a refulgent Cask,
Plumes waving, Arms of NEOPTOLEMUS :
ANCHISES too has Gifts : Horses he adds . 650
And Pilots, and fills up the Rowers Banks,
And furnishes with Arms compleat my Friends.

AN-

ANCHISES then commands that all the Fleet
Should instant set their Sails, that no Delays
Unnecessary might retard, the Wind 655
Presenting fair. Whom thus APOLLO's Priest
With Honour great accosts. Of VENUS' Bed,
Envy of GODS, ANCHISES, worthy deem'd,
The care of Heaven, twice snatch'd from *Trojan*
Behold th' *Ausonian* Coast, with all your Sails *Flames;*
This make ; yet of Necessity beyond 661
This you must pass : Of *Italy* that part
Lyes distant, which APOLLO's Oracle
Points out. Go, happy in the Piety
Of such a Son. But why the time protract, 665
And by my Words the rising South Winds stop ?
Nor less afflicted at our last Farewell
ANDROMACHE, brings Vests of Gold Brocade
Of various Figures, and a *Phrygian* Cloak,
As presents to ASCANIUS, suitable 670
To either's Dignity ; and Store besides
Of Labours of the Loom, and thus she speaks.

TAKE these my Child, which of my Handy work
May Monuments remain, and testify

ANDROMACHE'S

ANDR MACHE's eternal Love, the Wife 675
Of HECTOR ; take these Gifts, the Pledges last
Of our Affection. O ! the Image true
Left me alone of my ASTYANAX !
His Eyes, his Hands, his Countenance the same ;
And would have flourish'd now in equal Bloom 680
Of Youth with thee. 'Midst these Effusions warm
Of Friendship, taking leave, Tears gushing forth,
I thus address'd them. Happy may you live,
Whose Fortune is already made, but we
From Labours past to Labours new are call'd : 685
Rest you have earn'd ; no Seas for you to plow,
Nor Fields *Ausonian*, still retreating back,
To be sought out. The Effigies you see
Of *Troy* and *Xanthus*, which your Hands have made,
With better Auspices I hope, and less 690
To *Greeks* expos'd. If e'er at *Tiber's* Stream,
And Fields by *Tiber* water'd I arrive,
Or shall the destin'd Walls uprear'd behold ;
Cities and neighb'ring People join'd by Blood,
Here in *Epirus*, in *Hesperia* there, 695
Their Sufferings the same, and *Dardanus*
Progenitor of both, we will of each
One *Troy* in Minds and Int'rests make, this Care
Sacred to our Posterity remain.

To the *Ceraunian* Mountains, rising near, 700
We sail, by which to *Italy* the way,
And nearest Course by Sea. Mean time the Sun
Swiftly descends, and Vapours thick obscure
The Mountain Tops. Close by the Water side,
Upon the bosom of the wish'd for Land 705
We're laid, the Oars distributed by Lot,
And scatter'd wide along the barren Strand
Our Bodies we refresh, till dewy Sleep
Upon our wearied Limbs his Balm distills.
Night had not measur'd half her dark Career 710
Conducted by the Hours, when from his Bed
Springs *PALINURUS*, and each Wind explores,
And the true Point discovers by his Ear.
Each Star slow rolling in the silent Heavens
He marks : The Cloud compelling *HYADES*, 715
ARCTURUS, and the Great and Lesser *BEAR*,
And arm'd with Gold *ORION* he surveys.
After all things concurring he preceives
To fixt Serenity, the Signal loud
From Poop he gives : Our Tents we strike, our Voyage
Attempt, and of our Sails the Wings expand. 721

AND now *AURORAS* Blush the Stars dispell'd,
When the low Plains of *Italy*, and Hills

More

More distant we descry: *ACHATES* first

Cries *Italy*; and *Italy* the rest

725

Repeating glad, with Clamour loud salute.

ANCHISES standing on the lofty Stern,

A Bowl capacious crown'd, and fill'd with Wine,

And call'd upon the Gods. Ye Gods who rule

Earth, Air and Tempests, favourable aid,

730

And grant a prosp'rous Course. The wish'd for Gales

Increase, the Harbour opens nearer now,

And on the Citadel *MINERVA'S* Fane

Appears. The Sailors furl the Sails, and turn

The Prows direct for Shore. From th' Eastern Wave

The Port inclining bends into an Arch:

736

Rocks interpos'd foam with the briny Surge:

The Port it self lies hid. In form of Towers

High Rocks on either side their Arms extend,

And form a double Wall, and from the Shore

740

The Temple flies. Here pasturing at large,

White as the driven Snow, four Steeds I saw,

First Omen; and my Sire *ANCHISES*, War

O foreign Land do you denounce; Horses

For War are arm'd: These Beasts prognostic War.

745

But since these Animals are sometimes wont

To draw the Chariot, and together yok'd

Bear

Bear equal Reins, there still is hope of Peace,
Says he. Then we the awful Power invoke
Of PALLAS' arm'd, who first receiv'd us glad, 750
Our Heads at th' Altars wrap't in *Phrygian* Veils ;
And as enjoin'd by HELENUS, which Point
He chief enforc'd ; we all the Honours bid
To Argive JUNO with due Rites perform.
Our Vows in order thus discharg'd, we turn 755
Th' Extremities of our Sail-Yards, and leave
Th' Abodes of *Grecians*, and suspected Fields.
From hence *Tarentum's* Bay, from HERCULES
Renown'd, if Fame say true, is seen : Oppos'd
Lacinian JUNO's Temple rears its Head, 760
And *Caulon's* Towers, and *Scyllacæum's* Rock,
Of Mariners and Ships the Dread and Bane.
From hence *Trinacrian Ætna* is descried
Far distant, and the roaring of the Sea
With Fury beating on the shatter'd Rocks, 765
And Noises, broke confus'd on Shoar, far off
We hear. The Shallows into Mountains rise,
And with the raging Tide, the Sands are mix'd.
This is *Charybdis* sure, ANCHISES cries,
And HELENUS these dreadful Rocks foretold. 770
Escape, O Friends ! And rise upon your Oars.

Nor

Nor less they do than bid : His sounding Prow
 To the left Waves first PALINURUS turns.
 To left with Oars and Sails the whole Fleet strive.
 The swelling Surge now mounts us up to Heaven,
 And now again subsiding, we descend 776
 Down to the Shades below. Three times the Rocks
 From forth their hollow Caverns roar'd aloud,
 And thrice the Foam dash'd up, and Stars we saw
 Wet with the Spray. Mean while spent with Fatigue
 The Wind forsook us with the setting Sun ; 781
 When ignorant of our right Course, by Chance
 At length we're wafted to *Cyclopean* Shores.

The Port itself from all access of Winds
 Secure, and Large : But *Ætna* thunders near 785
 With dreadful Desolations ; and sometimes,
 Clouds black as Night it belches to the Skies,
 With glowing Coals and sulphurous Whirlwinds
 And Fiery Globes discharging strikes the Stars. ^{fraught ;}
 Sometimes whole Rocks, and th' Entrails torn abrupt
 Out of the Mountain, in Eruptions dire 791
 She roaring loud casts up, and molten Stones
 Roll thro' the Air in Waves of torrent Fire.
 Down to its lowest Depth it works, and boils.

ENCELADUS the Giant, Fame reports, 795
Here Thunderstruck is by this Load oppress'd,
And whelm'd beneath Mount *Ætna's* pond'rous
Breathes rapid Flames thro' every Cavern burst : ^{Weight,}
And that as oft he restless changes Sides,
Convuls'd by Earthquakes all *Trinacria* shakes, 800
And pitchy Smoke obscures, and blots out Day.

INFERNAL Prodigies all Night we bore
Shelter'd by Woods ; nor from what Cause the Noise
Proceeded knew ; for neither Light of Stars,
By Clouds diminish'd, or in Sky serene 805
Appear'd, but dark impenetrable Night
Beneath tempestuous Clouds the Moon conceal'd.
And now next Morn with Orient Beams arose,
And from the Heavens AURORA had dispell'd
The humid Shades of Night ; when from the Wood
The uncouth Figure of a Man unknown, 811
A living Skeleton, and in his Garb
Wretched and vile, came forth, and towards the Shore
His Arms in supplicating Posture stretch'd.
Attentive we observe ; a fordid Filth, 815
Long Beard, and tatter'd Covering join'd by Thorns :
A *Greek* as to the rest, and sent to *Troy*,
At first inroll'd amongst his Country's Troops.

But when that he beheld the *Dardan* dress,
And *Trojan* Arms far off, a while he stop'd, 820
Affrighted with the Sight, and Steps restrain'd :
Then headlong to the Shore with Prayers and Tears
He flew. By all the Stars, by all the Gods,
And by this vital Air of Heaven, remove,
O *Trojans* ! I conjure you, take me hence ; 825
'Twill be enough, into whatever Lands,
Or unknown Regions. Of the *Grecian* Fleet
My self I own, and *Troy* with hostile Arms
Confess to have attack'd : For Punishment
Of which my Crime, if it deserve so much, 830
In Pieces tear, and plunge me in the Main ;
If I do perish, by the Hands of Men
To perish will rejoice me. Having said,
He, on his Knees, our Knees embracing hung.
His Country, Parents, what Calamity 835
Sat heavy now, we urge him to declare.
My Sire ANCHISES, not delaying long,
His Hand presented to the trembling Youth,
And by that present Pledge confirm'd his Mind.
He thus at length, his Fear dismissing, spake. 840
I AM of *Ithaca*, my native Soil,
Companion of ULYSSES' wretched Fates,
And ACHEMENIDES my Name ; to *Troy*

My Father ADAMASTUS indigent
Sent me, (I wish that Fortune had remain'd.) 845
My Friends forgetful here deserted me,
Flying from cruel Mansions, and with Fear
Confus'd, left in the *Cyclops'* Cave. A Den
Horrid with mangled Limbs and Gore; within,
Gloomy and vast. He towering strikes the Stars, 850
(Gods, such a Monster drive from off the Earth!)
Forbidding in his Aspect, nor in Speech
To any Mortal affable; his Food
Bowels and Blood of miserable Men.
I saw my self two of our Number seiz'd 855
By his Gigantic hand, and 'gainst the Stones
To pieces dash'd, whilst he supine lay stretch'd
Within the Cave, the Pavement swam with Blood.
I saw him grind their Limbs, distilling down
Black Blood, the Sinews quivering 'twixt his Teeth.
Nor with impunity, this Act indeed 860
So barb'rous pass'd, nor patiently was borne,
Nor did ULYSSES his great Name forget.
For strait so soon as with this Banquet gorg'd,
And buried in his Wine, his Neck reclin'd, 865
The *Cyclop* lay along the Cave, stretch'd out
Immense, and vomiting amidst his Sleep
Wine, Blood, and indigested Morsels mixt;

The Powers divine address'ing, and our Parts
Drawn forth by Lot, we all about him rush 870
At once, and with a Weapon sharp transpierce
His monstrous Eye, which single lay conceal'd
Under his cloudy Front, in Magnitude
Large as the *Grecian* Shield, or solar Orb.
And glad at length our slaughter'd Friends aveng'd.
But fly, O wretched *Trojans*! fly, and cut 876
The Cables from the Shore. For as in Bulk
Gigantic, POLYPHEMUS, and Manners rude,
Collects the fleecy Flocks, and milky Streams
Draws from their Udders in his hollow Cave; 880
A hundred other *Cyclops*, such as he,
This winding Coast inhabit, Enemies
Of human Kind, and on these Mountains rove.
Thrice now the Moon has fill'd her crescent Horns
With Light, since in the Woods' midst desert Haunts,
And Dens of Beasts of Prey, my Life I drag, 886
And from the Rock the *Cyclops* vast behold,
And tremble at their Voice and Footsteps sound.
The Trees, spontaneous, stony Cornels yield,
And Berries, which with Herbs pluck'd by the Roots,
Afford me miserable Sustenance. 891
Surveying every Object within Ken,
When first directing to this Shore its Course

The Fleet I saw ; to it my self I bound
Whatever it should be : This impious Race 895
T' have 'scap'd sufficient. By whatever Death,
Rather do you this wretched Life destroy.

He scarce had spoke when on the Mountain Top,
Amidst his Flocks, and like a moving Tower
The Shepherd POLYPHEME himself we saw, 900
And to the well known Shores advancing flow ;
A Monster horrible, deform'd, huge, blind.
Stript of its Boughs a Pine his Hand directs,
And Steps assures, his fleecy Flocks attend,
The Solace of his Woe his sole Delight. 905
When he the deeper Waves, and Sea had reach'd,
From his quench'd Orb the fluid Gore he wash'd,
Grinding his Teeth amidst deep Sighs, and walks
Thro' the mid Sea, not reaching to his Sides.
We trembling haste our Flight, the Suppliant 910
Deservedly receiv'd, and silent cut
The Rope, and bending to the Oar, the Seas
With emulating Strokes divide. He heard,
And turn'd his Footsteps at the Noise. But when
Not able in his Grasp to seize, nor ford 915
In his Pursuit the deep *Ionian* Waves :
A deaf'ning Cry he rais'd, with which the Sea
And all the Waters trembled, *Italy*

To her Foundations shook, and *Ætna's* mount
'Thro' all her winding Caverns bellow'd loud. 920

BUT from the Woods and Mountains high, the Race
Of *Cyclops* rous'd croud to the Ports, and fill
The ambient Shores. In vain with threat'ning Eye
Th' *Ætnean* Brethren standing we behold,
With Statures reaching to the Vault of Heaven. 925
Horrid Assembly! So th' aerial Oaks,
Or spiry Cypresses, Jove's lofty Wood,
Or chaste *DIANA's* Grove, with tow'ring Tops,
Conspicuous stand. Now veh'ment Fear impels
Precipitate to tack about, and steer 930
What Course the Winds should favourable grant.
But *HELENUS's* admonitions warn
Between *Charybdis* not to keep our Way,
And *Scylla*, on each Side, short Boundary
'Twixt Life and Death; 'tis fix'd back to return. 935
That instant *Boreas*, opportunely sent,
Springs from *Pelorus's* narrow Point. I pass
Pantagia's rocky Mouths, *Megara's* Bay,
And *Tapsus* low: These wander'd Coasts before
Now *ACHEMENIDES*, retracing, shows, 940
Companion of *ULYSSES's* wretched Fates.
In the *Sicanian* Bay an Island lies
Against

Against *Plemmyrium* watry, call'd of old
Ortygia. Fame reports, beneath the Sea
That *Alpheus*, hither brought by secret Ways 945
From *Elis*, and his Waters mixt with thine,
Runs, *Arethuse*! into *Sicilian* Seas.

The Deities most powerful of the Isle
We worship as commanded: Thence I pass
Of stagnating *Helorus* the rank Soil: 950

From hence *Pachynus*' high projecting Rocks
We shave, and *Camerina*, by the Fates
Never allow'd to be remov'd, appears
At Distance great; and the *Geloan* Fields,
And spacious *Gela* from its River nam'd. 955

Hence *Agragas*, renown'd for generous Steeds
Proudly displays her long and stately Walls,
And Thee, *Selinus* fam'd for Palms, the Wind
Favouring our Course, I leave; then cautious steer
Thro' *Lilybeian* Shoals and cover'd Rocks. 960

From hence the undelightful Shore and Port
Of *Drepanum* receives me, tost about
In Storms so many, and Hazards of the Deep,
Alas! my Father, Solace of all Care
And Accidents, *ANCHISES*, here I lose: 965

Here best of Fathers, you your wearied Son

Desert; ah! snatcht in vain from Perils great.
Nor HELENUS the Seer, nor Harpy dire,
Amidst so many dreadful things denounc'd,
This Grief foretold. My final Labour This, 970
Of all my Voyages This the Bound. The Gods
From hence departing led me to your Shores.

ÆNEAS thus himself, attentive All,
His Fates related, and his Wandrings told,
Silent at length, here ending, he repos'd. 975

The End of the THIRD BOOK.

VIRGIL'S



VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

T H E

F O U R T H B O O K.

B U T long ago the Queen with gloomy Care
Tormented, nourishes the Wound within,
And, languishing, consumes by smother'd Fire.
The Hero's Virtues, and illustrious Birth,
Often recur to Thought : Deep in her Breast
His Looks and Words engrav'd remain ; nor Grief 5
To her tir'd Body due Repose allows.

NEXT Morning now had purify'd the World
With PHOEBUS' Lamp, and chas'd the humid Shades,
When thus to her obsequious Sister, she
Love-Sick, address'd her Speech. What frightful
And Visions, Sister ANNA, terrify
Dreams

My

My Mind irresolute ! Who is this Guest,
The Stranger late arriv'd ! What Grace adorns
His Godlike Form ! Of what intrepid Soul 15
In War and Dangers ! I in Truth believe
(No vain Belief) that he's of Race divine.
Fear argues Minds degen'rate, but alas !
With what Misfortunes tried ! What hard Escapes,
And Battles he relates ! Had I not fix'd 20
Within my Breast this Resolution firm,
Immoveable, that in no Nuptial Bonds
Whatever I would yoke my self, since Love,
My only Love, deceiv'd me first by Death ;
Were I not quite disgusted with the Thought 25
Of HYMEN, and the Bridal Torch, perhaps
To this one Fault I might consent and yield.
ANNA, I will confess, since my dear Lord
SICHŒUS' miserable Death, and Gods
Domestic with fraternal Blood distain'd ; 30
This Man alone has touch'd my Heart, and shook
My wavering Mind : I feel the growing Warmth
Of Love reviv'd. But let the lowest Earth
Asunder cleaving swallow me, or Jove,
Almighty Father, with his Thunder drive 35
Down to the Shades, the gloomy Shades of Hell,
And

And Night profound, e'er Thee I violate,
Bright Chastity ! Or thy pure Laws infringe.
He who in Marriage Bonds first join'd me, took
My Heart away : Let him retain it still, 40
And with him in his Sepulchre preserve.
This said, Tears flowing fill'd her sobbing Breast.

ANNA replies : O Sister ! more belov'd
Than Light, will you disconsolate, alone,
Your Youth entire consume ; nor Children dear, 45
Nor Gifts of VENUS know ? Can you believe
That Dust and buried Ashes think of this ?
But grant they did. Long in thy mourning Heart
No Suits Impression made. IARBAS first,
And other laurel'd Chiefs, whom *Afric*, rich 50
In Triumphs, nourishes, you have despis'd.
But will you too resist a pleasing Love ?
Nor on what Coasts you've fix'd do you reflect ?
Gætulian Cities on this side, a Race
Invincible in War ; *Numidians* fierce, 55
Who guide their Steeds unrein'd, and Quicksands
Inhospitable Bar. A Region there
Parch'd up, and desert, and *Barcæans* rude,
Spreading their Desolations. Why the War
Impending mention, and your Brother's Threats. 60

The Gods themselves the Leaders were I think,
 And JUNO favouring sure, when on our Coasts
 This Fleet arriv'd. What City will you see,
 What growing Empire from such wedded Love :
 The *Teucran* Arms assisting, to what height 65
 Will Punic Glory rise, how spread its Fame !
 Mean time the Favour of the Gods implore ;
 The Sacrifice propitious, then indulge
 Your Hospitality, and frame Pretexts
 For the Detention of your Godlike Guest ; 70
 While Winter, and *Orion's* Rage embroil
 The Ocean, and detain the shatter'd Fleet,

THIS Speech her Mind, already heated, blew
 Up to a Flame of Love, and Hope infus'd
 Into her dubious Breast, and Shame remov'd. 75
 First to the Temples they repair, and Peace
 At th' Altars beg : And Lambs select, as used,
 Offer to CERES, first of Lawgivers,
 To Father BACCHUS, and APOLLO bright ;
 To JUNO, chief at Marriage Rites invoc'd. 80
 The beauteous DIDO, she herself, the Cup
 High bearing in her right Hand, empties 'twixt
 The Victim's gilded Horns, a milk white Cow.
 Or round the Altars with a solemn Pace,

Before the Statues of the Gods she walks : 85
The Day with Gifts repeated she prolongs,
And smoking Entrails of the Beasts inspects.
O Prophets ignorant ! What can avail
Or Vows or Temples to a Love-Sick Mind.
A gentle Fire within her Marrow lives, 90
And in her Boffom lurks a fecret Wound.
Mean time unhappy Dido burns and roves
Frantic thro' all the City ; like a Deer
Whom unawares surpris'd a Hunter keen
Thro' *Cretan* Woods purfuing with his Darts, 95
Hath diftant with an Arrow pierc'd, and left
The winged Steel unthinking in the Wound :
She thro' *Diſtæan* Woods and Foreſts flies
In vain, the deadly Shaft ſticks in her Side.

ÆNEAS now ſhe thro' the City leads, 100
And her *Sidonian* Riches, and the Piles
Magnificent, or rais'd, or riſing, ſhows
With Oſtentation. She begins to ſpeak,
And in the middle of her Speech ſtops ſhort.
The Day declining now, ſhe bids prepare 105
The ſumptuous Feaſt anew, and wild demands
To hear the *Trojan* Labours o'er-again :
Again enchanted hangs upon his Lips.

The Guests departed ; when the Moon obscure
 Her Light alternate silently withdraws, 110
 And setting Stars invite to soft Repose ;
 She solitary thro' the empty Rooms
 Complains disconsolate : Then on the Couch
 So lately press'd by his dear Weight lies down.
 She sees, and absent hears him absent too. 115
 Or young ASCANIUS clasps within her Arms,
 Struck with the just Resemblance of his Sire ;
 If thus she may her ardent Love deceive.
 The Towers ascend no more ; no more the Youth
 Are exercis'd in Arms ; or Harbours dig, 120
 Or Ramparts cast, in War Defences safe :
 The Battlements stupendous of the Walls,
 The Works, and vast Machines uprear'd, the Heaven's
 To equal by their Height, unfinish'd hang.

THE Confort dear of JOVE no sooner saw 125
 The Queen infected with this Plague, nor ought
 Her Fame against her Madness to avail,
 But VENUS she accosts in Words like these.
 Great Glory you obtain, and ample Spoils,
 You truly and your Boy ! A mighty Name, 130
 And memorable ! If one Woman weak
 By th' Artifice of two Divinities

Should circumvented be. Nor ignorant
Am I, that you our City fearing, hold
Suspected much the Walls of *Carthage* high. 135
But what will be th' Event? Or whither tend
Such great Contention? An eternal Peace,
And solemn Nuptials why not rather make?
You have what veh'mently you wish'd. With Love
Most ardent *Dido* burns, and thro' her Bones 140
The Poison penetrates. These People join'd
Let us both rule with equal Auspices:
Let her, submit, a *Phrygian* Husband serve,
And *Trojans* as her Dower to you transfer.
To her thus VENUS (of her Guile aware, 145
That with dissimulation she had spoke,
In order to divert th' imperial Sway
From *Italy* to *Afric* Shores) These Terms
Who madly would reject, and rather chuse
With you contesting to prolong the War? 150
Would Fortune but assist to bring about
Th' Event you mention: But my anxious Mind
Hangs in Suspence, if that the Fates, or Jove
One City to the *Tyrians* would allow
And *Trojans*, or how far they would approve, 155
The People should be mix'd, or join'd in League.

To you, his Confort dear, to found his Mind
 By soothing 'twill permitted be ; Proceed,
 I'll second. Royal JUNO thus reply'd.
 That Labour lie on me : Now by what Means 160
 May be accomplish'd what we wish, attend,
 Concisely will I show. To morrow Morn,
 Soon as the Sun shall first his orient Beams
 Display, and with his Rays the World disclose ;
 ÆNEAS, and th' unhappy *Tyrian* Queen, 165
 With Hound and Horn, a Royal Chace prepare.
 On them a furious Storm, with Hail Stones mixt,
 Whilst the Wings spread, and with their Toils
 The Forest, I'll pour down, and all the Heavens ^{surround}
 With Thunder loud will shake : Their Train shall fly
 Dispers'd, and under blackest Night be hid : 171
 At the same Cave shall DIDO Shelter take
 And the *Dardanian* Chief. I will be there,
 And if I know your certain Aim, will join
 DIDO in Marriage Rite, and make his own. 175
 Here HYMEN shall attend. To her Request,
 Assented CYTHEREA, not averse,
 And secret smil'd at the detected Fraud.

MEAN while above the Ocean Wave appear'd
 AURORA rising pale : the Dawn of Day 180
 Advanc'd ;

Advanc'd ; forth issues from the Gates, the Flower
Of all the Youth : Nets, Toyles, and Hunting Spears
With broader Iron arm'd, *Maffylian* Horse,
And Hounds sagacious, many a Brace, rush forth.

Before the Palace, in the spacious Court, 185

The Queen, in her Apartment lingering long,
Mounted on Coursers swift, the *Tyrian* Chiefs
Await. With Purple and with Gold her Barb
Conspicuous stood, and fierce, and haughty, champ'd
The foamy Bit. At length, a num'rous Train 190

Attending, forth she comes. A Mantle cast
About her Shoulders, of *Sidonian* Dye,

With rich Embroidery round : Her Quiver Gold ;
Her Hair bound up with Gold ; her Purple Vest,
Close to her Waist, a Golden Buckle binds. 195

The *Tyrian* Nobles, and IULUS glad,
March on : ÆNEAS a Companion adds
More beautiful than all, and joins the Troops.

As when APOLLO *Xanthus'* Rivulets,
And *Lycia* cold, deserts, and *Delos'* Isle, 200

His native Soil revisits, and renews
The Dances gay ; about his Altars roar
The *Cretans*, *Driopes*, together mix'd,

And painted *Agathyræ* : on the Top
Of *Cynthus*, he majestic walks, and binds 205
His flowing Hair with his beloved Wreath,
And under Gold adjusts : His Arrows found
Upon his Shoulders ratling : Such then seem'd
ÆNEAS, graceful in each Act, in Pride
Of Beauty such, excelling human Form. 210
No sooner they the hilly Tops had gain'd,
And intricate Recesses of the Game,
Than lo! the wild Goats, from the rocky Heights
Drove down, from Ridge to Ridge affrighted skip.
Another part the Deer, in rapid Flight, 215
Cover'd with Dust, bound o'er the Champain Grounds,
And leave the Mountains, gathering as they fly.
But young *ASCANIUS* in the Vallies low,
Proud of his Courser, fierce exults : now these,
Now those by turns, contending in swift Race, 220
O'ercomes, and wishes to his eager Hopes
The foaming Boar might granted be, and rush
Among the timid Herds, or from the Hills
The yellow Lion roaring might descend.

MEAN time the Heavens began to be disturb'd, 225
And murmur loud : a furious Storm ensues,
With Hail-Stones mix'd. The *Tyrian* Train, and
Of *Troy*, with VENUS' Grandchild, struck with Fear,^{Youth,}
Fly here and there for Shelter thro' the Fields :
Whole Rivers from the Mountains pour amain. 230
The *Tyrian* Queen, and *Trojan* Chief repair
To the same Cave : Earth first the Signal gives,
And JUNO who presides o'er Marriage Rites :
The Heavens, in Sign of Gratulation, shone
With Lightnings, conscious of their Nuptial Vow,
And Nymphs from Summit of the Mountains yell'd.
That Day, the first Occasion of her Death,
And her Misfortunes prov'd ; for neither she
By Consciousness of Guilt, nor by her Fame
Is mov'd, nor longer now Embraces stol'n 240
Dido projects, a Marriage she declares,
And covers with that specious Name her Crime.

Now Fame thro' *Lybia*'s populous Cities runs :
That Evil Fame, than which none swifter spreads ;
By Motion Vigour she acquires, and Strength 245
By Travelling obtains : tho' small at first
Thro' fear, yet soon she towers aloft ; she stalks

Upon the Ground, and hides her Head in Clouds.

Her, Parent Earth, at th' Anger of the Gods

Incens'd, they say, her latest Labour bore, 250

Sister of *Cæus*, and *Enceladus*:

Most swift of Foot and Wing; a Monster huge,

Horrid; to whom upon her Body large

As many Plumes distinct, so many Eyes

Watchful beneath, most strange! So many Mouths

Are heard, so many curious Ears start up. 256

By Night, thro' Air's mid Region buzzing, low

She flies in the dark Hemisphere; her Eyes

Never incline to Slumber's soft Repose.

By Day on summit of some lofty Tower, 260

Or Royal Palace perch'd, she sits as Watch,

And Cities great with Panic Terrors scares:

As strongly vouching Falsities and Lies

As Truth, she gladly fill'd the People's Minds

With various Rumours, Facts, and Fictions: That

ÆNEAS was arriv'd, of *Trojan* Blood, 266

Whom lovely Dido deign'd to make her Lord.

That they the Winter long, in Luxury

Dissolv'd, unmindful of their Office high,

Together

Together Dalliance held. Such shameful News 270
The Goddess of Detraction spreads around.

To King JARBAS soon her Course she bends,
Her Speech his Mind inflam'd, and Wrath increas'd.
From AMMON, and a Nymph compress'd by force
Fair GARAMANTIS, he his birth deriv'd.

To JOVE a hundred stately Fanes he rear'd, 276
A hundred Altars thro' his wide Domain,
And Fires eternal, and perpetual Guards
Had consecrated. Blood of Victims slain
Fatten'd the Soil, the Porches smil'd with Flowers.

Well nigh distracted with the bitter News, 281
And fir'd with Indignation, he is said,
Before the Altars, 'midst the present Powers
Of the Divinities, with Hands uprais'd,
A Suppliant thus Great JOVE to have address'd. 285
O JUPITER omnipotent! to whom

The Nation of *Maurusia* at their Feasts,
On sumptuous Beds reclin'd, Libations pour
Of BACCHUS' choicest Gifts, see'st thou these Things?
Or when thou dart'st thy Thunders, do we dread, 290

Father! thy Power in vain? And are our Minds
 By casual Fires, and empty Sounds appal'd.
 A Woman on our Confines wand'ring, who
 A City small, obtain'd by Purchase, built,
 To whom the Coasts alone to be manur'd, 295
 And Rights of Tenure we prescrib'd, disdains
 Our Nuptials, and ÆNEAS as her Lord
 Admits, and Partner of the Sovereign Power :
 And now this PARIS with his Eunuch-Train,
 A *Lydian* Mitre ty'd beneath his Chin, 300
 His Hair with Odours wet, enjoys the Spoil.
 Whilst we forsooth your Altars heap with Gifts,
 And cherish in our Minds a fond Belief.

Thus praying, and the Altars holding, Him
 Th' Almighty heard, and to the Royal Walls, 305
 And Lovers, careless of their better Fame,
 His Eyes he turn'd : and thus to MAIA'S Son
 Address'd his Speech, and awful Mandate gave.
 Go strait, my Son, the *Zephyrs* call, descend
 With rapid Flight ; and the *Dardanian* Chief, 310
 Who loiters now at *Carthage*, and forgets
 The Empire granted to him by the Fates,

Accost, and swift my Words thro' Æther bear.
This was not what his Mother, Beauty's Queen,
Promis'd on his Behalf; 'twas not for this, 315
That twice she rescu'd him from *Grecian* Arms:
But that he'd prove one Equal to the Weight
Of ruling *Italy*, with Empires big,
Impatient now for War: that he would shew
Himself from TEUCER's Royal Blood deriv'd, 320
And under Laws the World entire reduce.
If Views so mighty kindle not the Flame
Of Glory in his Breast, nor for himself
He labour ought; why Envy to the Boy
ASCANIUS, He the Sire, the Roman Towers? 325
What does he scheme, or with what Hopes remain
Amongst a Nation, his inveterate Foes?
Nor to his Latin Progeny, or Realm
Of fair LAVINIA shews Regard? In fine
Let him set Sail: from me this Order bear. 330

HE said. And MERCURY made hast t'obey
The awful Mandate of his mighty Sire.
First to his Feet his Sandals, made of Gold,
He binds; which, whether over Seas, or Land,

Bear him sublime upon their Wings, as drove 335
 By violence of Tempests. Then he takes
 His Rod ; of Power to call the Ghosts from Hell,
 And others send to *Tartarus* profound :

Slumbers it gives, and takes away ; and Eyes
 At Death unseals. He, by the Aid of This, 340

The Winds and boistrous Clouds before him drives ;

And flying, now the Summit and steep Sides

Of rocky *Atlas* he discerns, who Heaven

Supports with Ease upon his Crown sublime:

Of *Atlas*, whose high Head with lofty Pines 345

Thick cover'd, and surrounded with black Clouds

Perpetually, by Winds and Storms is beat.

Snow driving covers, like a Mantle spread,

His Breast and Shoulders ; from his hoary Chin

Rivers rush down amain ; with Icicles 350

His frightful Beard hangs stiff. CYLLENUS here

Stop'd, weighing his spread Wings : then downright

His Flight precipitant towards the Sea. ^{threw}

Like to a Water Fowl which round the Shores,

And round the fishy Rocks with level Wing 355

The Surface of the Water skims : just so,

Flying 'twixt Heaven and Earth, fair MAIA'S Son

Shav'd

Shav'd *Lybia's* sandy Shores, and cut the Winds,
Descending from his Mother's aged Sire.

So soon as *Carthage* with his feather'd Feet 360

He touch'd, *ÆNEAS* he beheld intent,

The site of Towers, and Edifices proud

Designing ; on his Thigh was hung his Sword,

With yellow Jasper glittering like a Star:

A military Vest of Purple, cast 365

Over his Shoulders, blaz'd of *Tyrian* Dye,

With Golden Wire small interwoven, Gifts

From *Dido's* hand munificent receiv'd.

HIM thus the God attacks : Of *Carthage* high

The deep Foundations do you plan, and build, 370

Uxorious and submissive, a City fine ?

Alas ! unmindful of your own Affairs,

And Kingdom promis'd ! He, the King of Gods,

Who with his awful Nod shakes Heaven and Earth,

From bright *Olympus* sent me, his Commands 375

To carry to you quick thro' *Æther* pure.

What do you scheme, or with what hopes protract

The Time, and loiter here in *Libyan* Sands ?

If Views so mighty kindle not the Flame

Of Glory in your Breast, nor for your self 380

You

You labour ought ; Iulus' hopes, your Heir
 ASCANIUS, climbing fast up Virtue's Hill,
 Regard, to whom th' *Italian* Empire wide,
 The Roman Land, and World entire is due.
 He said, and in the middle of his Speech 385
 His mortal Form relinquishing, the God
 Evanish'd out of Sight, dissolv'd in Air.

ÆNEAS at the Vision stood amaz'd ;
 His Hair erect, his Voice no Utterance found.
 Impatient with Desire he burns, by flight 390
 To steal away, and leave th' enchanting Soil,
 With such Admonishment and high Command
 Astonish'd of the Gods. What can he do,
 Alas ? what specious Reasons dare he urge
 To circumvent the furious Queen ? and what 395
 Preamble introduce ? His anxious Mind
 Now this, now that way bends, in various Shapes
 Considers it, in every Manner turns.
 To him divided thus, this Method best
 At last appear'd. CLOANTHUS brave he calls, 400
 And MNESTHEUS, and SERGESTUS : that the Fleet
 In Silence they should ready get, the Troops
 And Sailors order to the Port, and Arms
 Prepare,

Prepare, but of this sudden Change the Cause
They should dissemble : He himself mean while 405
(Since Dido, best of Women, nothing knew,
And hop'd such ardent Love indissoluble)
Would every Avenue attempt, and watch
Her softest Moments, and the means most fit.
With Ardour all obey, and do as bid. 410
But soon the Queen perceiv'd the Fraud, (who can
Deceive a Lover ?) and discover'd first
Th' intended Flight, suspecting every Thing
When most secure. The same malicious Fame
Reported, that equipping was the Fleet, 415
And near prepar'd to Sail. She furious storms
Bereft of Reason's aid, and frantic roams
Thro' all the City, like a *Bacchanal*
Excited by the sacred Mysteries
Of BACCHUS's triennial Orgies, whom 420
The GOD himself, and nightly Votaries,
With Clamours loud from Mount *Cytheron* call.

At length she first ÆNEAS thus arraigns.
Didst thou even hope so great a Wickedness,
Perfidious Wretch, could be conceal'd, by Stealth
To leave my Kingdom ? nor our Love, nor pledg'd

Your

Your own right Hand before, nor Dido soon
 To perish by a tragic Death, detains?
 But why whilst wintry Signs preside, your Fleet
 Cruel! equip, and thro' the Stormy Seas
 Amidst the Northern Blasts your Course pursue?
 Are you not bound for Lands by Strangers held;
 And unknown Settlements? Had antient *Troy*
 Remain'd, even *Troy* it self, thro' stormy Seas
 Would you with Fleets have fought? Me do you fly?
 I by these Tears, by your right Hand engag'd
 In pledge of your Affection, (since nought else
 To me, ah miserable! I have left)
 By our Connubial Loves, by *Hymen's* Torch
 Just lighted up, if ought I at your hands
 Have merited, or any thing of mine
 Was ever dear, Commiseration have
 Upon my falling House, and (if for Prayers
 There yet be Place) I beg you drop this Thought.
 The *Lilyan* Nations, and *Numidian* Kings
 Hate me for Thee; my *Tyrians* too incens'd:
 For Thee my Modesty, and that alone
 Which rais'd me to the Stars, my former Fame
 I sacrific'd; to which of these, my Guest,

A Victim do you leave me; since this Name, 450
From that of Confort chang'd, now sole remains.
But what detains me? Whether do I stay,
Until PYGMALION shall my City raise,
Or King JARBAS me his Captive lead?
At least, before your Flight had I been blest'd 455
With name of Mother; playing in my Hall
A young ÆNEAS had I seen, in Face
Resembling only, then I had not seem'd
A Wretch abandon'd both by Gods and Men.

SHE ended. He by JUPITER forewarn'd 460
His Eyes kept stedfast on the Ground, and strove
Within his Breast his Anguish to suppress.
At length he briefly thus reply'd. O Queen,
That Favours undeserv'd, abundant heap'd,
On me you have confer'd, and may with Truth 465
Enumerate, I never will deny;
Nor but with Joy e'er of ELIZA think,
Whilst mindful of my self, or Life remains.
My Vindication shall be short. My Voyage
I never once pretended to conceal, 470
Which you suspect a Flight, nor ever feign'd
To light up *Hymen's* Torch, nor hither came.

With

With any view of binding such a League.

Had Fate permitted me to lead my Life

Under my own Direction, and by Choice

475

To've fought Alleviation of my Woes ;

The City first of *Troy*, and dear Remains

Of my Progenitors had claim'd my Care :

PRIAM's high Walls, and *Pergamus* rebuilt,

Again had lofty stood. But PHÆBUS now

480

To *Italy*, and *Delphic* Oracles

To *Italy* command my speedy Way.

There is my Love, my Country there. If you,

Phœnician born, the Walls of *Carthage* high,

And Grandeur of a *Libyan* City charm,

485

That we *Dardanians* in *Ausonia's* Land

Should fix our Seat, why should your Envy rise ?

Or think unjust our search of foreign Lands ?

ANCHISES' Ghost, as oft as humid Night

Involves the World in Shades, and glittering Stars

Arise, admonishes me mild in Dreams,

Or terrifies with Visage stern. The Boy

ASCANIUS, and the Wrong to that dear Youth,

Whom of the destin'd Empire I defraud,

And the *Hesperian* Fields, my stay reproach ;

495

And

And now th' Interpreter of Gods, dispatch'd
By Jove Himself, both whose Divinities
I call to Witness, thro' the Æther pure
Brought me his high Commands : I saw my self
The God, with Light refulgent, entering in, 500
And with these Ears most plainly heard his Voice :
Forbear, yourself and me, with these Complaints,
To teaze : I seek not *Italy* by Choice.

Him speaking thus the Queen long views averse,
Rolling her Eyes about, from Head to Foot 505
She silent then surveys, at length her Rage
Not able to restrain, she thus broke forth :
No Goddess is your Mother, nor your Race
Deriv'd from DARDANUS, perfidious Wretch ;
But *Caucasus* most horrid brought you forth 510
Upon her craggy Rocks, and Tygers bred
In the *Hircanian* Forrests gave you suck.
For why dissemble ? or reserve my self
For greater Insults ? Has he at my Complaints
Once sigh'd, or turn'd his Eyes, or shed one Tear,
Or mov'd with Pity mourn'd his Lover's Fate. 516
Of these which claims the Prize of Infamy ?
Nor Jove nor Juno such Enormities
3 Unpunish'd

Unpunish'd leave. Faith from the Earth is fled,
 I found him naked, cast upon the Shore, 520
 And madly made him Partner of my Throne :
 His shipwreck'd Fleet, his Friends from Death I sav'd.
 Th' infernal Furies hurry me, alas !
 To Madness : now APOLLO's Oracle,
 The *Lycian* Lots, now sent from Jove himself, 525
 Th' Interpreter of Gods thro' Æther pure
 Bears terrible Commands : The Gods, no doubt,
 Spontaneously that Labour take, that care
 Their happy State disturbs. I neither urge
 Your Stay, nor Allegations false refute. 530
 Go follow *Italy* thro' Storms, and seek
 Dominions thro' the Waves. But if the Gods
 Have any Power, thy Punishment, I hope,
 Thou'lt meet on th' interjacent Rocks, and oft
 Calling on Dido's Name : I will pursue 535
 Tho' absent, arm'd with Terrors and black Fires :
 And when cold Death these Limbs shall from the Soul
 Divide, a Ghost your Steps I'll haunt : Pains, Wretch !
 Shall be inflicted ; I shall hear the News,
 The Fame shall reach me in the Shades below. 540

HER Speech she here broke short, and from his
 Convey'd herself with hasty Step, and shun'd

View

The

The Light of Day in Agitations great ;
Him leaving, hesitating much thro' Fear,
And many things preparing to advance 545

In his Defence. Her Maids receive, and bear
To her Alcove, with costly Marbles rich,
Her fainting Limbs, and leave to seek Repose.

BUT tho' her Grief Pious ÆNEAS wish'd
To mitigate by soothing, and her Cares 550
By lenient Speech to banish ; sighing much,
And shook thro' all his Frame by mighty Love,
The Gods Commands he not the less obeys,
And to his Fleet immediately repairs.

The *Trojans* then indeed to work apply 555
Most earnestly, and over all the Shore
Their Ships they launch : The Keels well smear'd
Swim in the Flood, and from the Woods they bring ^{with Pitch}
Oars, branching yet with Leaves, and Planks of Oak
Unwrought, thro' great Desire of speedy Flight. 560
Crouds, on full March, pour thro' the City Gates.

As when the Ants a Granary of Corn,
Of Winter mindful, pillage, and convey
Into their Stores ; the black Battalions swarm
Around the Fields, and on the narrow Track 565

Made in the Grass, their Prey conduct : one Part
 The Grains too heavy with their Shoulders push
 Along ; another Part brings up the Rear,
 And punishes the Lazy ; all the Path
 Glows with incessant Toil. What Sentiments 570
 Possess'd thee, Dido ! Seeing all this Stir ?
 What Sighs then burst not forth, when you beheld
 From your high Tower the Shore both far and near
 In such Commotion, and before your Eyes
 The Ocean with such Clamours loud disturb'd ? 575
 What dare not Mortal Breasts, Tyrannic Love,
 Attempt, impell'd by Thee ? Again to Tears
 She's forc'd, again to supplicate, and bend
 Her haughty Mind to Love ; that unassay'd
 Nothing be left, and she to die in vain. 580

You see the hasty Preparations made,
 ANNA, along the Shore ; from all Parts round
 There they assemble ; and the Canvas spread
 The gentle Gales invites ; the Sailors glad
 With Garlands crown their Sterns. This Grief so
 If I could have foreseen, I then had arm'd ^{great}
 My self to have supported ; this one Boon
 To me, most miserable, Sister grant ;

For the perfidious Wretch to you, alone
Obsequious, made his Court, and inmost Thoughts
Intrusted to your Breast ; you know alone 591
His soft Accesses, and the proper Times.
Go, Sister, and a Suppliant accost
This haughty Enemy. I neither swore
At *Aulis* to destroy the *Dardan* Name, 595
Nor sent a Fleet to *Troy* ; nor e'er disturb'd
The Ashes, or the Manes of his Sire.
Why does he not give Ear to my Complaint ?
Why this Precipitation ? Let him grant
This last, this only Favour to his Love 600
Most miserable ; let him but await
An easy Flight, and favourable Winds.
I beg not now Performance of his Vow
Of Hymeneal Rites, by him betray'd,
Or that he should forego his *Latium* dear, 605
Or Empire there relinquish ; all I ask
Is but a little Time, a Respite short,
And Intermission of my Rage, until
By Time and Fortune taught I learn to grieve.
This Favour last I beg ; compassion take 610

Of your unhappy Sister, which obtain'd,
Shall at my Death more amply be repaid.

SHE thus implor'd, and ANNA miserable,
Told and retold her lamentable Suit.

But he by neither Suits nor Tears is mov'd, 615
Nor any Intercession, yielding, hears.

The Fates withstand, and Jove himself forbids
The Hero mild to lend a pitying Ear.

As when the Northern Winds from *Alpine* Hills
An Oak, grown strong by Age, among themselves
Strive who shall first uproot, by violent Blasts

On every Side, the Storm roars loud, and Leaves
From shatter'd Branches deep bestrow the Ground:

Fast to the Rock the Tree adheres, as high
As toward the Clouds its lofty Head, so low 625
To *Tartarus* profound its Roots project.

Just so with constant Importunities

On every Side the Hero's stun'd, and feels
Within his generous Breast the pungent Strokes.

His Mind immoveable remains ; and Tears 630
Profusely flow about him all in vain.

THE miserable DIDO then indeed,
With her sad Fate affrighted, Death implores,

An

And with Repugnance views the Vault of Heaven.

What more incited her this Enterprize 635

To finish, and a Period put to Life :

When on the Incense-burning Altars, Gifts

She laid, most horrible to tell, she saw

The sacred Liquor all turn black, the Wine

Pour'd forth, converted into Blood obscene. 640

To none, not to her Sister, she reveal'd

This Prodigy. Besides, within the Palace-Walls

A Marble Temple stood of her dead Lord,

In highest Honour held, hung round about

With Locks of whitest Wool, and festal Flowers:

Voices from hence were heard, and Words, as seem'd

Of dead SICHŒUS' calling, when the Earth

Night had involv'd in Shades, and the lone Owl

Her funeral Dirgies on the Battlements

Sung often, and in lamentable Notes 650

Her Screeches long drew forth : and Prophecies

Of antient Bards, some sad Calamity

Foretold ; and in her Dreams ÆNEAS seem'd

To chase her raging mad in barbarous Mood:

That she was always left alone, and took 655

Long Journeys always without Company,

And in a desert Land her Subjects fought.

As PENTHEUS, raving, Troops of Furies saw,

A double Sun, and double *Thebes* appear.

Or as, so often brought upon the Stage, 660

ORESTES, when he fled his Mother, arm'd

With Serpents black, and Firebrands, whilst the Doors

The persecuting Furies vengeful guard.

WHEN therefore with Despair and Grief o'ercome,

The Furies sole possessing her, to die 665

She had decreed ; within her self the Time,

And Manner she projected; and her Speech

Thus to her Sister sad address'd : Her Looks

Conceal'd her Purpose, *Hope* there sat serene.

CONGRATULATE me, Sister, I have found 670

A Method which will bring my Lover back,

Or cure me of my Love. Near to the Point

Where the Sun sets, and Ocean terminates,

The utmost Bound of *Æthiopia* lies,

Where mighty ATLAS with his Shoulders broad 675

The Axis turns, with splendid Stars incas'd,

A Priestess, Guardian of the Temple there

Of the *Hesperides*, *Massylian* born,

Thence comes, who for the wakeful Dragon Food

Prepar'd,

Prepar'd, infusing Honey from the Comb, 680

And soporific Poppies, and preserv'd
The Golden Apples on their sacred Tree.

She promises, by force of Charms, to cure,
Or to inflict the Malady of Love

On whom she pleases; Rivers in their Course 685

To stop, and Stars quite retrograde to turn :

She summons up the Ghosts; beneath her Feet
You shall perceive the trembling Earth to groan,
And Mountain Oaks down to the Plain descend.

I swear by all the Gods, and by your self, 690

Sweet Sister, and by your own Life, so dear
To me, unwillingly recourse I have

To Magic Arts. A Funeral Pile erect
Within the Palace's most secret Part,

In open Air, and all his Clothes, the Arms, 695

Which th' impious Wretch left in my Chamber fixt,
The Bridal Bed, my Ruin, lay thereon.

The Priestess order'd every Monument

Of th' execrable Wretch should be destroy'd.

THIS said she silent stands : O'er all her Face 700

A deadly Paleness spreads. But yet for this

ANNA suspected not her Sister meant

To cover under these new Mysteries
Designs upon her Life, nor could conceive
Her Fury gone so far, nor dreaded ought, 705
Worse than had happen'd at SICHŒUS' Death :
She ready therefore every thing prepar'd.

A mighty Pile, under the open Sky
In th' inner Court erected now, of Pine
And Billet Wood ; the Queen adorns it round 710
With Garlands and funereal Boughs ; and lays
His Clothes, and Sword behind him left, thereon,
And in the Bed his Statue, well assur'd
Of what was to succeed. The Altars stand
Around : the Priestess with dishevel'd Hair, 715
And thund'ring Voice, the Hundred Deities
Thrice invokes, CHAOS, and ancient Night,
The Triple HECATE, or Form threefold
Of chaste DIANA, and the Ground besprinkl'd
With Water, from *Avernus*' Lake suppos'd, 720
And full grown Herbs, with brazen Sickles cut
By Moon light, are sought out, and Poisons black,
And the Hippomanes, from Forehead torn
Of Foal just drop'd, snatch'd from Maternal Love,
The Queen her self with one Leg bare, her Vest 725
Ungirt,

Ungirt, with pious Hands the salted Cake
Disperſes, and the Gods and Stars atteſts
As Witneſſes of her approaching Fate,
And if there be a Power, who Lovers yok'd
Unequally commiſerates, that Power 730
She calls upon for Juſtice and Revenge.

'Twas Night, and weary Animals enjoy'd
Reſreſhing Sleep o'er all the World, the Woods,
And raging Seas were hush'd; the Stars had reach'd
The middle of their Courſe; thro' every Field 735
Still Silence reign'd; the Beaſts and painted Birds,
And thoſe who thro' the liquid Plains wide ſpread,
And Foreſts range, cover'd by Night, their Cares
With Sleep allay'd, and Evils paſt forgot.
But not the wretched Dido; no Relief 740
To th' Anguiſh of her Breſt could ſhe obtain,
Or in ſoft Slumbers cloſe her Eyes; her Cares
Redouble, and again returning Love
More fiercely rages; with conflicting Tides
Of Anger and of Love her Boſom boils. 745
She therefore argues thus within herſelf.

WHAT ſhall I do? Of former Lovers ſcorn'd
The Railleries ſuſtain? and ſuppliant aſk

One of the *Nomade* Princes, whom so oft
As Consorts I have formerly disdain'd? 750
Or follow with spread Sails the *Trojan* Fleet,
And to their Wills submit my self a Slave?
Should I, because of the Delight I take
In th' Aids I gave before, and their Return
So grateful for the Benefits receiv'd?
But grant that I was willing, how could I
My purpose execute? aboard their Ships
Who would receive the object of their Hate?
Ah wretched, know'st thou not, nor yet perceiv'st
The Frauds and Perjuries of this vile Race 760
The Issue of LAOMEDON? What then?
Shall I alone their pompous Flight attend?
Or with my *Tyrians*, and collected Force
Surrounded go? And those, whom scarce I drag'd
From the *Sidonian* City, force again 765
To Sea, a Prey to Winds and Waves? Die then,
As thou deserv'st, and drive away with Steel
Thy Woes. Mov'd by my Tears, you Sister first,
You plung'd me in these Ills; and to the Foe
Expos'd, by yielding to my mad Desires. 770

Was

Was it not in my Power my Life to've led,
Exempt from wedded Love, mere Nature's Laws
Obeying, like a Savage, without Crime,
And not to feel such Cares? my Faith, alas!
Pledg'd to SICHÆUS' Manes I have broke. 775
Oft intermix'd with Sighs these Complaints broke forth.

BUT NOW ÆNEAS in his Cabin large,
Secure of failing, every thing prepar'd,
Short Slumbers snatch'd. The Form of the same God
Returning stood before him in his Sleep, 780
And thus appear'd t' admonish him again;
In all things like to MERCURY; his Voice,
Complexion, yellow Hair, and Members form'd
With graceful Turn of Youth. O Goddess born!
In such a perilous Conjunction Sleep 785
Can you indulge? Nor see'st the Dangers which
Surround Thee thence, insensate? nor perceiv'st
The *Zephyrs* now propitious? She, on Death
Resolv'd, Deceits, and some dire Wickedness
Contrives, with various Tides of Passion toss'd. 790
Fly'st thou not quick, whilst Flight is in thy Power?
The Sea soon overspread with Ships, the Shore
Glowing with threatening Flames, and Lights you'll see,

If you, still loit'ring here, AURORA find.

Arise, dispatch : by Nature Woman's form'd 795
Light, and inconstant always. In the Shades
Of darkest Night, this said, he disappear'd.

With this so sudden Apparition scar'd,
ÆNEAS soon awoke, and rous'd the rest :
Quick my Companions rise ; each to his Oar ; 800
Hoist instantly the Sails : Behold a God,
Dispatch'd from bright *Olympus* once again,
Incites t' accelerate our Flight, and cut
The twisted Ropes. We follow thee, whoe'er
Of the celestial Gods thou Holy art, 805
And joyful thy Commands obey again.

Be present, oh ! and gracious aid, and lead
The Stars, propitious to our Course. He said :
And from the Scabbard drew his shining Sword,
And with the Steel unsheath'd the Cable cut. 810
Like Ardour all exert ; they toil ; they fly,
The Shore they leave ; Ships cover all the Sea :
They labouring tofs the Foam, and sweep the Flood.

AURORA leaving now the Saffron Bed
Of old TITHONUS, o'er the Earth diffus'd 815
Her rising Light. The Queen, soon as she saw
From

From her Watch Tower, the Dawn of Day, the Fleet
Proceeding with full Sails, the Shore and Port
Deserted by the Sailors ; thrice she struck
Her beauteous Bosom, and her golden Locks 820
Cut off ; Oh JUPITER ! Shall this Man go ?
She said, and shall a Stranger mock my Power
In my own Realms ? Will they not fly to Arms,
And pouring from the City Gates pursue ?
And others from the Docks the Ships drag forth ? 825
Go, quickly carry Flames, spread out the Sails,
Bend every Oar. Alas ! what do I say,
Where am I ? or what Madness turns my Brain ?
Unhappy Dido ! Now thy cruel Fate
Approaches near. These Orders ought, when you
Your Power transfer'd. The Faith, the right Hand
Behold ! the Pious Man, who they report ^{pledg'd}
His Country Gods in Exile with himself
Transported ! who upon his Shoulders bore
His Sire, with Age decrepit ! Rack'd with Pain 835
His Body could I not piece meal have torn,
And scatter'd on the Waters ? Nay his Friends,
ASCANIUS too himself, I might have slain,
And on his Fathers Board a Banquet serv'd ?
But doubtful might th' Event of Fight have prov'd ?

Grant it. What should I fear, resolv'd to dye? 840
Their Camp I might have set on Fire, and fill'd
With Flames Streets and Piazzas; Father, Son,
And People too extirpated; then thrown
My self upon the universal Pile. 845
O Sun, that with thy penetrating Beams
Mankind survey'ft and all their Acts; and Thou,
O JUNO! Conscious Author of my Ills:
Thou HECATE, by Nightly Howlings call'd
At every triple Meeting of the Ways; 850
Avenging Furies; and ye Household Gods
Of dying DIDO, hear these Words, and bring
Upon the wicked Evils they deserve,
And hearken to my Prayers. If safe at Port
This wicked Wretch must of Necessity 855
Arrive, and reach the Land; and if the Will
Of JUPITER require this destin'd End:
Yet by a People bold, fatigu'd in War,
Drove into Exile, from th' Embraces torn
Of his belov'd IULUS, let him Help 860
Implore, and of his Friends th' untimely End
Bewail; and when with Shame compell'd to yield
To hard Conditions of a Peace unjust,

Neither

Neither his Kingdom, nor the Light desir'd
 Let him enjoy, but fall before his Time, 865
 Unburied in the Sands. These are my Prayers,
 These my last Words I pour out with my Blood.
 His Kindred then, and all their future Race,
 Ye *Tyrians* with eternal Hate pursue,
 And to my Ashes send these Gifts: No Love, 870
 Nor Leagues of Friendship e'er the Nations bind.
 Rise Thou some sworn Avenger from my Dust,
 And persecute the *Trojans* with Fire, Sword,
 And all the Plagues of War: Hereafter, Now,
 At each Advantage Fortune shall present; 875
 That Shores to Shores, Waves against Waves, I pray,
 And Arms to Arms, may ever stand engag'd
 In hostile Opposition: They, their Race,
 In Wars perpetual ever be involv'd.

THESE were her Imprecations: then she turn'd 380
 Her Mind to various Projects, by what Way
 She soonest might the hated Light cut off.

BARCE, SICHŒUS' Nurse she brief bespoke,
 For hers the Grave in her old Country held.

Dear Nurse, my Sister ANNA hither call; 885
 Tell

Tell that she haste with River-Water pure
To sprinkle o'er her Body, and with her bring
The Victims, and the Expiations due;
So let her come: and you attending, bind
Your Temples with the sacred Fillets round. 890
The Sacrifices which I have prepar'd
To Stygian Jove, with Ceremony due
To finish I design, and to my Cares
A Period put, committing to the Flames
The Image of the *Dardan* Chief. She said. 895
She anxious hastens flow her tott'ring Steps.

BUT with her horrible Design the Queen
Trembling and wild, her bloated Cheeks with Spots
O'erspread, and pale with Thought of future Death,
Rolling her fiery Eyes, impetuous rush'd 900
Into the inner Court, and the high Pile
Ascended furious, and the *Dardan* Sword
Unsheath'd, a Gift not for this purpose meant.
Here when she had beheld the *Ilian* Vest,
And well known Couch, a while restrain'd by Tears,
She paus'd, then down she threw herself, and spoke
These dying Words. Dear Relics, whilst the Fates
And Gods allowed, receive this Life, and me

From

From all these Cares deliver: I have liv'd
And finish'd the Career which Fortune gave: 910
And now my Ghost with Glory shall descend
Down to the Shades below; a City great
I have uprear'd: Walls of my own have seen:
Reveng'd my Confort: from a Brother vile
Exacted Punishment: Ah! happy, much 915
Too happy, if the *Dardan* Fleet our Coasts
Had never touch'd! She spake and to the Couch
Pressing her Face, die shall we unreveng'd?
But die we must, she said. Thus, thus to go
Down to the Shades with Pleasure fills my Mind. 920
The cruel *Dardan*, let him feast his Eyes
At distance with this Flame, and of my Death
Along with him this fatal Omen bear.
She scarce had spoke, when her Attendants saw
That with the Steel transfixt she fell, the Sword 925
Reeking with Blood, her Arms distended wide.
Shrieks reach the vaulted Roofs: Fame wildly runs
Thro' the affrighted City; with deep Groans
And Lamentations loud, and female Shrieks
The Sky resounds. As if the Enemy, 930

The City taken by Affault, eras'd
Carthage or antient *Tyre*, and that the Flames,
O'er Roofs of Palaces of Gods and Men,
With Fury raging, spread. Her Sister heard
The News, as if with Thunder struck, and broke 935
With tremblings Steps, affrighted thro' the Croud;
Tearing her Face and Hair, and Bosom white
With Blows deforming, calling oft by Name
Upon her dying Sister: Was it then
For this that you deceiv'd me thus? For this, 940
The Pile, Fire, Altars were prepar'd? Of what
Shall I, deserted, first complain? Did you
A Sister for Companion, fix'd to dye,
Refuse? Why not invite me to partake
Of the same Fate with you? One Grief, one Hour,
And self-same Steel should have dispatch'd us both.
This Pile did I with these same Hands erect,
Invoke our Country Gods, and thus expos'd
Abandon you most cruelly at last?
Me, Sister, and your self you have destroy'd, 950
The People, Senate and your City too.
Quick Water bring, that I may wash her Wounds,
And if her latest Breath yet hovering roves,

I'll catch it with my Mouth. She now had reach'd
The Summit of the Pile, and with a Sigh 955
Her half dead Sister soft embracing, dry'd
The black Blood with her Robe. Her heavy Eyes
She tries to raise, and faints again. The Wound,
Beneath the Bosom, hissing sounds with Air.
Thrice she attempted to upraise herself, 960
Thrice down again upon the Bed she fell,
And sought with wand'ring Eyes the light of Heaven;
Found it and groan'd. Imperial JUNE then
Compassion taking of her Sufferings long,
And painful Exit, IRIS sent from Heaven, 965
The Union of her agonizing Soul
And Body to dissolve. For, as she fell
Nor by a Death deserv'd, nor Will of Fate,
But most unhappily before her Time
Appointed, and inflam'd with sudden Rage, 970
Dire PROSERPINE as yet the fatal Lock
Had not cut off, nor doom'd to *Stygian* Shades
Her Head. Moist IRIS, with her saffron Wings,
Flew therefore down from Heaven, drawing along
A thousand Colours from the adverse Sun, 975

And stood just o'er her Head: To PLUTO, This
Devoted, I commanded bear, and You
From Body sever. Thus she spake, and cut
With her right Hand the Lock; all vital Heat
At once disperses, Life dissolves in Air. 980

The End of the FOURTH BOOK.

VIRGIL's



VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

T H E

F I F T H B O O K.

MEAN while ÆNEAS with the Fleet secure,
His Course continued thro' the Bay, and cut
Waves black with northern Blasts; oft looking back
Upon the City, shining with the Flames
Of miserable Dido; tho' the Cause, 5
Which such a Conflagration rais'd, lay hid;
Yet desp'rate Grief for violated Love,
And what a furious Woman dares to do
Well known, a melancholy Omen thence
The *Trojans* drew. As soon as the Main Sea 10
The Navy held, and Land no where appear'd,

Waves all around, and all around the Sky ;
A threatning Cloud stood o'er his Head, with Night
And Tempests fraught : The Darknes dreadful made
The Sea. The Pilot PALINURE himself 15

From the high Stern cries out ; for what Intent
So many Storms furround the Sky ? or what
Prepar'ft thou, Father NEPTUNE, for us now ?
This said, he gives Command to furl the Sails,
And strenouſly exert the Oars : then turns 20
Oblique the Canvas to the Wind ; and ſays.

Magnanimous ÆNEAS, not if JOVE
Himſelf ſhould promiſe, could I hope to reach
With ſuch a Sky th' *Italian* Shores ; the Winds
Each other fierce oppoſe, and from the Weſt, 25
Gloomy and black, more furious riſe ; the Air
Is wholly into Clouds condens'd. To ſtrive
Againſt impoſſible, or to reſiſt.

Since Fortune overcomes let us obey,
And where ſhe calls our Courſe direct. Not far 30
The friendly Shores of *Eryx*, and the Ports
Of *Sicily* I Judge, if I the Stars,
Before obſerv'd, meaſure aright again.

ÆNEAS pious then. That so the Winds
Have long requir'd I see, and that in vain 35
You them oppose. Your Course and Sails then change.
Can any Land more grateful be, or where
I'd rather wish my shatter'd Ships to bring,
Than that by which ACESTES is preserv'd,
And in her Bosom holds ANCHISES' Bones? 40
This said they make for Port, and *Zephyrs* mild
Fill all the Sails : the Fleet is carried swift
By the consenting Waves, the well known Shores
At length with Acclamations they discern.
But from the Summit of a Mountain high 45
Their coming, and the friendly Fleet far off
Observ'd, ACESTES meets them, arm'd with Darts,
Rough in a *Lybian* Panther's Skin. Him bore
A *Trojan* Lady, by a River God,
CRINISUS, got ; but not unmindful he 50
Of his Relations, their Return with Joy
Congratulates, and on the homely Turf
Receives them, and with friendly Aids restores.

With her first Eastern Ray, when next fair Morn
The Stars had chas'd, ÆNEAS all his Friends, 55

Dispers'd along the Shores, together call'd,
And on a Mount of Turf ascending spake.
O great *Dardanians* from th' illustrious Blood
Of Gods deriv'd, an annual Circle now
Compleated is, by Months successive past, 60
Since first the Bones and Relics of my Sire
Divine, we in the Earth deposited,
And mournful Altars consecrated here.
And now, if I am not deceiv'd, the Day
Once more returns, which I shall ever hold, 65
So Fate ordains, most mournful, most rever'd.
This Day, were I in distant Exile sent
To the *Gætulian Syrtes*, or aboard
The *Grecian Fleet*, or in *Mycenæ* kept
A Pris'ner, yearly would I celebrate 70
With Vows, and solemn Shows, in Order long,
And Altars with their proper Offerings heap.
Now of our own Accord that here we stand
Before the Bones and Ashes of my Sire,
Which not by Chance could happen, but by Will 75
And Influence divine of Gods, and we
These friendly Ports have enter'd; therefore come
All chearful join this Sacrifice to make:

Let

Let us from him intreat propitious Winds,
And that each Year in Temples to him rais'd, 8
Our City built, these Rites I may renew.
Two Heads of Beeves, by number of the Ships,
To each ACESTES gives; your Household Gods,
And those ACESTES worships, to your Feasts
Invite; and if the Ninth returning Morn, 80
A Day serene to Mortals usher in,
And open by her Beams the World to view,
The first Essay of Skill shall be of Ships
For sailing prime; next he who swift of Foot
Excels, and he in Strength confiding bold, 90
Or he who more expert the Javelin darts,
Or wings the feather'd Shafts, or dares engage
The Combat, with the pond'rous Cestus arm'd.
Let all be present, and expect Rewards
Of Prizes well deserv'd. All in Applause
Consenting join, and crown their Brows with Leaves.
This said with Myrtle Leaves, to VENUS dear,
His Brows he veil'd, ACESTES did the like,
Advanc'd in Years, and HELYMUS the same,
The Boy ASCANIUS, and the other Youths. 100

He

He to the Mount, by many 'Thoufands join'd,
Encircled by a Croud of Nobles, went
From the Affembly; there two Goblets large
With BACCHUS pure replete, two with new Milk,
And two with Blood of Victims, on the Ground 105
He emptied for Libations, with due Rites,
And Strewing Purple Flowers, in this wife fpake.

HAIL Holy Sire! Paternal Afhes hail!
In vain receiv'd again; and you, O Soul!
And Shade! 'Twas not allow'd with Thee t' explore
Th' *Italian* Shores, nor deftin'd Countries, nor 111
Aufonian Tyber, whatfoe'er it be.

HE fcarce had faid, when ftrait a Serpent huge
Seven winding Folds, feven ample Circles drew
Out of Earth's deep Receffes, and the Tomb 115
Embracing gently, o'er the Altars flid.
Spots Azure-blue his Back, his burnifh'd Scales
A Splendor, intermix'd with Gold, adorn'd.
So in the Clouds a thoufand various Hues
The Rainbow from the adverfe Sun receives. 120
ÆNEAS flood amaz'd, in wonder loft.

The Serpent then stretch'd out in Volume long
Among the Goblets, and the polish'd Cups
Creeping, the Viands tasted, and again
Harmless, within the bottom of the Tomb 125
Retreated, and the tasted Altars left.
So much the more, the Sacrifice begun
ÆNEAS hasten'd then; whether he ought,
As tutelary Genius of the Place
To honour it, or as a Spirit charg'd 130
T' attend his Sire, uncertain. Five Lambs, each
Of two years old, he slew; as many Sows;
As many Heifers, black along their Chines;
And pour'd the Wine Oblations, and invok'd
The Soul of great ANCHISES, and his Shade 135
Releas'd from *Acheron*. Nor less his Friends,
Each in Proportion to his Substance, bring
Gladly their Gifts, and heap the Altars up;
And Heifers slay. Others in Order place
The brazen Pots, and rang'd along the Fields 140
The Spits with Fire supply, and th' Inwards roast.

Th' expected Day now came, and the ninth Morn
The Steeds of PHAETON serene brought on.

Fame, and ACESTES's renown, had brought
 The neighbouring People; they fill'd all the Shore,
 In chearful Multitudes, eager to see 146
 The *Trojans*; Part, the Prizes to dispute,
 Prepar'd. I' th' middle of the Circus, first
 The Gifts were plac'd in sight; Palms, verdant Crowns,
 Arms, Tripods, Purple Vests, Talents of Gold, 150
 And Silver; to the Victors meet Rewards:
 And Trumpets shrill proclaim the Games begun.

FOUR Ships selected out of all the Fleet,
 Equal with heavy Oars, the first Dispute
 Begin. The rapid *Whale*, with Rowers brisk, 155
 MNESTEUS conducted, Stock of *Memmian* Race,
Italian MNESTEUS soon: and the vast Bulk
 Of huge CHYMÆRA, GYAS; Labour great
 Of a whole City, with a triple Rank
 Of Rowers, Her the *Dardan* Youths impell: 160
 The Oars in triple Order gradual rise.
 SERGESTUS of the *Centaur* great was Chief,
 From whom the *Sergian* house derive their Name;
 And SCYLLA green CLOANTHUS bore, from whom
 Roman CLUENTIUS, thy Origin 165

Proceeds.

Proceeds. A Rock, against the foaming Shores,
Lies far in Sea, beat by the swelling Waves,
And sometimes cover'd, when the North West blasts
Obscure the Stars : in times serene, unvext ;
An ample Plain it seems, and to Sea-Fowl 170
A Place delightful, basking in the Sun.
ÆNEAS here, of verdant Oak, a Mark
Erected for the Sailors, as a Guide
From whence they should return, and measure back
The Space already run. Their Places then 175
By Lot they choose, and on the Poops, the Chiefs
Themselves, with Purple glittering and with Gold,
Conspicuous stand ; the rest with Poplar Wreaths
Their Temples bind, and on their Shoulders bare
The shining Oil is pour'd. Along the Banks 180
They take their Seats, and with extended Arms
Gripe fast their Oars ; the Signal they await
Intent : and with the eager Thirst of Praise
Their Hearts exulting swell ; by Turns contract
With chilling Fear. Now when the Trumpet shrill
The Signal gave, all from their Stations start 186
Without Delay ; the naval Clamour strikes
The Vault of Heaven : upturn'd by strength of Arms
The

The Billows foam ; they equal Furrows cut ;
The Sea with Oars and Prows divided gapes. 190
Not so precipitate fly o'er the Plain,
Nor with such Violence from the Barriers rush
The Chariots in the Circus ; not so keen
The Charioteers the Horses at full speed,
Shaking the loosen'd Reins, press on, and hang 195
Prone o'er the cracking Lash. With loud Applause,
And Clamours of the Multitude confus'd,
And Eagerness of the Abettors, ring
The Woods about ; the Voices pent within
Roll down the winding Shores ; struck with the Noise
The Hills resound. GYAS before the rest, 201
Amid th' Applauses of the shouting Croud,
Slides o'er the glassy Sea. CLOANTTUS next,
In Oars excelling, follows ; but his Ship,
Unwieldy by its Weight, detains him. Next 205
The *Whale* and *Centaur* strive the foremost Place
To gain ; and now the *Whale* obtains it, now
The *Centaur* passes her o'ercome, and both
Together now their equal Prows advance,
And with long Keels the briny Waves divide. 210
And now they're near the Rock and reach the Mark,
When

When GYAS, first and Victor, in mid Sea,
MENÆTES, Pilot of his Ship, bespoke.

Where to the Right so much ? This way your Course
Direct ; fly not the Strand, but that the Oar 215

May lightly shave the left hand Rocks permit ;

The Deep let others keep. But he, afraid

Of the blind Rocks, declining stood to Sea.

Where wand'ring do you go ? again the Rocks

MENÆTES seek, GYAS exclaim'd aloud : 220

And strait behold ! CLOANTHUS pressing close

Behind he saw, holding the shortest Course.

He 'twixt the founding Rocks and GYAS' Ship,

The left hand Course more inward swept, and soon

Him first outstrip'd ; then turning from the Mark

The safer Seas obtain'd. Then Grief and Rage 226

Excessive seiz'd the Youth, nor were his Cheeks

With Tears unmoisten'd, and MENÆTES flow,

His Dignity, and Safety of his Men

Forgetting, headlong from the Helm he threw. 230

He to the Steerage, Pilot went himself,

Himself Commander, and the Rudder turn'd

Towards the Shore, encouraging his Men.

But scarce MENÆTES, slow with Age, at length

With

With Difficulty from the bottom rose ; 235
His Clothes all dripping wet, and to the Rock
He made, and on the Summit dry repos'd.
Him falling, and him swimming, ridicul'd
The *Trojans*, and discharging from his Breast,
In copious Streams, the briny Waves. Here Hope
To MNESTHEUS and SERGESTUS, the two last,
Joyful revives, GYAS to overcome
Retarded thus. SERGESTUS gets before,
And to the Rock approaches : yet not first,
The whole Ship's length preceding, part before ; 245
By the *Whale's* Prow, his Rival, part was press'd.
But MNESTHEUS thro' the middle of the Ship
Walking, encourages his Men : Now, now,
HECTOR's Companions, whom I chose for mine,
At *Troy's* last fatal Hour, apply your Oars : 250
Now exercise that Strength, those Spirits now,
Which you in the *Gætulian Syrtes* shew'd,
And in th' *Ionian* Sea, and rapid Waves
Of the *Malean* Cape. Now MNESTHEUS aims
Not to be first, nor strives to overcome : 255
Altho', O that !—but let those Victors be
Whom NEPTUNE hath so favour'd. Last of all

'Twere shameful to return. This sad Disgrace,
Companions, hinder and surmount. They strive
With all their Might: even to its Keel below 260
The Vessel trembles with the thund'ring Strokes:
The Distance flies diminish'd. Want of Breath
Their arid Jaws, and Limbs convulsive shake:
Sweat flows in Rivulets. When Chance it self
The wish'd for Honour unexpected brought: 265
For whilst SERGESTUS furious urges on,
With shortest Cut, his Prow towards the Mark,
His Course too narrow steering; on the Rocks
Projecting he unhappy stuck. The Stones
Were shook, and Oars, dash'd on the sharper Points,
Crack'd into Shivers: and the wounded Prow 271
Suspended hung. The Sailors rise, detain'd
With Clamours loud, and Iron Spikes apply,
And Poles with sharpen'd Points, and gather up,
Floating upon the Surge, the broken Oars. 275
But MNESTHEUS joyful, and with the Success
It self more eager, with the chosen Band
Of Rowers swift, the Winds invoking, seeks
The easy Seas, and Sails in open Main.
As when a Pigeon, suddenly disturb'd 280

From her Repose, whose Nest and darling Young
In Rocky Caverns lie, into the Fields
Flying escapes, and rising frighten'd makes
Her Habitation to resound with Clang
Of Pinions stiff: soon got in purer Air, 285
She shaves her liquid Way, nor moves her Wings.
So MNESTHEUS, so the *Whale* cuts in her Flight
The distant Seas; the Motion first impress'd
It self, so flying carries her along.

And first he leaves SERGESTUS, struggling hard 290
With Rocks and Shallows, and imploring Aid
In vain, and learning how with broken Oars
To row. Then GYAS, and the Monster huge
He follows close; she yields, because bereft
Of her Conductor. Now alone remains 295

CLOANTHUS, near the End: Him he pursues,
And presses hard, exerting all his Might.
The shouts redouble then, all him incite
With joyful Acclamations, and the Air
With Noises loud resounds. Not to retain 300
Their fair Renown and Reputation got,
These a most high Indignity esteem,
And for their Fame would sacrifice their Lives.

Those

Those are encourag'd by Success. They're sure
To overcome because it sure appears. 305

And They, it may be, had with equal Prows
Divided the Rewards ; if to the Sea

CLOANTHUS, both his Hands extending wide,
Had not devoutly pray'd, and call'd the Gods
To aid. Ye Gods, who rule the Main, whose Seas
I sail, before your Altars, on this Shore, 311

A Milk white Bull I'll place, oblig'd by Vow,
And th' Entrails cast into the briny Waves,
And copious pour the purest Wine. He said,
And under the deep Waves the Nereid Quire, 315
And those of *Phorcus*, and the Virgin fair,

PARTHENOPEA, heard him ; and himself
Father PORTUNUS, with a mighty Hand
Impell'd the flying Ship : than the North Wind,
Or rapid Arrow swifter far, she flies 320
To Land, and anchor'd in the spacious Port.

TH' Assembly summon'd, as of old was us'd,
ÆNEAS then CLOANTHUS Conqueror
By Herald's voice resounding loud declares,
And with a Laurel Wreath his Temples crowns. 325

Gifts for the Fleet, three Bulls select, and Wine
He gives; of Silver too a Talent great :
But to the Chiefs themselves more splendid far.
A Golden Mantle to the Conqueror,
Round which a double Border deeply waved 330
Of *Melibæan* Purple ; and the Boy,
Of Royal Lineage, in Embroidery,
Upon the woody Top of *Ida's* Mount,
Eager the nimble Stags with Darts and Chase
Pursues ; he panting seems ; whom, swift of Wing
Jove's Thunderbearer darting down, on high 336
Snatch'd in his crooked Talons, whilst in vain
The aged Shepherds stretch their Arms to Heaven,
And Dogs with furious Barkings rage. To him
Who in Desert obtain'd the second Place, 340
A Coat of Mail thick sow'd with Rings of Gold
Of triple plaited Wire, which He himself
In Combat from *DEMOLÆUS* won of old,
Near rapid *Simois'* stream, by *Ilium* proud,
He for his Recompense bestows ; in Arms 345
An Ornament and Safety. *PHEGEUS* scarce,
And *SAGARIS*, his Servants, could upheave
The pond'rous Burthen : but *DEMOLÆUS* arm'd
There-

Therewith, the scatter'd *Trojans* chas'd in flight.
The third Reward, two brazen Caldrons wide,
And Silver Cups, with rising Sculpture grac'd, 350
He makes. And thus all recompenc'd, and proud
With Riches, they in order stately march'd
Along, their Heads with Purple Ribbons crown'd.
When from the pointed Rock, with greatest Art, 355
SERGESTUS, disentangled scarce, with Loss
Of Oars, and of one Rank disabled, work'd
His Ship, with Ridicule and foul Disgrace.
As when a Snake oft unawares is caught
Crossing a Road, o'er whom a brazen Wheel 360
Passes oblique; or whom a Passenger
With heavy Stones half Dead and mangled Leaves;
Long Wreaths in vain, he with his Body twists
Attempting to escape; Part formidable,
With Eyes emitting Flames, and hissing Neck 365
Sublime erecting; Part, lame with the Wound,
Weaving intangled Knots, and involving
It self in its own Members is detain'd.
With such Endeavours slowly the Ship mov'd;
Yet fail'd, and with full Sails the Harbour gain'd.
Howe'er ÆNEAS, that the Ship was safe 371

Rejoycing, and the Rowers all return'd,
 SERÆSTUS honours with the promis'd Gift.
 A female Slave, and not unlearn'd in Works
 Invented by MINERVA's skill, by Birth 375
 A *Cretan*, PHOLOE by Name, with Twins
 Yet sucking at her Breast, to him is given.

ÆNEAS, this Contention ended, goes
 Into a verdant Plain, with Woods inclos'd,
 And sloping Hills ; which in the lower Vale 380
 A natural Circque Theatrical compos'd ;
 In which the Hero entring, in the midst
 Of many Thousands took his Seat high rais'd,
 Here by Rewards, whoever to contend
 In the swift Race is willing, he invites, 385
 And the Rewards declares. From every Part
 The *Trojans* and *Sicilians* mix'd convene.
 EURIALUS and NISUS first. For Bloom
 Of Youth, EURIALUS, and beauteous Form ;
 NISUS, for pious Friendship to the Boy, 390
 Most eminent. DIORES followed these ;
 Of PRIAM's Royal Lineage ; SALIUS him,
 And Patron ; He from *Acarnania* came,

This from *Arcadia*, of *Tegæan* Blood.

Then ELYMUS and PANOPES, two Youths 395

Of *Sicily*, Friends of ACESTES old,

And to the Hardships of the Chase inur'd.

And many more, whom Fame obscure conceals.

Whom then admidst, ÆNEAS thus bespake.

Careful attend, my Purpose joyful hear : 400

None unrewarded shall from hence depart.

Two *Cretan* Javelins, bright with polish'd Steel,

A Battle Ax with Silver Ornaments,

Shall be receiv'd by each Competitor.

To the Three first, Rewards besides, and Crowns 405

Of yellow Olive shall their Temples bind.

The first a Horse with splendid Trappings grac'd,

The next an *Amazonian* Quiver, charg'd

With *Thracian* Arrows, from the Shoulder hung

By a broad Belt of Gold, and fasten'd close 410

By a round Gem : the third shall be content

This *Argive* Helmet for his Part to take.

This said they take their Places ; and forthwith,

The Signal heard, at once they lightly bound

Across the Barrier, and together start, 415

Forth rushing like a Tempest, all at once
Fixing their Eyes upon the distant Goal.
First NISUS springs, and far before the rest
Flies, swifter than the Winds or Lightning wing'd.
Next him, but next with a long Interval, 420
SALIUS proceeds : then a short Space between,
FURIALUS the third : and ELYMUS
Follows EURIALUS : And after him
Behold DIORES flies, and touches light
His Heel with his, his Shoulders equal near : 425
And had the Course been longer would have pass'd,
Or left in Ambiguity the Claim.
They weary now, almost the utmost Space
Had reach'd, the Goal it self ; when NISUS slip'd,
Unhappy, on the Blood of Oxen slain 430
By chance for Sacrifices, which the Ground
And verdant Grass had moisten'd. Here the Youth
Exulting Victor now, his sliding Steps
Could not direct, but on the filthy Slime,
And sacred Blood, prone to the Earth he fell. 435
Nor of EURIALUS, nor of his Love
Unmindful was he ; but himself oppos'd
To SALIUS, rising on the slippery Ground ;

He

He too falls rolling on the greasy Soil.

EURIALUS springs forward, and obtains 440

By Gift so unexpected of his Friend,

The foremost Place, and 'midst Applauses loud

And Acclamations of th' Assembly flies.

Next ELYMUS, DIORES, Victor third,

Arrives. But here all the Spectators met 445

In that great Vale, and all the Senators

SALIUS with Clamours tires, demanding back

The Prize, of which by Fraud he was bereft.

Favour, and Tears becoming in distress,

And Virtue, fairer in a beauteous Form, 460

Protect EURIALUS. And loud protests

DIORES, who the third Reward pretends,

And would be disappointed, if the first

To SALIUS were adjudg'd. ÆNEAS then :

O Youths, unalterable shall remain 455

Your Prizes, none the Order shall disturb ;

But of an innocent deserving Friend

Let me commiserate the sad Mischance.

This said, he SALIUS gives the monstrous Skin

Of a *Gætulian* Lion, with Gold Claws 460

Weighty,

Weighty, and shaggy Hairs. Then NISUS said ;
 If to the Conquer'd such Rewards are given,
 And you commiserate the Fallen, what Gifts
 Worthy of NISUS will you give, to me
 Who had acquir'd with Praise the Laurel first ; 465
 If the same adverse Fortune had not frown'd
 On me, as did on SALIUS ? And with this
 His Limbs he shew'd and Visage all besmear'd,
 With the moist Slime. The best of Princes smil'd,
 And caus'd a Target to be brought, the Work 470
 Of DIDYMAON, taken by the *Greeks*
 From NEPTUNE's sacred Porch, and with this Gift
 Preeminent, the Youth egregious graced.

THE Races ended, and the Gifts dispens'd :
 Let those whom thirst of Honour most inspires, 475
 Advance he said, and brandish high their Arms,
 Their Fists defended well with Leathern Thongs ;
 And for the Fight propounded two Rewards :
 A Bull, with gilded Horns and Ribbons graced,
 The Victor shall receive ; a splendid Cask, 480
 And trenchant Sword the Vanquish'd shall solace.
 With strength Gigantic DARES rises strait,

And

And shews himself with general Applause ;

He who alone was us'd t' oppose the Force

Of PARIS ; and the same, who at the Tomb 485

Where mighty HECTOR lies inter'd, of Bulk

Enormous, BUTES struck, who boasted vain

That he descended was from AMYCUS,

Of Race *Bebrycian*, and him dying laid

Extended on the Sand. Such DARES rears 490

First in the Lifts his Stature tall, and shews

His Shoulders broad, and flourishes his Arms

Alternate, and the passive Air assails,

There wanted an Antagonist, but none 495

Of all those Champions bold the Hero dar'd

Confront, or Cestus's bind round his Hands.

He therefore joyful, thinking all the rest

The Laurel willing quitted, stood before

ÆNEAS' feet ; nor staying longer, takes 500

The Bullock by the Horn, and thus he says,

O Goddess born ! If none the Combat dare,

What End of waiting ? How long is it fit

That I should be detain'd ? Command me strait

The Gifts to bear away. The *Trojans* all 505

Murmur Assent, and will them to be given.

ACESTES here ENTELLUS, sitting near
On the green Turf, severely reprimands.

Of Heroes formerly in vain the first

ENTELLUS ; such Rewards will you permit 510

Without Contention to be borne away

So patient ? Where is ERYX the divine,

So oft commemorated tho' in vain,

Your Master ? Where your Reputation, spread

Thro' all *Trinacria*, and those Trophies hung 515

Upon your Walls ? ENTELLUS thus reply'd.

Nor is Desire of Glory, or of Praise,

Extinct within my Breast, by Fear expell'd :

But creeping Age the Blood chills in my Veins,

And feeble Limbs exhausted Strength declare. 520

If That, I heretofore possess'd, and which

This Man presumptuous with such Impudence

Confides in, did I now that Youth enjoy,

I would have come, but not by Gifts induc'd ;

Nor value I Rewards. Thus having said, 525

Two Cestus's of monstrous Weight he threw

I' th' midst ; which ERYX bold was wont in Fight

Upon his Hands to wear, and round his Arms

With Thongs of Leather hard constricted bind.

Astonish'd

Astonish'd the Spectators stood ; sevenfold 530

Of Bull hides thick, with Lead and Iron between.

DARES himself more than the rest surpris'd,

At once downright rejects ; ÆNEAS too

Their pond'rous Weight assays, and turns from side

To side of the huge straps the Length immense. 535

ENTELLUS then after this manner spake.

Whoe'er of you the Cestus's and Arms

Of HERCULES himself, and bloody Fight

On this same Shore had seen ? these very Arms

Your Brother ERYX bore ; with Brains and Blood

Behold them yet infected ; he oppos'd 541

With these ALCIDES great : the same I us'd

Whilst youthful Blood gave Strength, before her Snow

Upon my Temples envious Age had shewr'd.

But since that DARES disapproves our Arms, 545

If so ÆNEAS, and ACESTES please,

Author of this my Combat ; let us fight

On equal Terms : your Fear dispel ; the Arms

Of ERYX I, the *Trojan* you resign.

This said, of both his Garments he despoil'd, 550

His

His Shoulders broad, and Muscles large, great Bones,
And brawny Arms expos'd. ANCHISES' Son
Then equal Cestus's produc'd, and round
Each Champions hands the like Defences tied.

FORTHWITH they both upon their Tiptoes stand
Erect, and dauntless lift their Arms on high.
Their Heads drawn back aloof avoid the Strokes !
But Hands meet Hands, and bold provoke the Fight.
He, better for agility of Feet,
And in his Strength confiding ; this in Bulk 560
And Limbs more prevalent : but feeble Knees
Beneath him trembling totter : his vast Trunk
By Respiration difficult is shook.
Each aims at th' other many a Wound in vain ;
Redoubled many on their hollow Sides 565
Fall thick, and from their Breasts resounding bound ;
And frequent round their Ears and Temples strays
The busy hand : under the cruel Wound
Their Jaw Bones crackle. Firm ENTELLUS stands,
In his Efforts immoveable, and wards 570
By change of Posture, and observing Eye,

Th'

Th' impending Blow. The other, like to one
Who with Machines a City proud assaults,
Or by Blockade some Castle mountainous
Beleaguers close, now these Accesses, those 575
Examines now, and by the Rules of Art
Considers the whole Ground, and tho' in vain
Oft presses, oft redoubles his Assaults.

Himself ENTELLUS raising, his Right hand
Presented lifted high : He quick discern'd 580

Th' impending Blow, and swift his Body mov'd :

ENTELLUS pour'd his Strength upon the Winds ;

And heavy of himself, upon the Ground

Most heavily with pond'rous Weight he fell.

On *Ida's* Top, or *Erymanth* so falls 585

A hollow Pine, with all her Roots upturn.

The *Trojan* and *Sicilian* Youth arise

With equal Ardour : Shouts ascend to Heaven :

And first ACESTES runs, and from the Ground

Pitying uplifts his Friend of equal Age. 590

But neither frightened by the accident,

Nor tardier made, the Hero to the Fight

Fiercer returns; Rage wakes his Strength, which Shame

And

And conscious Virtue kindle into Fire :

Then DARES flying, he o'er all the Lifts 595

Drove furious, with his Right, his Left hand now

His Blows redoubling : no Delay, no Rest.

As on the Roofs of Houses in a Storm

The Hail-Stones rattle thick ; so with each Hand

The Hero DARES beat, and drove about 600

Incessant with reiterated Blows.

But longer space his Anger to proceed

Unbounded, raging with such dire Effects,

ÆNEAS would not suffer, but an End

Commanded of the Combat, rescuing 605

The wearied DARES, and with soothing Words

Thus spake : What height of Madness seiz'd your
Mind,

Unhappy ? Do you not elsewhere perceive

Superiour Force and Powers to you adverse ?

Yield to the God. He said, and stop'd the Fight.

But him his faithful Friends, his tottering Knees 610

Dragging along ; and tossing to and fro

His Head, and from his Mouth the clotted Gore

Discharging, and Teeth intermix'd with Blood,

Lead to the Ships: They, call'd upon, the Sword 615
Receive, and Helmet; but the Laurel leave,
And Heifer, for ENTELLUS as his Due.

THE Victor here elate in Spirits, proud
Of Glory new, O Goddess born! he said,
And ye *Dardanians* know, in youthful Age 620
What Strength I could exert, and from what Death
DARES escap'd you have preserv'd. He spake,
And opposite against the Bullock's Head
He stood, the recent Prize, and drawing back
His right Hand, raising up himself, he struck 625
His Cestus hard between the Horns, and pierc'd
Into the Brain, quite thro' the fractur'd Skull.
Trembling and lifeless fell the Bull, knock'd down;
He standing over him these Words pronounc'd:
With this Oblation, ERYX, better far 630
Than DARES dead, my Debt I satisfy;
Cestus and Art, I Victor here resign.

ÆNEAS strait invites to Proof of Skill,
If any chuse, who best the Arrow swift
Can in its Course direct, and Prizes sets: 635
P And

And with a mighty Arm erects a Mast,
Transported from SERESTUS' Ship, and hangs,
Tied by a Cord, pass'd thro' upon the Top,
A fluttering Pigeon, where their Steel should aim.
The Candidates assembled, all the Names 640
A brazen Cask receives : with loud Applause
HIPPOCOON, Son of HIRTACUS, the first
Is drawn ; whom follows MNESTHEUS, Conqueror
In the late Naval Contest, MNESTHEUS, crown'd
With Olive Wreaths ; the third EURYTION, 645
Thy Brother, PANDARUS renown'd, who first
The Truce commanded to disturb, thy Shaft
Amid the *Grecians* shot. ACESTES last,
Who lowest had subsided, he himself
In youthful Labours daring to contend. 650
Then with a mighty Force their pliant Bows
They bend, each for himself, and Arrows take
Out of their Quivers. First the winged Shaft,
The Bow-string sounding, of th' *Hyrtacian* Youth
Cuts thro' the passive Air along the Sky, 655
And came, and in the Mast it self infix'd.
The Mast stood trembling, and the frightend Bird
Flutter'd from side to side ; Shores, Vales, and Hills
With Acclamations loud resounding rung.

Next

Next MNESTHEUS keen with Bow stood ready bent, 660
Aiming on high, and to their utmost Powers
His Eyes and Arrow strain'd : but he alas!
Unhappy, was not able with his Steel
The Dove herself to hit, but cut the Knots,
And Hempen Ligaments with which the Bird, 665
Tied by the Foot, suspended hung on high.
She flying soars amid the dusky Clouds.
EURYTION eager then with Bow full bent,
And Arrow drawn up to the Head, long time,
Invok'd his Brother, and observing close 670
The Pigeon, ranging thro' the vacant Heaven
At large, and joyful clapping with her Wings,
Beneath the dusky Vapour he transpierc'd.
Lifeless she fell, and 'mid th' Etherial Stars
Breath'd out her Spirit pure, and falling down, 675
With her brought back the fatal Shaft infix'd.
The Laurel lost, ACESTES last remain'd :
Who not the less into th' Etherial Sky
His Arrow shot, displaying, tho' in Years,
His Skill, as well as Goodness of his Bow. 680
But here a sudden Prodigy appear'd
Before our Eyes, some future dire Mishap

Prefaging, this, the great Event it self,
And frighten'd Priests, too late in vain explain'd.
The Arrow, flying thro' the liquid Clouds, 685
Took Fire, and mark'd its Way with Flames, 'till quite
Consum'd, it vanish'd into Air. As oft
Stars falling shoot along the Sky, and draw
Flying a Trail of Light. Astonish'd stood
The *Trojans* and *Sicilians*, and devout 690
Pray'd to the GODS: Nor did ÆNEAS great
Refuse the Omen, but ACESTES glad
Embracing, honour'd with great Gifts, and said:
Receive, O Father! (for the King of Heaven
Supreme, by such Portents his Will declares, 695
To have you grac'd with Honours, far beyond
Custom or Claim) this Goblet you shall take,
With Figures rare emboss'd, which heretofore
CISSEUS of *Thrace*, as Pledge and Monument
Of his Affection to ANCHISES gave. 700
This said, with Laurel Wreaths his Brows he crown'd,
And Victor chief ACESTES loud declar'd.
Nor did that Preference of Honour move
With the least Envy good EURYTION's Breast,
Tho' he alone had from the Clouds brought down

The tow'ring Bird. He next who cut the Bands
For his Reward advances; last of all,
Who with his flying Reed the Mast transfix'd.

Pious ÆNEAS, e're these solemn Games
Were ended, PERIPHAS, the Governor 710
Of Young IULUS, and Companion, calls,
And in his faithful Ear thus whisp'ring says:
Go to ASCANIUS quick, and if the Bands
Of Youths be ready, and to each Brigade
Their Orders issued, let him march his Troops, 715
And for his Grandfire shew himself in Arms.
This Message bear. He said, and he himself
Out of the Circus long the Croud confus'd
Commanded to retire, and open leave
Th' interior Space. The Boys pass in Review 720
Before their Parents, and on manag'd Steeds
High prancing bound along; the Multitude,
Sicilian, Trojan, all admiring gaze.
Their Hair, according to the Mode, by Art
In Order set, a Coronet press'd down : 725
Each bore two Cornel Javelins tip'd with Steel,
Part Quivers on their Shoulders; from their Necks

A twisted Chain of pliant Gold hung down
Upon their Chests. In number Squadrons three,
And three Commanders gallop to and fro : 730
Twice six each Leader following, in three Troops
They splendid shine, with equal Officers.
One Troop young PRIAM, from his Grandfire nam'd,
Led as in Triumph, thy bright Progeny
POLITES, to increase th' *Italian* Name 735
Hereafter ; whom a party-colour'd Steed
Of *Thracia* bore, besprinkled with white Spots ;
His right Forefoot was white, and full of Fire
Display'd his Forehead white. ATYS the next,
ATYS the Youth to young IULUS dear. 740
IULUS last, but far surpassing all
In Beauty, came, on a *Sidonian* Horse,
Superbly mounted, which from Dido fair,
A Monument and Token of her Love
He had receiv'd. The other Youths, on Steeds 745
Sicilian, furnish'd by ACESTES, rode.
The *Trojans* pleas'd behold them, with Applause
Confus'd and bashful, and with Ease discern
The Airs and Features of their Ancestors.

Now when that they paraded had some time 750
Before th' Assembly, in their Parents Sight,
Strait PERIPHAS the Signal gave aloud,
By Voice and Whip, to them prepar'd. At once
They started equal divers ways: the Chiefs
Their Squadrons weaken, and extend the Fronts: 755
Another Signal given, they wheel; return
By the same way, and aim their hostile Darts.
Marches and Counter-marches then they make
By diff'rent Routes, and wheeling round prevent
Flanking by Counter-flanking, and in Arms 760
Th' Appearances present of real Fight.
And now by Flight they leave their Backs expos'd,
Their Javelins, turning now, present, and now,
Peace made, in Amity together march.
As is reported of the Labyrinth 765
Of old in lofty *Crete*, that it contain'd
A Walk, conceal'd 'midst many Alleys blind,
And the Fraud hid by thousand various Ways,
That to return, impossible was made,
By Windings not to be found out, or trac'd. 770
In just such mazy Errors, TEUCER'S Sons
Their military Evolutions make,

And Battles, and now Flights contrive in Play,
 As Dolphins swimming cut *Carpathian* Seas,
 Or *African*, and sport along the Waves. 775
 This Mode of Exercise, these Battles feign'd,
ASCANIUS first renew'd, and *Latins* old
 Taught how to celebrate, when he with Walls
 Surrounded *Alba* long. In the same Way
 In which the Boy himself, the same, in which 780
 The *Trojan* Youth with him, the *Albans* taught
 Their Sons. Imperial *Rome* long after hence
 Receiv'd it, and her Country Honour kept
 Entire, and this Diversion now is call'd
 The *Trojan* Game, the Boys the *Trojan* Band. 785

THESE solemn Sports thus to his Sire divine
 He celebrated. Fortune changing here
 First alter'd her Fidelity. For whilst
 In various Sports they round the Tomb contend,
Saturnian JUNO. IRIS sent from Heaven 790
 To th' *Ilian* Fleet, and with fresh Force for Speed
 The Winds inspires; projecting many things,
 Nor fatiated as yet her ancient Hate.
 Her way the Virgin hastening, on her Bow

Of thousand Colours, seen by none, descends 795
The shortest Course. The Concourse great she saw,
And Port and Fleet deserted. But far off
The *Trojan* Dames, upon the lonely Shore
Retir'd, ANCHISES dead bewail'd, and all
Weeping survey'd the Deep. What Perils still, 800
Alas! What Space of Sea to us remains
Already tir'd. This the Complaint of all.
A Settlement they beg, Fatigues of Sea
No longer can they bear. She therefore throws
Her self amid them, well in Mischif skill'd, 805
And Garb and Figure of the Goddess quits.
AS BEROE, of *Thracian* DORYCLUS
The ancient Spouse, she seems, for Race, and Name,
And Progeny illustrious heretofore;
And thus amid the *Trojan* Matrons spake. 810
O Miserable all, who were not drag'd
To Slaughter by the *Grecian* Host, in rage
Of Battle, under *Ilion's* Walls! To what
Destruction new, O most unhappy Race!
Doth Fortune you reserve? Seven Summers now 815
Have circling roll'd along since *Ilion* fell,

When

When over Seas and over Lands we've pass'd,
So many desert Rocks and various Climes,
Whilst *Italy* still flying we pursue
Thro' th' Ocean large, the Sport of Winds and Waves,
Here ERYX, Brother to ÆNEAS reign'd, 821
And now our Host ACESTES: what forbids
T' uprear our Walls; and a new City found?
O native Soil! and Household GODS! in vain
Snatch'd from the *Grecians*, shall no *Troy* exist? 825
Xanthus and *Simois*, Hectorean streams,
No where shall I behold? Come then, arise,
And help me these unlucky Ships to burn.
The Prophetess CASSANDRA's Image seem'd
To give me flaming Torches in my Sleep: 830
Look here for *Troy*, here is your Home she said.
Now is the Time t' accomplish this great Work.
Nor after such amazing Prodigies
Can we delay. To NEPTUNE there, behold
Four Altars rais'd; the God himself supplies 835
Torches, and Courage too. This said, she first
A Firebrand snatch'd, and waving it aloft
Threw with exerted Might. The *Trojan* Dames
In Expectation great, astonish'd stood.

When

When one of them, the most advanc'd in Years, 840

PYRGO, the Nurse of many a Royal Child

To PRIAM born ; this is not BEROE

The *Trojan*, nor the Wife of DORYCLUS :

Remark the Signs of Graces all divine,

The Lustre of her Eyes, what Spirits, Face, 845

And Tone of Voice, and what a gliding Step.

Even I my self, but now, left BEROE sick,

Indignant she alone should absent be

From this so great Solemnity, nor pay

The Honours due t' ANCHISES : here she ceas'd. 850

THE Matrons dubious first, the Ships beheld
With Eyes malign ; betwixt the wretched Love

Of Land enjoy'd suspended, and the Hope

Of Realms, to which the Fates inviting call'd.

When on pois'd Wings the Goddesses soar'd to Heaven,

And cut her ample Bow beneath the Clouds. 856

Astonish'd then indeed with such Portents,

Work'd up to Madness, with a general Shriek

They run, and from the sacred Hearths, the Fire

Eternal snatch ; the Altars part despoil ; 860

And Boughs, Shrubs, Brands together throw : with

Reins

Uncheck'd,

Uncheck'd, thro' Seats, and Oars, and painted Decks
 Fierce VULCAN rushes on : T' ANCHISES' Tomb,
 And Crouds assembled at the Theatre,
 EUMELUS of the burning of the Ships 865
 Went Messenger, and they themselves beheld
 The Smoke and Ashes, flying thick in Clouds.

AND first ASCANIUS, as he joyful led
 His Squadron, in that Equipage, swift rode
 To the distracted Camp, nor could, half dead
 With Fear, his Tutors stop his Course. What new 870
 Fury is this ? Ah what, what do you mean,
 Unhappy Countrywomen ? Your own Hopes,
 No hostile Camps, nor *Grecian* Tents you burn.
 Behold your own ASCANIUS : at their Feet 875
 He threw his empty Helmet, with which arm'd,
 He Battles, Representative of true,
 Had fought in Sport. ÆNEAS, and the Croud
 Of *Trojans* thither haste. But o'er the Shores
 The Matrons scatter'd fly, dispers'd by Fear, 880
 And to the thickest Woods, and hollow Rocks,
 Where ever found, repair : of their Attempt,
 And Light it self asham'd ; and chang'd, their Friends

Acknowledge : JUNO from their Breast is driven.

But not for this th' unconquerable Force 885

Of the devouring Flames surceas'd : the Tow

Between the moisten'd Planks keeps still alive,

A heavy Smoke emitting ; and the Ships

A Fervor slow consumes ; thro' all their Parts

The Plague descends : nor ought avails the Force 890

Of all the Heroes, nor the profluent Streams.

ÆNEAS tore his Garments, and with Hands

To Heaven uprais'd, implor'd the Gods for aid.

O JOVE Omnipotent, without Reserve,

If all the *Trojans* are not under Wrath, 895

And if thy Mercy, manifest of old,

Yet deigns to look on human Sufferings ; grant

Now, Father, that the Fleet may 'scape the Flames,

And from Destruction save the *Trojan* State,

Reduc'd thus low. Or what remains, thou strike

With thy vindictive Thunder, and o'erwhelm 901

Me with thy own Right hand, if I deserve.

He scarce had spoke when with uncommon Force

A Tempest rages fierce, with Rains profuse,

And with the Thunders roar the Mountain Tops, 905

And

And Vallies tremble; down from all the Sky,
By South winds strong condens'd, and black as Night,
Torrents of Water rush. The Ships run o'er;
The half-burnt Planks are moisten'd; 'till at length
The smoking ceases, and the Fleet is sav'd 910
From the devouring Flames, four only lost.

ÆNEAS struck with this sad Accident,
Revolving weighty Cares within his Mind,
Now here, now there inclin'd, *Sicilian* Fields,
Whether to chuse, forgetful of the Fates, 915
Or quest of the *Italian* Shores pursue.
Then aged NAUTES, whom MINERVA taught,
Her darling Care, and for Prophetic Skill
Illustrious, these Responses gave: Those Things
Denounc'd by Wrath of Gods, and those which Fate,
According to the Series of Events, 921
Ordain'd, and thus ÆNEAS soothing, spake.
Wherever Fate impels us, or repels,
O Goddess born, we go: Whate'er it be,
By Patience every Fortune is o'ercome. 925
Here is ACESTES sprung of Race divine:
A Partner of your Counsels him assume,

He

He will not be averſe: Thoſe, of the Ships
Deſtroy'd, who yet remain; and thoſe who're tir'd
Of this great Enterpriſe and your fair Hopes; 930
Thoſe, weary of the Sea, of either Sex,
Thro' Age; th' Infirm; and all that Danger dread,
Select, and to him give, and here permit
That they fatigu'd a City may erect;
Which they *Aceſta*, leave obtain'd, ſhall call. 935

THE *Trojan* Chief, with theſe Advices fir'd
Of his Associate old, from Thought to Thought
Paſs'd ruminating, 'till Night gain'd the Pole,
Drawn in her Chariot, by her Sable ſteeds.
His Sire ANCHISES' Image then from Heaven 940
Seem'd to deſcend, and in this Manner ſpeak:
O Son, than Life more dear, while Life remain'd;
Son, tried ſevere by *Ilion's* Fates; by Jove's
Command I hither come, who from your Fleet
The Flames expell'd, and from high Heaven at length
Compaſſion ſhew'd: the Counſels wiſe obey 945
Which ancient NAUTES gives; to *Italy*
The choiceſt Youths, the braveſt Spirit, bear:
A hardy Nation, and of Manners rude,

And

And fierce, in *Latium* you must overcome. 950
But first you must th' infernal Seats approach
Of *PLUTO*, and o'er deep *Avernus*' Flood
An Interview with me, my Son, attempt:
For me no impious *Tartarus* receives
With wicked Shades, and in *Elysium* pure 955
I dwell, amid th' Assemblies of the Just.
The Sybil chaste will hither shew the Way,
Obtain'd by Blood of many a Victim black.
Then all your future Race, and what Retreat
Shall be allotted you shall learn. And now 960
Adieu; for humid Night her middle Course
Bends downwards, and the unrelenting East
Breathes on me with his Horses panting quick.
This said, like Smoke he vanish'd into Air.
Where so precipitate *ÆNEAS* cries? 965
Where with such Eagerness your self withdraw?
Whom fleest thou? or my strict Embraces who
Forbids? This saying, he the dormant Flames
Rekindled, and to the Divinities
Of hoary *VESTA*, and his Household Gods 970
Sweet Incense offer'd, and the holy Cake.
Then his Companions, but *ACESTES* first

He calls, and JUPITER's Commands declares,
And Counfels of his Sire, and what was now
His Refolution fix'd. To his Refolves 975
Was no Delay, ACESTES acquiesc'd.
The Matrons Names, and Voluntiers design'd
For the new Settlement, are in a Roll
Inscrib'd; Plebeian Souls, of Glory's call
Regardless. They themselves the Seats renew, 980
And Planks half burnt repair; and Oars adapt
And Tackle to the Ships; in Number small,
But expedite and bold in Feats of War,

MEAN time ÆNEAS with a Plough designs
The Compass of the City, and by Lots 985
Each Edifice distributes: *Ilion* this,
And Places round, like those near *Troy* he names.
ACESTES in his new Domain exults,
And stablishes Judicial Courts, and Laws
With his assembled Senators enacts. 990
A Temple then, contiguous to the Stars,
Upon the Summit of Mount *Eryx* rose
To VENUS of *Idalia*; and a Priest,
And Grove is added, sacred far around,

T' ANCHISES' Tomb. And now nine Days in Feasts
The People had employ'd, and Honours due 996
To th' Altars paid, when whisp'ring Breezes smooth'd
The Seas, and from the South a rising Gale,
Breathing more fresh, invites again to Sea.

Along the winding Shores forthwith arise 1000
Loud Lamentations : in Embraces close
They Day and Night remain. The Matrons now
Themselves, and they, to whom but late appear'd
Most terrible the Aspect of the Sea,

And NEPTUNE quite intolerable deem'd, 1005
Would willing go, and every Labour bear.

ÆNEAS them consoles with friendly Speech,
And weeping to ACESTES recommends.

To ERYX then three Heifers, and a Lamb
He offers to the Tempests, and commands 1010
That all the Ships in order should unmoor.

He, standing on the Poop himself, his Head
Crown'd with a Wreath of Olive thorn, a Cup
Holds in his Hand, and throws the Entrails fat,
And pours the liquid Wine into the Sea. 1015

THE Wind increasing follows from the Stern
The Navy under Sail. The Rowers plough
The yielding Sea, and sweep the briny Waves
With Emulation. VENUS, labouring then
With anxious Cares, addressees NEPTUNE thus, 1020
And from her Bosom these Complaints outpour'd :
JUNO's fell Anger, and insatiate Hate,
Oblige me to descend to every Sort
Of Supplication, NEPTUNE ; Since nor Time,
Nor all the Virtues under Heaven, can move 1025
Her Breast obdurate ; nor by JOVE's Command ;
Nor overcome by Fate will she submit.
Was't not enough, by her detested Hate,
One *Phrygian* City to have quite eras'd
From 'midst the Nations, but the Residue 1030
With every kind of Plague to've vex'd : the Bones
And Ashes of burnt *Ilion* she pursues.
She may the Cause of so much Fury know.
Be witness you your self on *Libyan* Waves
What Mountains suddenly she rais'd. The Seas, 1035
She with the Heavens together mix'd, in vain
Confiding in *Æolian* Storms : this dared
In your Dominions. And but now behold,

O Wickedness ! She shameless burns their Fleet,
The *Trojan* Dames compelling to the Deed ; 1040
And forces now their Friends, the Fleet destroy'd,
To leave them helpless on an unknown Land.
For what remains, that they may spread their Sails
In Safety on your Element, I beg :
And may at length *Laurentian* Tyber reach : 1045
If only what's allow'd I ask, those Walls,
Already promis'd, if the Fates decree.

THEN SATURN'S Son, the Monarch of the Deep,
Made this Reply. You may full Confidence,
As Right requires, in my Dominions place, 1050
O CYTHEREA, whence you drew your Birth ;
And this I have deserv'd : the Fury oft
And utmost Rage of Heavens and Seas I've quell'd.
Nor of ÆNEAS less my Care on Earth,
(I SIMOIS and XANTHUS can attest,) 1055
When fierce ACHILLES following to the Walls,
The *Trojan* Troops astonish'd drove, and sent
To PLUTO many thousand Souls ; furcharg'd
The Rivers groan'd with Bodies, nor his Way
Could XANTHUS find, nor flow into the Sea : 1060

ÆNEAS,

ÆNEAS, with ACHILLES then engag'd,
Neither for Strength, nor for assisting Gods
An equal Match, I snatch'd within a Cloud :
When at that Time I wish'd t' erase, tho' built
With my own Hands, the Walls of perjur'd *Troy*. 1065
The same good Will remains, dispel your Fears :
Avernus' Port, as you desire, he safe
Shall reach, one only missing, whom in Seas
Lost he shall seek ; one Life shall many save.

WHEN thus the Sire the Goddesses had consol'd,
And joyful made, he to his Golden Car 1070
His Horses yok'd, and to repress their Rage
Added the foaming Bits, and from his Hands
Pour'd out the length of Reins ; in azure Car
Light o'er the Surface of the Deep he flies. 1075
The Waves subside ; the swelling Sea is pav'd
With Waters smooth under his founding Wheels,
And Tempests chas'd thro' the vast Æther fly.
Attendants strait appear of various Forms ;
Enormous Whales, and *Glaucus*'s old Train, 1080
PALAEMON, Son of INO, Tritons swift,
And all the Host of PHORCUS. On the left

THETIS, and MELITE, and PANOPAEA,
 In Virgin Charms, SPIO, CYMODOCE,
 NESAE, and THALIA. In Suspense 1085
 ÆNEAS' Mind these flattering Joys detain.

The Masts to be uprear'd, and Sails stretch'd out
 Along the Yards, he strait commands. At once
 The Navy with a side Wind fails; they now
 The left Hand Sheets, and now the right at once
 Unfurl. To this side, now to that they turn 1090
 Of the Sail yards the high Extremities.
 Propitious Breezes carry smooth the Fleet.
 First PALINURUS led before the rest
 Th' united Navy: All, towards him their Course
 To steer, were order'd. And now Night almost 1096
 Half of her Journey had perform'd, and spread
 Beneath their Oars, the Rowers on their Seats,
 With pleasing Sleep refresh'd their weary Limbs.
 When, swift descending from th' Ætherial Stars,
 The GOD of Sleep dispell'd the dusky Air, 1111
 And chas'd the Shades of Night, in quest of thee,
 O PALINURE! and melancholy Dreams
 Bearing to thee most Innocent: in Shape

Of PHORBAS, on the lofty Poop he sat, 1105
And these few Words pronounc'd. JASius' Son,
O PALINURE ! the Seas themselves waft on
The Fleet ; the Zephyrs equal blow ; Permit
An hour to rest : Recline your Head, and steal
Your weary Eyes from Labour ; I my self 1110
For you a while your Duty will discharge.
To whom, his Eyes scarce raising, PALINURE
Reply'd. The flattering Aspect of the Sea,
And gliding Waves, do you imagine then
I should not know ? Shall I, deceiv'd so oft 1115
By Fraud of Heavens serene, to faithless Waves
Commit ÆNEAS ? I this Monster trust ?
He thus reply'd, and clinging fast, the Helm
Embrac'd, with Eyes upon the Stars intent.
When o'er his Temples, lo ! the God a Branch, 1120
Dipt in the Dew of *Lethe*, shook, and Sleep
Compelling by its *Stygian* influence,
His swimming Eyes, in vain resisting, clos'd.
Scarce had this unexpected Sleep began
His Members to relax, when lo ! the God 1125
Incumbent o'er, precipitates him down
Headlong into the Sea ; part of the Poop,

And Helm, broke off, fall with him ; on his Friends
Oft calling, tho' in vain. The GOD on Wing
Sustains himself in Air. But not the less 1130
The Fleet in safety steer'd its Course, confirm'd
By Father NEPTUNE's Promise, bold it sail'd.
And wafted forward, to the *Syren's* Rocks
Approach'd, of difficult Access of old,
And with the Bones of Shipwreck'd Wretches white.
The Waves incessant beating on the Rocks
Far off was heard in Murmurs loud : when first
ÆNEAS, by the Ship's unsteady Way,
Perceiv'd its wand'ring Course, the Pilot lost ;
He thro' the Waves obscure the Ship himself 1140
Directed then, complaining much, and struck
Most deeply with his Friend's untimely Fate.
Too much confiding in a treacherous Calm,
O PALINURUS ! and a sky serene,
You on a Shore unknown shall naked lie. 1145

The End of the FIFTH BOOK.

VIRGIL's



VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

T H E

S I X T H B O O K.

THUS speaks he, weeping, and allows the
Fleet

To croud their Sails ; at length he's wafted safe
To the *Cumæan* Shore. Quick to the Sea
Their Prows they turn : then with tenacious Hold
The Anchor moors the Ships ; and swelling Poops 5
Cover the Shores. A Croud of ardent Youths
Leap on th' *Hesperian* Strand : the Seeds of Fire,
Hid in the Veins of Flint, part seek ; and Trees
Part from the Forests drag ; Recesses close
Of savage Beasts, or Streams discover'd shew. 10

BUT

BUT to the Towers, o'er which APOLLO bright
Prefides, the Sibyl's Cell and ample Cave,
Pious ÆNEAS hastens, sacred far
Around ; whose Mind and Soul with Powers enlarg'd
The *Delian* God inspires, and Present brings 15
Futurity before her View. And now
DIANA's Grove, and Golden Fane they reach.

FAME says, that DAEDALUS, on Pinions swift
From *Crete* escaping, dared to trust himself
To the superiour Regions of the Sky ; 20
And steering Northward, by that wond'rous Way,
Light upon *Chalcis*' Tower at length he pitch'd.
At his first landing, PHOEBUS, there, he made,
To thee, an Offering of his Oary Wings ;
And rear'd a Pile immense. Upon the Doors 25
ANDROGEOS' Death : th' *Athenians* then each Year
Condemn'd, alas ! in Punishment to give
Seven of their Sons ; the Urn, and Chances drawn
Appear. On th' other side the *Cretan* Land,
Rais'd high above the Waters, stood oppos'd : 30
Here for the Bull PASIPHAE's violent Love,

And

And fraudulent Prostitution ; the mixt Kind,
The monstrous Birth, the Minotaur appear'd, 35
Sad Monument of execrable Lust
The Dome stupendous here, and Labyrinth
Inextricable : but the Royal Maid's
Great Love with Pity viewing, *Dædalus*
The crooked Windings, and Deceits disclos'd 40
To THESEUS, guiding by a Clue his Steps
Uncertain. In so large a Work, thou too,
Had Grief permitted, ICARUS, great Part
Would'ft have possess'd. Twice he essay'd in Gold
To represent thy sad Adventure, twice 45
The Father's Hands sunk down. They had survey'd
The Work entire, but that ACHATES now,
Dispatch'd before, return'd ; DEIPHOBE,
Daughter to GLAUCUS, his Companion came,
APOLLO's and DIANA's Priestesses, who 50
The King thus greets. Of such Amusements vain
This Time admits not. From a Herd untouch'd
Seven Heifers, and as many chosen Ewes,
To Sacrifice, according to due Rites,
Were more expedient. Having thus bespoke 55
ÆNEAS, and her Orders quick obey'd,
The *Trojans* to the Temple high she led.

OF the *Eubæan* Rock one Side entire
Is cut into a Cavern broad and deep ;
To which a Hundred spacious Avenues, 60
A Hundred Doors conduct; from which rush forth
As many Voices, in Responses given
By the Prophetic Sibyl. At the Gate
When they arriv'd ; now is the Time t' enquire
Your Destiny, the Virgin said : the God ! 65
Behold the God. Whilst yet these Words she spake
Before the Gate, immediately her Looks,
And Colour often chang'd, nor did her Hair
Remain in decent Order; but with Breast
Panting, her Heart impetuous swell'd with Rage; 70
Of Stature more enlarg'd she seem'd, her Speech
Resounding nought of Mortal, when oppress'd
By the Divinity's more near Approach.
Your Prayers and Vows delay you then, she said ?
Trojan ÆNEAS! do you now delay ? 75
For not before of this tremendous Dome
The mighty Mouths will open. Here she ceas'd.
Chill Fear the *Trojans* sudden seiz'd. The King
Prayers from the Bottom of his Breast pour'd forth.

APOLLO,

APOLLO, who of *Troy* the Labours great 80
Commiserating always, didst the Dart,
And Hand of PARIS to ACHILLES' Death
Certain direct; Thee, Leader chief, what Seas,
Surrounding Countries great, have I explor'd?
The Nations of *Maffylia* far remote, 85
And Lands by Quickfands guarded. Now at length
The Shores we touch of flying *Italy*.
Thus far the Fate of *Troy* may have prevail'd.
But all ye GODS, and Goddeffes, to whom
Troy, and the Glory of the *Dardan* Name 90
Gave Umbrage, now it is but just to spare
The *Dardan* Race. And Thou, O Prophetess
Most Holy, who canst future Things predict,
Grant (Since I ask no Realms but what the Fates
Have promis'd) that the *Trojans* may secure 95
Themselves, their GODS, and Household GODS, so long
Wide wandering thro' the World, in Latium seat.
To PHOEBUS, and DIANA I'll erect
A Temple then, of solid Marble built,
And Games, and solemn Festivals appoint 100
In Honour of APOLLO. In our Realms

Thee

Thee too a specious Sanctuary attends :
For there thy Oracles, and secret Fates,
Discover'd to my People, I will place,
And Guardians constitute, Propitious Maid. 105
Only your Oracles on Leaves of Trees
Inscribe not now, lest they, of rapid Winds
The Sport, disorder'd fly in Air. I beg
That you your self would sing them. Here he stop'd.

BUT still the Prophetess, not patient yet 110
Of PHÆBUS, furious rages thro' the Cave ;
Endeavouring to expel the mighty God
Out of her Breast. So much the more he curbs
Her Mouth intractable, her Spirit wild 115
Subdues, and by fatiguing pliant moulds.
Now of the Dome the Hundred ample Gates
Fly open of themselves, and wide diffuse
The Sibyl's Answer thro' the Cavern large.

O thou, at length escap'd the Dangers great 120
Of Seas ! but greater yet by Land remain.
Into Lavinian Realms the *Dardans* safe
Shall come, dismiss that Fear ; but they shall wish

That

That they had never come. Wars, horrid Wars,
And *Tyber* foaming with black Blood I see. 125

XANTHUS, and SIMOIS, and *Greeks* in Arms
Shall not be wanting: and in *Latium* now
A new *ACHILLES* rises; He too born
Of a Celestial Mother: nor will e'er
JUNO her Enmity to *Troy* surcease. 130

What Nations or what Cities, will you not
A Suppliant, in such Extremes, address?
Of so great Ills the Cause, a Confort new;
Again a foreign HYMEN. To these Ills
Submit not thou, but bolder still resist
Against, than what your Fortune may permit.
Th' Appearance first of Safety will arise 140
From a *Greek* City, which you'd least expect.

THESE dreadful Intricacies, from the Part
Most secret of the Temple, in such Words
The Sibyl sung, and bellow'd thro' the Cave,
Truth veiling with Obscurities: the Reins 145
O'er her thus raging PHOEBUS holds, now curbs,
And now excites, and to his Will subdues.
Soon as her Fury ceas'd, and foaming Mouth
Was silent, thus the *Trojan* Hero spoke.

To me no new or unexpected Scenes 150
Of Labour can arise, O Virgin mild.
I have foreseen them all, and in my Mind
Consider'd each Contingence by it self.
One Thing I beg, as here's the Gate, 'tis said,
Of the infernal Kingdom, and the Lake 155
Of Darkness, from the Overflowings form'd
Of ACHERON, that to my Father's Sight,
And Prefence I may be allow'd to go;
That you the Way would shew, and sacred Gate
Set open. Him, thro' Flames and thousand Darts
Snatch'd from amid the hostile Troops, I bore 161
Upon these Shoulders. He, thro' all the Seas,
In all my Journeys, my Companion dear,
Infirm, of Waves and Heav'ns the Threatnings bore,
Above the Power and Usage of old Age. 165
That to thy Shrine, and thee, I should repair
A Supplicant, he also strict enjoin'd:
Of Son and Sire, I pray, Compassion take
Propitious Virgin; you all Things command:
Nor was you nam'd by HECATE in vain, 170
Chief o'er *Avernian* Groves. If ORPHEUS could

The Manes of EURYDICE recall,
By virtue of the Melody of Strings,
And *Thracian* Harp; if POLLUX could redeem
His Brother CASTOR by alternate Death, 175
And passes, and repasses this same Way
So oft. Why should I instance THESEUS? why
Great HERCULES? I too from highest JOVE
Claim my Descent. So praying he embrac'd
The Altars. Thus the Prophetess reply'd. 180

O *Trojan*, seed of GODS, ANCHISES' Son;
To dark *Avernus* easy the Descent;
Grim PLUTO's Gate stands open Day and Night:
But to return and up to re-ascend,
There is the Labour hard, the rare Emprize. 185
Some few, whom JOVE impartial lov'd, or whom
Transcendent Virtue, shining Lights, to Heav'n
Exalted, Sons of GODS, have this atchiev'd.
Impenetrable Woods all Entrance bar,
And black *Cocytus*' gliding stream flows round. 190
But if so ardent a Desire your Mind,
Such Passion strong impels, the *Stygian* Lake
Twice to pass over, *Tartarus* profound

To visit twice, and your strange Enterprife
You are determin'd to pursue, learn first 195
What is to be accomplish'd. In a Tree
Wide spread ; a Bough, with Leaves and pliant Twigs
Of Gold, lies hid, and consecrated said
T' Infernal JUNO : all the Grove protects,
And Shades with Vallies deep inclose it round. 200
But yet to none 'tis given to penetrate
The deep Recesses of the Earth, until
This golden Fruit he gather from the Tree.
This as her favourite Gift fair PROSERPINE
Ordain'd to be presented. When the first 205
Is pluck'd, another Golden Branch succeeds,
With Leaves of the same Metal flourishing.
Intently therefore search with Eyes aloft,
And gather, when once found, in manner due.
For it will follow with spontaneous Ease, 210
If Fate has destin'd you, but otherwise
No Force can conquer it, nor Steel divide.
Besides, there lies the Body of your Friend,
Breathless upon the Shore (you know it not,
Alas!) and with his Corps pollutes the Fleet : 215
Whilst standing in Suspence, you Counsel ask.

Him to his Place first bear, and in his Tomb
Inclose. For your first Expiation bring
Black Victims; then you shall the *Stygian* Groves
Behold, and Kingdoms inaccessible 220
To living Wight. She said, and silent stood.

WITH Visage sorrowful and downcast Eyes,
Leaving the Cave, ÆNEAS walks along,
Revolving in his Mind these dark Events:
ACHATES faithful, and with equal Cares 225
Oppress'd, his Footsteps follows. Many things
Between themselves on Subjects various pass'd;
Who was the Friend departed, whose pale Corps
To be interr'd, the Prophets design'd.
When come upon the barren Strand, they saw 230
MISENUS lost by an unworthy Death:
MISENUS, Son of ÆOLUS, than whom
The Troops together by the Trumpets Sound
To summon, and inspire a martial Rage,
None was more dextrous. He of HECTOR great
Companion, to the Wars with HECTOR went, 236
Both for his Skill, and warlike Feats renown'd.
When him ACHILLES, Victor, had bereav'd
Of Life, the valiant Hero join'd himself

T' ÆNEAS, following no inferior Chief. 240

But whilst by chance he made the Seas resound

With Clangor of his Clarion shrill, and mad

Challeng'd the GODS to equal him in Song,

Him, TRITON, jealous, caught amid the Rocks,

If meriting Belief, plung'd in the Waves. 245

With Clamours therefore all surround his Corps,

Pious ÆNEAS chiefly. Weeping then

The Orders of the Sibyl to obey.

They hasten ; no delay : to heap they strive

The Altar of the Funeral-Pile with Trees, 250

And raise up to the Clouds. An ancient Wood,

The deep Recess of savage Beasts, they seek :

Down fall the Firs : struck by the Ax, the Holm

Resounds ; the Beams of Ash and Oak are cleft

By Wedges : from the Mountains tumble down 255

The Alders tall. ÆNEAS first appears

Amid these Labours, with like Weapons arm'd,

Encouraging his Men. Whilst on these Things

Within his own sad Breast he mus'd, the Wood

Immense beholding, thus he prays aloud. 260

MAY in this spacious Wood that golden Bough
It self discover, glittering on its Tree ;
Since but too true the Prophetess hath said,
MISENUS, every thing concerning thee.
He scarce had spoke, when suddenly from Heav'n
A pair of Doves descended, within Sight 266
Flying, and on the verdant Turf repos'd.
The Hero then his Mother's Birds perceives,
And joyful prays : If there be any way,
O you my Leaders be, and to the Groves 270
Thro' Air your Course direct, where this rich Bough
O'er shades the fertile Earth ; and thou assist,
O Parent-Goddes ! in this dubious Case.
Thus having spoke he stop'd, and watch'd, what Signs
They might exhibit, whether bend their Flight. 275
They feeding, forward went, only so far
Upon the Wing, as they that mark'd, by Ken
Might easily discern. Thence when they came,
Of black *Avernus* to the noisome Mouth,
Quick they upsprung, and towards the Place desir'd
Again descending, on the branching Tree 281
Alighted ; whence the Splendor of the Gold
Discolour'd shone amid the Branches thick.

As in the Woods the Mistletoe, tho' not
By its own Tree produced, in wintry Frosts 285
Is wont to flourish with new Leaves, and round
The tapering Trunks its yellow Offspring twine ;
The vegetable Gold so blooming flam'd
Upon the shady Holm, the golden Rind
So tinkling wav'd with every gentle Gale. 290
ÆNEAS seizes quick, and greedy plucks
The ling'ring Branch, and carries to the Grot
Of the prophetic Sybil. On the Shore
The *Trojans* not the less MISENUS wept
Mean time, and to his Corps insensible 295
Due Obsequies perform'd. A mighty Pile,
Of cloven Oaks, and unctuous Pine, they first
Uprear, whose Sides they cover with black Leaves,
And in the Front the mournful Cypress place,
And with refulgent Arms the Top adorn. 300
Part Water, bubling with the Flames, prepare
In brazen Cauldrons, and his Body cold
Wash and anoint. An universal Groan
Succeeds : His Body then, lamented much,
Upon a Couch they place, and o'er it spread 305
Of

Garments of purple, the accustom'd Veil.
Another Part the ample Bier sustain,
Mournful Employ, and with averted Face,
As usual, hold beneath the lighted Torch. 310
Viands, and Gifts of Incense, Jars of Oil,
Together heap'd burn in the general Blaze.
The Ashes now subsided, and the Flame
Extinguish'd, the Relics, and the Embers dry,
They wash'd with Wine, and CORINAEUS plac'd, 315
The Bones collected in a brazen Urn.
A Tour thrice round th' Assembly then he made,
And with a Branch of Olive, lucky deem'd,
Besprinkling them with Drops of Water clear,
He purify'd the Host, and last Farewell 320
Pronounc'd. But here a stately Monument
Pious ÆNEAS rais'd, and thereon plac'd
The Trumpet and the Oar, his proper Arms,
Under a lofty Mountain; which is call'd
Misenus now from him, and shall retain 325
That Name for ever, as the Ages roll.

THIS done, the Sybil's Orders he with speed
Obeys. There was a Cave of Depth immense,

And with a vast Hiatus gaping wide,
Craggy, defended by a baleful Lake, 330
And Gloominess of Woods : o'er which no Bird
Dar'd ever, with Impunity, to make
Its Way on Wing ; such a pernicious Steam,
From its black Jaws exhaling, forth it sent
To th' upper Regions of the Air, from whence 335
The *Greeks*, by name *Aornos* call'd the Place.
Here four black Heifers first the Priests brought,
And on their Foreheads downwards pour'd the Wine,
And plucking 'twixt their Horns the longest Hairs,
Threw them into the sacred Fire, the first 340
Oblation ; *HECATE* invoking loud
Potent in Heaven and Hell. Others employ
The sacrificing Knives, and tepid Blood
In Vessels broad receive. Of fable Fleece
A Lamb, *ÆNEAS* then himself to Night, 345
The Mother of the Furies, and to Earth,
Her Sister Deity, smote with his Sword ;
And, *PROSERPINE*, to thee a barren Cow.
He then commences to the *Stygian* King
Nocturnal Sacrifices, and whole Bulls 350
Offers,

Offers upon the Altars, pouring Oil
Upon the smoking Entrails. But behold,
About the Dawn of Day, and the first Light
Of the resplendent Sun, the Earth began
Under their Feet to bellow, and the Tops 355
To tremble of the Woods, and Dogs are seen,
The Goddesses now approaching near, to howl
Along the Shade. Far hence, O ye Prophane,
Far hence, the Prophetess exclaims aloud,
And from the Limits of the Grove recede : 360
And you, begin your Journey, and your Sword
Forth from your Scabbard draw : ÆNEAS, now
Courage, and Resolution firm behoves.
This said, she furious rush'd into the Cave,
And measuring Step by Step he follows bold. 365

YE Gods, who rule departed Souls, ye Shades,
And *Pblegeton* and *Chaos*, Places wrap'd
In Silence deep, and Night profound, permit,
That what I've heard I may relate : By Leave 370
Of your Divinities, disclose Things hid
In utter Darkness, and th' Abyſs below.
Alone in Gloom, and Shades obscure they went,
Thro'

Thro' PLUTO's vacant Seats, and empty Realms.
 Such is the Moon's uncertain envious Light 375
 In travelling thro' Woods, when JOVE disturb'd
 Covers the Heavens with Clouds, and fable Night
 The Colour of all Objects takes away.

BEFORE the Threshold, in the first Approach
 Of Hell, Grief, and corroding Cares, their Beds 380
 Prepar'd: Distempers pale inhab it there,
 Old Age morose, and Fear, and Hunger lean,
 Prompter of Wickedness, and Indigence.
 Most wretched; Spectres terrible to see!
 Labour and Death, and Sleep, Brother of Death, 385
 And Joys of evil Minds; on th' other Side
 Destructive War, and of the Furies, built
 Of solid Iron, the Chambers; Discord mad,
 Her Viper-hair with bloody Fillets bound.

I' th' midst a lofty Elm extended wide 390
 Her Branches and old Arms, in which 'tis said
 False Dreams their Habitation make, and hang
 Beneath the Leaves in Clusters. Many more
 Appearances besides of Monsters, house
 Before the Portal; SCYLLAS double shap'd, 395
 And

And *Centaurs*, and Earth-born BRIAREUS,
With his twice fifty hands, and hissing dire
The Snake *Lernæan*, and CHIMÆRA arm'd
With Flames, *Gorgonian* Terrors, Harpies dire,
And of the triple Bodied Ghost the Form. 400
ÆNEAS, seiz'd with sudden fear, his Sword
Here draws, and its redoubted Point presents
To them approaching. And had not his Guide
Advertis'd him, that these *Aerial* Shapes
Wander'd without a Body, under mere 405
Appearances of Form, he had attack'd,
And 'gainst the Ghosts employ'd his Sword in vain.

FROM hence to *Acheron's Tartarean* Stream
The Way: A turbid Gulph, with Whirlpool vast,
Boils over here, disgorging all its Sand 410
Into *Cocytus*. Of this Stream the Guard
And Waters is committed to the Care
Of CHARON, nauseous for his horrid Filth.
Neglected lies, his long white Beard, his Eyes
Ardent like Fire; down from his Shoulders hangs
His sordid Garment, fasten'd by a Knot. 416
He with a Pole himself the Bark impells,

And

And manages the Sails, and in his Boat
 Of Iron Colour, ferries o'er the Ghosts :
 Aged the God, yet vigorous in his Age, 420
 And green. Here to the Banks Crouds pouring rush,
 Matrons and Men, and Forms, depriv'd of Life,
 Of Heroes most magnanimous, Boys, Girls,
 In Wedlock never join'd, and blooming Youths
 On funeral Piles laid in their Parents Sight. 425
 As numerous as the Leaves that falling drop
 At first Approaches of autumnal Cold
 In Woods; or Fowl that from the Ocean wide
 To Land by Myriads flock, when Frosts intense
 Chase them o'er Seas, in Search of warmer Climes.
 All stand entreating to pass over first, 431
 And stretch their Hands, impatient to arrive
 At th' other Shore. But the stern Ferryman,
 Now these, now those admits; and all the rest
 Far distant from the Strand, he drives away. 435

ÆNEAS mov'd, and wond'ring at the Croud,
 O Virgin, tell, what means this Concourse great,
 He said, towards the Stream? What do the Souls
 Desire? Or by what Preference, These sweep

With

With Oars the livid Ford? Those leave the Banks?

To whom the Priestess old, in brief reply'd.

ANCHISES' Son, undoubted Progeny

Of GODS, *Cocytus*' Waters deep you see,

And *Stygian* Pool, by whose Divinity

GODS dread to swear, and violate their Oaths. 445

This Multitude you see is all a Croud

Of Wretches unintomb'd : that Ferryman

Is CHARON, and the buried those who cross.

Nor these terrific Banks, and Waters hoarse

Is it allow'd to pass, before their Bones, 450

Cover'd with Earth, repose. A Hundred Years

They wander hovering round these Shores : at length

Admitted, they revisit then the Stream

So long desir'd. ANCHISES' Son his Steps

Restrain'd, and stood revolving many a thought

Within himself, and their unhappy Lot 455

Commiserating much. LEUCASPIS there,

And of the *Lycian* Fleet ORONTES chief,

Mourning he saw, of Honours due at Death

Depriv'd : Whom, sailing thro' tempestuous Seas

From *Troy*, the South wind sunk together, Men, 460

And Ship with Waters whelming. When behold

The Pilot PALINURUS slow advanc'd :

Who

Who in the *Libyan* Navigation late
Whilst he the Stars observ'd, fell over board, 465
Plung'd in the deepest Waves. Him sorrowful
When scarcely thro' the dismal Gloom he knew,
First he addrest thus. Which of the Gods,
O PALINURUS, snatch'd you from your Friends,
And buried in mid Sea? I pray declare. 470
For in this single Oracle, before
Found ever true, has PHOEBUS me deceiv'd.
Who, that you should the Dangers of the Deep
Escape, and touch *Ausonian* Shores, foretold.
Behold his promis'd Faith? He then reply'd. 475

NOR did APOLLO'S Oracle deceive
Your Hopes, Illustrious Chief, nor any GOD
Plunge me amid the Waves : for I, by chance,
Appointed Pilot, falling headlong down,
The Helm drew with me, broke away by Force, 480
As fast to it I clung. Th' outrageous Seas
I call to Witness, for my self my Fear
Was not so strong, as that your Ship, despoil'd
Of Helm, depriv'd of Pilot, should remain
To such tempestuous Seas an easy Wreck. 485

Three stormy Nights along the deep Immense
The boistrous South wind drove me on the Waves :
By the fourth Morning's Light, on a high Surge
Uplifted, I descried th' *Italian* Shore ;
To Land I by degrees advanc'd, and now 490
Was in Security, when climbing up
The craggy Summit of a Mountain high,
With grasping hands, a People inhumane
Fell on me with the Sword, fatigu'd, oppress'd
With Garments wet, esteeming me rich Prey, 495
Thro' Ignorance. The Deep receives me now,
The Sport of Winds and Tides along the Shore.
But by the Light of Heaven, and vital Air,
I beg you, by Remembrance of your Sire,
By Hope of young IULUS' rising Fame, 500
Deliver me, O Chief invincible,
From all these Ills : or cover me with Earth,
You may, by sailing to the *Velian* Port :
Or if, in Possibility, a Way
There be, if any has been pointed out 505
By your celestial Mother (for without
Th' Assistance of the Gods, I cannot deem
Such mighty Rivers, and the *Stygian* Lake

You would attempt to pass) stretch out your Hand
To wretched me, and in your Company 510
Bear cross the River, that at least in Death
I may remain in peaceful Seats at rest.

Thus having spoke, the Prophetess began.
Whence this Desire so impious, PALINURE?
Shall you the *Stygian* Waters and the Stream, 515
Unburied, of the Furies see, or pass
To th' other Shore, the Gods not granting Leave?
Forbear to hope the Destinies divine
By Prayers can alter'd be: but what I say
Retain, in Solace of your sad Mishap. 520
For all the Region, Cities far and near,
Forc'd by Celestial Prodigies, your Death
Shall expiate, and shall a Monument
Erect, and to the Monument send Gifts,
And *Palinurus* shall the Place be call'd 525
For ever. With these Words his racking Cares
Alleviated were, and Grief a while
From his afflicted Heart was driven away:
He glories in the Land to bear his Name.

THE Journey then commenc'd they finish soon, 530
And to the River come. Whom when as soon
The Boatman from the *Stygian* Lake descried,
Crossing the silent Wood, and to the Bank
Their Steps directing, with these words he first
Attacks, and gladly chides: Whoe'er thou art 535
That to my River com'st in Arms, say quick,
What's your Intent, and there your Steps restrain
Immediately. The Region this of Ghosts,
Of Sleep, and drowfy Night. Fate disallows
To bear the Living in the *Stygian* Boat. 540
How dearly I repent that on the Lake,
Or great ALCIDES, or PIRITHOUS,
Or THESEUS I receiv'd, altho' from Gods
Descent, and Strength invincible they claim'd :
He, the *Tartarean* Keeper trembling drag'd 545
From underneath the King's own Throne, and bound
In Chains: and These the Queen attempted, even
From PLUTO's Bed to take by Force. To which
Briefly reply'd th' *Amphrysian* Prophetess. 550

HERE no such Treacheries; your Temper keep;
Nor Force these Arms intend: the Porter huge

May fright the Spirits pale within his Den,
And bark for ever; and chaste PROSERPINE
May rest secure within her Royal Dome. 555

ÆNEAS, *Trojan* born, for Arms renown'd
And Piety, down to the lowest Shades
Of ERERUS descends to meet his Sire.
If such an Image great of Piety
Affect you little, yet this Bough (she then 560
The Bough discloses which her Vest conceal'd)
You'll know. His boiling Anger fell asswaged;
Nor more than this. He of the fatal Twig
The venerable Gift admiring, seen
After so long a Tract of Time, directs 565
His livid Vessel back, and makes the Shore.
Then other Souls, which on the Benches long
Were sitting, he removes, and clears the Way,
And in the Bark ÆNEAS great receives.
The oft patch'd Vessel groan'd beneath the Weight,
And leaky, large receiv'd the troubled Pool. 571

BEYOND the River, on the slimy Mud,
And oozy Weed, at length he landed safe
Both Prophets and Hero. CERBERUS,

The Monster, thro' these Realms from triple Throat
Howls barking, stretch'd enormous in his Den 576
On th' other Side. To whom the Sibyl now,
His Neck terrific grown with rising Snakes,
A Cake of Honey throws and sleepy Drugs;
He snatches as it falls with hungry Rage, 580
Opening his triple Jaws; his monstrous Chine
Relaxing then, stretch'd on the Ground, he lies
Extended huge o're all the Kennel wide.
The Guardian buried thus in Sleep, the Pass
ÆNEAS seiz'd, and of that Stream the Bank 585
Left quick, which pass'd, is ne'er to be repass'd.

SHRILL Voices strait were heard, and wailing loud,
And Souls of Infants weeping first they saw;
Whom, from the Breast harsh torn, and of sweet Life
Bereav'd, the fatal Moment snatch'd, and sunk 590
Untimely in the Grave. Next these, appear
They who unjustly were to Death condemn'd.
Nor without Judge or Sentence are these Seats
Allotted: MINOS shakes the Urn; he calls

To full Assembly all the silent Ghosts ; 595
And strict enquires into their Lives and Crimes.

Next Those dejected hold the Places, who
With their own hands Death to themselves procur'd,
Tho' innocent, yet hating Light, their Lives
Threw prodigal away : how gladly now 600
The hardest Labours, Poverty it self,
Patient in Light above would they endure !
The Fates obstruct, with dreary Wave the Pool
Of deadly Hatè debars them, *Styx* abhor'd,
With nine Meanders flowing round, detains. 605

NOR distant far are shewn, on every side
Spread out, the Fields of Mourning, by that Name
They're call'd ; here Those whom cruel Love consum'd
By slow Disease, Walks unfrequented hide,
And round a Grove of Myrtle close conceals 610
Their Cares tormenting cease, not even in Death.
Here PHÆDRA, PROCRIſ, and ERIPHYLE,
Shewing her Son's unnatural Wound, he ſaw,
EVADNE, and PASIPHÆ : with theſe
Companion, faithful LAODAMIA goes, 615

And

And CENEUS, once a Youth, but Woman now,
By Fate return'd into her pristine Form.

'MID these was wandring thro' the spacious Wood
Phœnician DIDO, recent from her Wound :
To whom, soon as the *Trojan* Hero near 620
Approach'd, and thro' the Shade obscure perceiv'd ;
Like one who from behind a Cloud the Moon
Sees rising after Change, or thinks he sees ;
He spoke with tender Love, and drop'd some Tears.
Unhappy DIDO ! then too true the News 625
Reported of your Death, and that with Steel
Your self you had destroy'd ? Was I, alas !
The Cause of your Destruction ? By the Stars,
And Gods I swear, and if there's any Faith
In subterraneous Regions here, O Queen, 630
Reluctant I departed from your Shores.
But the Commands of Gods, which force me now
To travel this Profound, thro' doleful Shades,
And Regions full of Horror, drove me on
By their Authority; nor could I think, 635
That my Departure with such desp'rate Grief
Could have affected you. But stay your Steps,

Nor from my longing Eyes your self withdraw.

Whom fliest thou? This Interview's the last

That cruel Fate allows me to enjoy.

640

ÆNEAS thus, Tears flowing, strove to calm
Her troubled Mind, and hate-denouncing Looks,

Fixt on the Ground her Eyes averse she kept,

Nor more was moved, than if a Statue stood

Of *Parian* Marble, or *Numidian* Stone.

645

At last, with Enmity declar'd, she flew

Into the Shady Grove, where her first Lord

SICHÆUS of her Cares partakes, and Love

Meets equal Love. ÆNEAS not the less

650

Struck with her wretched Fate, pursu'd her far

With weeping Eyes, and pitied as she fled.

FROM hence the Way permitted he attempts.

And now the Fields most distant they had reach'd,

Inclos'd apart, where those renown'd in War

655

Inhabit. TYDEUS meets him here, for Arms

Here fam'd PARTHENOPÆUS, and the pale

ADRASTUS' Image. Many Trojans here

In

In Battle slain, lamented much above :

Whom in long Rank discerning he bewail'd ; 660

MEDON and GLAUCUS, and THERSILOCHUS,

Sons of ANTENOR, and the sacred Priest

Of CERES, POLYBOETES ; here he saw

IDÆUS with the Car, and Arms prepar'd.

Innumerable Ghosts, to Right and Left, 665

Inclose him round. Nor was't enough to've seen

Him once, they longer take Delight to stay,

T' approach more near, and of his coming learn

The Cause. But th' *Argive* Leaders, and the Troops

Of AGAMEMNON, soon as they beheld 670

The Hero thro' the Gloom, known by his Arms

Refulgent, trembled with Excess of Fear.

Part fled, as heretofore when to their Ships

They ran, and Part their feeble Voices raise ;

The Voice begun deceiv'd their open Mouths. 675

DEÏPHOBUS, the Son of PRIAM here,

In all his Body mangled, he perceiv'd ;

His Face disfigur'd cruelly ; his Face,

And both his Hands, his Temples of his Ears

Despoil'd, and Nose with shameful Wound impair'd,
 He scarcely knew him trembling, and his Wounds
 Most terrible concealing, and with Voice
 Familiar long he thus accosts him first.

Potent in Arms, DEIPHOBUS, from Blood
 Of TEUCER noble sprung; who could desire 685
 Of thee such Punishment to take? To whom
 Such Power allow'd o'er thee? In that last Night
 Fame spread abroad, that with vast Slaughter tir'd
 Of *Grecians*, you had fallen upon a heap
 Of Carcases confus'd. Then I uprear'd 690
 An empty Tomb on the *Rhatean* Shore,
 And thrice with a loud Voice your Manes call'd.
 Your Name and Arms the Place retains. Your Corps,
 My Friend, departing, I could no where find,
 To give you Burial in our native Land. 695

To which the Son of PRIAM: Nothing's left
 By you, my Friend, undone; you have discharg'd
 All pious Duties to DEIPHOBUS,
 And to his Shade. But me my Destiny,
 And that *Laconian* Woman's Wickedness 700
 Detestable, o'erwhelm'd with all these Ills:

These

These Monuments she left me. How we spent
In Joys delusive that last Night you know,
And more than necessary Cause remains
To keep in Mem'ry. When the fatal Horse 705
Leap'd o'er the lofty Walls of *Pergamus*,
And pregnant, in its Womb brought Warriors arm'd:
To BACCHUS she pretending Sacrifice,
The *Phrygian* Matrons led in Dance, around
The sacred Vases yelling; she her self 710
I'th' midst a lighted Torch upheld, and gave
The Signal to the *Greeks*. Oppress'd with Cares,
With sleep o'ercome, on my unlucky Bed
I then was laid, and all my Senses lock'd
In Sleep profound, as in an easy Death. 715
Mean while the Arms from every Room my Spouse
Incomparable had remov'd, and stole
From underneath my Head my trusty Sword:
Within the House she MENELAUS calls,
And opens wide the Doors. A grateful Gift 720
To her fond Confort hoping this would prove,
And haply might efface the Memory
Of all her former Crimes. But why delay?
They rush into my Chamber: with them join'd,

Prompter of Wickedness, ULYSSES comes. 725

Ye Gods, if it be lawful to demand

Just Punishments, Retaliation due

Inflict upon the *Grecians*. But what Chance,

Now in your Turn declare, into these Realms

Brought you yet living? drove by boist'rous Seas,

Or by the Gods directed do you come? 730

Or what Misfortune forces you to Seats

Of Heaven's blest Light depriv'd, and full of Grief?

WHILST they discourse, APOLLO in his Car
Had measur'd half the Circle of his Course 735

Ethereal: and perhaps th' allotted Time

They'd quite consum'd in these Enquiries vain,

But his Companion interpos'd, and brief

The Sibyl thus admonish'd. Night hastes on

ÆNEAS; and we weeping spend our time: 740

Here into two the Road it self divides;

The Right to PLUTO's City leads, by this

Our Way t' *Elysium* lies; the Left conducts

To horrid *Tartarus*, where wicked Men

Their Punishment receive. DEÏPHOBUS 745

Reply'd. Great Priests chide not, I'll depart,

And stay my destin'd Time in Darknes here;
Our Glory, go; go, happier Fates attend.
This as he spake he turn'd his Step aside.

ÆNEAS look'd, and saw, beneath a Rock 750
On the left side, a City of vast Extent,
With triple Walls inclos'd; which *Phlegeton*
With rapid Waves of torrent Fire surrounds,
And rolls the rocky Fragments thund'ring down.
Large was the Gate in Front, on Pillars ras'd 755
Of solid Adamant; so that no Strength
Of Men, nor Gods themselves, have Power to raise
By force of Arms. An Iron Tower ascends
Up to the Clouds, and fell TYSIPHONE,
Clad in a bloody Robe, sits Day and Night, 760
Her Eye-lids never clos'd, and th' Entrance guards.
Hence Groans were to be heard, and cruel Stripes,
And clanking sound of Iron, and dragging Chains.
ÆNEAS stop'd amaz'd, and catch'd the Noise.
What sort of Crimes, O Virgin, say, are judg'd? 765
And what the Punishments inflict'd here?
What loud Complaints are these that pierce the Air?

THE Priestess then began. Great Chief of *Troy*,
 To none that's pious is it lawful deem'd
 To tread that wicked Ground: but *Hecate*, 770
 When me she nominated to preside
 Over th' *Avernian* Groves, inform'd at large
 Of every Punishment, and every Crime.
 This Ministry severe is exercis'd
 By CRETAN RHADAMANTHUS: He of Frauds 775
 Takes Cognisance, and Penalties inflicts;
 And forces all the Guilty to confess
 Their Crimes, which, pleas'd with their vain Fraud,
 Conceal'd above, the Expiations meet ^{they had}
 Too late deferring till their Course was run.
 TISIPHONE th' Avenger, arm'd with Whips, 780
 The Guilty scourges, with insulting Mood,
 And worse still threat'ning, from the Serpents grasp'd
 In her left Hand, her Sister Furies calls,

Just then, with dreadful Sound, on jarring Hinge
 Th' infernal Gates wide open fly. Behold 785
 What Watch the Threshold guards? What Spectre
 Th' Approaches? And a *Hydra* fiercer far, ^{keeps}
 With fifty Mouths, most monstrous, gaping wide,
 Stables

Stables within. Then *Tartarus* it self

Opens into a Precipice below, 790

And to the Shades as deep extends it self,

As twice the Distance to th' empyreal Heaven.

Earth's ancient Progeny, *Titanian* Sons,

By Thunder-bolts precipitated, lie

Together rolling in the lowest Pit. 795

Enormous in their Size, th' *ALCIBIAN* Twins

I saw, who Heaven attempted to subvert

By strength of Hand, and *Jove* himself expell

From his Dominion of the Realms above.

SALMONEUS suffering cruel Pains I saw, 800

For having dar'd the pointed Lightning's Flame,

And Thunder dread to imitate in vain.

He, drawn in Chariot by four Coursers fleet,

And waving in his Hand a lighted Torch,

Thro' *Grecian* States, and *Elis* City rode 805

Triumphant, and the Honours, due alone

To the Immortal Gods, claim'd to himself.

Insensate! who could think to counterfeit

By Brass, and prancing Steeds with horny Hoofs,

Th' inimitable Thunder, and Heav'n's Fire. 810

But

But from amid thick Clouds th' Almighty Sire
Darted his flaming Bolt, no Flambeau dim,
Nor Torch with smoky Light, and him, tranfixt,
Hurl'd headlong in a fiery Whirlwind down.

There TITVUS too, Earth's Foster-Son was seen,
All-bearing Parent Earth, whose Body huge 816
Extended o'er nine Acres Space complete ;
And his immortal Liver with hook'd Beak
A monstrous Vultur tearing ; deep he digs
His Entrails, fruitful to new Punishment,
For Delicacies, and his ample Breast 821
Inhabits, nor is any Respite given
To Fibres still renew'd to close the Wounds.
Why should I mention of PIRITHOÛS make,
IXION, and the LAPITHÆ ? on whom 825
Th' incumbent Rock just ready seems to fall,
Nay is already falling. Splendid shine
On golden Pillars genial Beds, and Feasts
Before them set with Regal Luxury :
The Queen of Furies hard by lies reclin'd, 830
And even the tasting bars, and starting up
Holds out her Torch, and scares with thund'ring Voice.

HERE

HERE those who 'gainst their Brothers Hatred bore,
Whilst Life remain'd ; or disobedient struck
A Parent ; or their Clients to deceive 835
Had Frauds contriv'd ; or who alone intent
On heaping up of Riches, gave no part
To their Relations. These most num'rous far.
And those who for Adultery were slain ;
Or who to impious Arms adhering, made 840
No Scruple their most solemn Oaths to break.
All these their Punishments await. Ask not
What Pains, what Change, or Fortune they're to bear.
Some roll a massy Stone, and hang on Spokes
Of Wheels distended. THESEUS wretched sits, 845
And will for ever sit : and PHLEGYAS all
The Ghosts exhorts, most miserable he,
And with loud Voice thro' all the Shades proclaims ;
Learn Justice, and forewarn'd revere the Gods.
This Man his Country sold, and introduc'd 850
A Tyrant, bribed by Gold ; Laws he enacts,
And afterwards repeals for a set Price.
His Daughter's Bed, forbidden Nuptials, this
Invaded. Monstrous Wickedness all dared,

And

And what they dar'd accomplish'd and enjoy'd. 855
 Not if a hundred Tongues, a hundred Mouths,
 A Voice and Lungs of Iron I had, could I
 The various Scenes of Wickedness describe;
 Or diff'rent Punishments inflicted tell.

APOLLO's aged Priests having spoke 860
 To this Effect: let us pursue our Way,
 And finish what we have so well begun,
 Let us make Haste, she said. The Royal Walls
 Forg'd on *Cyclopi*an Anvils, and the Gate,
 Under that Arch directly opposite, 865
 I plainly can discern; where we our Gifts
 Are to deposit by the Gods Command.
 With equal steps then walking thro' the Gloom,
 The middle space with rapid Speed they clear,
 And to the Gate approach. ÆNEAS first 870
 Secures the Entrance, and with Water pure
 His Body sprinkles o'er, and in the Porch
 The Golden Bough suspends high eminent.

FINISH'D these Rites, to PROSERPINE the Gift
 Affix'd, to flow'ry Vales, and Verdure sweet 875
 Of

Of most delightful Groves, and happy Seats
They come. A more extended Æther here
Prevails, more splendid Light invests the Fields,
And their own Sun, their proper Stars they know.
Part exercise their Limbs on the green Turf, 880
Contend in Sports, or wrestle on the Sand.
Part in the various Dances keep just Time,
And Verses sing. ORPHEUS in flowing Robe
Expresses the seven Intervals of Sounds
On Strings harmonious, and his Harp now sweeps
With volant Touch, now strikes with Ivory Quill.
Here TEUCER'S ancient Race, a glorious Line,
Illustrious Heroes, born in better Days,
ILUS, ASSARACUS, and DARDANUS,
Founder of *Troy*. Their Arms and empty Cars 890
At Distance rang'd, with Wonder he beholds:
Their Spears stand fix'd in Earth; their Horses feed
At large, unharnes'd o'er the Fields. In Arms,
And Chariots what Delight they living took,
That very Passion follows them below. 895

OTHERS, behold! to Right and Left he saw
Feasting upon the Grass, and Pæans glad

In Concert singing, 'midst a Laurel Wood
Breathing Perfumes, from whence *Eridanus*
With copious Stream rolls thro' the Groves beneath.
This Band, of Those consisted, who receiv'd
In fighting for their Country glorious Wounds ;
Of those who while they liv'd, in Purity
The Sacerdotal Office exercis'd :
Of Poets who the Gods rever'd, and sung 905
Things worthy of APOLLO ; or of Those
Who first invented Arts that polish Life ;
Or who in Veneration left their Names
By acts beneficent. All These around
Their Brows white Fillets bore for Ornament. 910
Whom gather'd round the Sybil thus address'd ;
MUSÆUS chiefly : him a numerous Croud
Encircles, and admires his Stature tall,
Superiour rising from his Shoulders broad.

SAY, happy Souls, and best of Poets say, 915
In which of these blest Regions, or what Place
ANCHISES dwells ? on his Account we come,
And travers'd have the Rivers great of Hell.
And thus to her the Hero brief reply'd.

To none of us a fixed Seat is given ; 920
Either in shady Groves, or on the Banks
Of Rivers clear, or thro' the flow'ry Meads
'Midst Rivulets our Residence we chuse.
But you, if so your Inclination prompts;
Ascend this Hill, and by an easy Path 925
I'll bring you to the Place. He said, and led
The Way ; and from above the shining Fields
In Prospect shew'd : then they the Summit left.

BUT, in a verdant Mead remote, his Sire
ANCHISES was surveying with great Care 930
The separated Souls, whose Lot it was
The Light of Heav'n to see ; and was by chance
Viewing his Family, and Children dear,
Their Fortunes, Manners, Prowess and their Fates.
And He, when he beheld across the Field 935
ÆNEAS coming, joyful both his Hands
Stretch'd out ; Tears flow'd fast down his Cheeks ;
He spake. Art thou at length arriv'd, my Son ? ^{and thus}
Thy filial Piety, so well approv'd,
The Dangers of the Journey has o'ercome ? 940
Am I allow'd thy Countenance to see ?

And well-known Accents hear, and render back ?
My Mind still gave me, reck'ning up the Times,
It would be so : nor have I been deceiv'd.

Toft thro' how many Seas, how many Lands, 945
Do I receive Thee, from what Dangers fav'd !
How much did I the Dangers threatning you
In *Afric* dread. ÆNEAS thus replies.

Your Shade appearing, Father, to me oft,
Compell'd to visit this tremendous Land. 950
The Fleet rides in the *Tyrrhene* Sea. Our Hands
Permit to join, O Sire ! permit, nor fly
From my Embraces. Saying this, a Flood
Of Tears pour'd down his Cheeks : thrice he essay'd
His Arms around his Neck to throw : and thrice 955
The Shade, in vain attempted, fled his Touch,
As swift as Winds, or like a fleeting Dream,

MEAN time ÆNEAS, in a secret Vale,
A lofty Wood with humble Shrubs discern'd,
By gentle Zephyrs fan'd, and *Lethe's* Stream 960
Before these happy Mansions gliding flow :
Innumerable Tribes and People keep

Hov'ring

Hov'ring about this River. As in Meads,
When on the various Flowers the Bees alight,
In Days serene of Spring, and spread themselves 965
Around the milk-white Lillies, so the Plain
Brush'd with the Hifs of rustling Wings resounds.
ÆNEAS shudder'd at the sight, and Cause
Demands, not knowing; What those Rivers are?
And who the Ghosts that in such Multitudes. 970
Have fill'd the Margins? Then ANCHISES thus.
Those Souls to whom new Bodies are by Fate
Decreed, at *Lethe's* stream composing Draughts,
And long Oblivion drink. Of these long time,
I have desir'd to talk with you, and shew 975
Before you, reck'ning up my Progeny,
That *Latium* found, you may yet more rejoice.
What then can Souls in such exalted State,
O Father, can it be conceiv'd, can They
From hence to upper Light desire to go, 980
And bear again the Load of mortal Flesh?
What fatal Love these Wretches prepossess
Of Light? ANCHISES answer made; My Son,
I'll tell you, nor perplex'd keep in Suspense;
And every thing in Order due explains. 985

FIRST, Heaven, and Earth, and watry Plains, the
Resplendent of the Moon, the Sun, and Stars, ^{Globe}
A Spirit nourishes within, a Mind,
Infus'd thro' all the Parts, the Mass entire
Pervades, and moves, and with that Body vast 990
Mixes it self. The Race of Men and Beasts
Hence spring, the winged Fowles, and Monsters bred
Beneath the level Surface of the Deep :
The Seeds a fiery Vigour in themselves
Possess, and Origin Celestial claim ; 995
But then by noxious Bodies they're impair'd,
By earthly Limbs, and mortal Members clog'd.
From hence the Passions, Fear, Desire, Grief, Joy :
Nor shut in Darknes up, and Prison blind,
Can they so much as have a view of Heaven. 1000
But with their latest Breath when Life's extinct,
All their corporeal Plagues, and Evils felt
Before, do not even then depart entire,
From wretched Beings; of Necessity,
Many, habitual grown, by wond'rous Ways, 1005
Inherent must remain. Wherefore with Pains
They're exercis'd, and pay the Penalties
Of all their ancient Crimes. To piercing Winds
Some

Some hang expos'd. Others in Gulphs profound;
All the Pollutions of their Sins wash out, 1010
Or purge by Fire. All suffer Punishment,
Each, his own Genius, his Tormenter finds.
Thence thro' *Elysium* ample we're dispers'd,
Altho' but few the happy Regions gain :
Until the long expected Day, arriv'd 1015
By Revolutions just of Time complete,
Th' indented Stains effaces, and leaves pure
Th' Ethereal Essence, Fire of Light unmix'd.
Those all, when full a thousand Years have roll'd
Exact their Circles, in a Concourse great 1020
To the *Lethæan* stream a God conducts :
That they unmindful of whate'er is past,
The upper Regions may revisit safe,
And into Bodies, pleas'd, return again.

ANCHISES ended ; and into the 'midst 1025
Of the assembled Ghosts, and fluttering Croud,
The Sibyl, and his Son conducts, and takes
An Eminence, from whence he might survey
All those who fronting stood in Order long,
And might their Visages as they advanc'd, 1030

Distinct discern. Now then what Glory waits
Our *Dardan* Progeny, and what Descent
From the *Italian* Nation shall arise ;
Illustrious Souls, and all in Time to pass
Into our Family, I'll brief relate ; 1035
And likewise thy own Fate to thee declare.

SEEST thou that Youth, who on a Scepter leans ?
By Lot the nearest place to Light he holds ;
Mix'd with *Italian* Blood, He first shall rise
To the Æthereal Skies; an *Alban* Name, 1040
SYLVIVS, of all thy Children last : and whom
LAVINIA shall, thy Consort, to thee old
Bring forth, and educate in Woods, a King
And Sire of Kings: from whom our Race shall reign
In *Alba*. PROCAS next to him succeeds, 1045
The Glory of the *Trojan* Name ; CAPYS ;
And NUMITOR; and who will represent
Thee by his Name, ÆNEAS SYLVIVS,
Like you for Piety and Arms renown'd,
If e'er the Rule of *Alba* he obtain. 1050
What Youths behold ! what Limbs, heroic built !
But they, whose Temples with the Civic Crown
Are

Are bound, *Nomentum* and *Fidenæ* will
Upraise, and *Gabia*. On Mountains cold
The Towers of *Collatine* they'll first erect, 1055
Pometia, *Bola*, *Cora*, and the Fort
Of *Inuus*. These then will be their Names,
Now Lands without a Name. And *ROMULUS*,
The Son of *MARS*, Associate in the Throne
With *NUMITOR* his Grandfire, shall be plac'd : 1060
Whom *ILIA* of *ASSARACUS*'s Blood
Shall bear. Behold you not the double Plumes
How on his Helm they wave, and *Jove* himself
With his own Splendors marks his fulgent Head ?
Under his Auspices that famous *Rome* 1065
My Son shall rise, whose Conquests only Earth
Shall bound, and Valour equal to the Gods ;
Within one Wall she to herself seven Hills
Shall compass round, abounding in a Race
Of Heroes. Such the Goddesses *CYBELE*, 1070
Crown'd with high Towers, borne in her Chariot rides
Thro' *Phrygian* Cities, joyful in the Birth
Of Gods, a Hundred reck'ning from her Loins,
Inhabitants of Heaven, all placed above.

Now hither turn your Eyes, this Nation see, 1075

And your own *Romans*. CÆSAR here, and all

IULUS' Race, that shall to Light emerge,

Under the Cope of Heaven. The Hero This,

So often promis'd, and expected long,

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, Progeny of GODS : 1080

By him the Golden Age shall be restor'd

In *Latium*, thro' the happy Fields possess'd

By SATURN old ; He shall extend his Sway

Beyond the *Garamantes*, and beyond

The *Indian* Realm ; to Lands that by the Stars 1085

Unlighted lie, out of the Circle wide

The Sun and Year describe, where ATLAS turns

The Axis round, with sparkling Stars enchas'd.

Already all the *Caspian* Kingdoms dread

His coming, by Responses of the GODS 1090

Foretold ; the Nations round *Mæotis'* Pool,

And those upon the Mouths of seven-branch'd *Nile*,

Together croud alarm'd. Such Tracts of Land

Ne'er did ALCIDES traverse, tho' he pierc'd

The brazen footed Stag, or slew the Boar 1095

In *Erymanthian* Woods, and with his Bow

Made the *Lernæan* Monster quake for Fear.

Nor BACCHUS Victor, when his Tygers rein'd

With twisted Vines, o'er *Nysæ's* Top he drove.

And do we then still hesitate t' extend 1100

Our Virtue by our Actions? or can Fear

Restrain from fixing on th' *Ausonian* Plains?

BUT who is He, distinguish'd by a Wreath

Of Olive at a distance, in his Hands

Bearing the sacred Utenfils? I know 1105

The *Roman* King, his Silver Hairs, and Beard.

He first the City shall establish firm

By salutary Laws, from Cures small,

And poor Estate, to a great Empire call'd.

TULLUS shall afterward to him succeed; 1110

He shall his sleeping Country rouse to Arms,

Shake off their Indolence, and call them forth

To Triumphs long diffus'd. Him follows next

ANCUS, more haughty, now but too much pleas'd

With popular Applause. And would you see 1115

The proud *Tarquinian* Kings, and Spirit fierce

Of BRUTUS the Avenger, and the Marks

Of Power recover'd? He shall first receive

The Consular Command, and Ax severe ;
And his own Sons, exciting Troubles new, 1120
Unhappy Father ! shall to Death condemn,
In maintenance of Liberty divine.
Howe'er Posterity this Deed receive,
Love of his Country, and Desire immense
Of Fame shall overcome. Lo ! farther off, 1125
The DECIUS ; DRUSI ; with his lifted Ax
Severe, TORQUATUS, and CAMILLUS fierce
The *Roman* Eagles bringing back, regain'd.
But those two Souls, resplendent whom you see
In equal Arms, united now, and while 1130
They are suppress'd in Night ; alas ! what Wars,
What Armies, and what Slaughter will they raise
Between themselves, if e'er the Light they reach !
The Father from the *Alpine* Fortresses
Descending, and *Monæcus*' Tower ; the Son 1135
With all the East in Opposition stands.
Ah ! Sons, refrain ; to such destructive Wars
Accustom not your Minds, nor turn your Arms
Invincible against the yearning Bowels
Of your own Country ! and Thou first, Thou learn
To

To pardon, who from Heaven thy Lineage draw'st,
Throw to the Ground thy impious Arms, my Son!

This to the lofty Capitol his Car

Shall drive in Triumph, *Corinth* overcome,

Renown'd for slaughter'd *Greeks*. That shall o'erthrow
Argos, *Mycenæ*, AGAMEMNON's Realm, 1146

And from ACHILLES sprung, ÆACIDES;

Having reveng'd his Ancestors of *Troy*,

And Violation of MINERVA's Fane. 1150

Who thee, great CATO, would in Silence leave?

Or thee, O Cossus? Who the *Gracchian* Race?

Or the two *Scipios*, Thunder-bolts of War,

The Scourge of *Libya*? And tho' poor, yet great

In Power, FABRICIUS? Or SERRANUS, thee, 1155

In Furrows sowing by thy Hands upturn'd?

Where, FABIUS, do you hurry me, fatigu'd

Already? Greatest of the FABIAN Name,

Who by Delays the Commonwealth shall save.

Let others breathing Statues softer mould; 1160

And Features, animated surely, draw

From Marble; plead with greater Eloquence;

The Stars, and Heav'nly Motions calculate.

The Nations thou with awful Power to rule 1165

Remem-

Remember *Roman*, (these shall be your Arts!)
 The Terms of Peace to dictate, and to spare
 The Suppliant, but the Haughty to subdue.

WITH Admiration they ANCHISES heard,
 Who thus continued : with the Generals Spoils 1170
 Adorn'd, see how MARCELLUS, o'er the rest
 Towering majestic, walks a Conqueror.
 With Cavalry alone, the *Roman* State,
 By Insurrections shook, he shall sustain ;
 The *Carthaginians*, and the Rebel *Gaul* 1175
 He shall o'ercome, and in the Capitol
 The Regal Spoils the third Time shall affix.
 ÆNEAS here, for with him he beheld
 A Youth most beautiful, in shining Arms, 1180
 Tho' in his Countenance but little Joy
 Appear'd, his Eyes sunk with dejected Look.
 But who is He that with the Hero walks ?
 His Son, or one of his illustrious Race ?
 What Confluence of Friends ! what Majesty 1185
 In his Appearance ! and how like the First !
 But round him hovers Night with dismal Shades.
 ANCHISES then. O Son, refrain to know
 The greatest Grief that ever shall affect

Our Family. The Fates will only shew 1190
This Youth on Earth, and quickly snatch him thence.
The *Roman* People would too powerful seem,
Ye Gods, if such your Gifts they could enjoy.
What Lamentations shall the Field of *MARS*,
And *Rome* be fill'd with! or what mournful Sight
Of Funeral Pomp shall you, O *Tyber*, see, 1196
In gliding by his new rais'd Monument!
Nor shall the *Latian* Sires conceive such Hopes
Of any *Dardan* Youth: nor *Rome* e'er boast
Of any of her Sons like This. Alas, 1200
What Piety! Alas, what ancient Truth!
And how invincible in War! No one
Shall him encounter with Impunity,
When arm'd he marches to attack the Foe
On Foot, or in his Horse's foaming Sides 1205
Buries his Spurs. O Youth! never enough
Lamented, if thy Destiny severe
Thou canst avoid, Thou shalt *MARCELLUS* be.
By handfuls Lillies bring; that I may spread
These Flowers of splendid White, and with these Gifts
Honour at least my Grandson's Shade, and pay 1210
A Duty vain. Thus wander'd they at large
O'er all the Region, and each thing survey'd
Thro'

Thro' the vast Spaces of the nether Sky.

ANCHISES having every where his Son

Conducted, and his Mind inflam'd with Hope 1215

Of all these future Glories ; he foretells

What Wars the Hero shall hereafter wage,

And him acquaints with the *Laurentian* Realms,

And King LATINUS' City ; by what Way

He should avoid each Labour, or support. 1220

Two are the Gates of Sleep, of which the one

'Tis said is made of Horn, to Visions true,

By which an easy Issue is allow'd.

With polish'd Ivory the other shines :

But this to th' upper World false Dreams conveys,

Sent by th' Infernal Deities. His Son, 1226

ANCHISES, and the Priestess, having brought

Thus far, thro' th' Ivory Portal both dismiss'd.

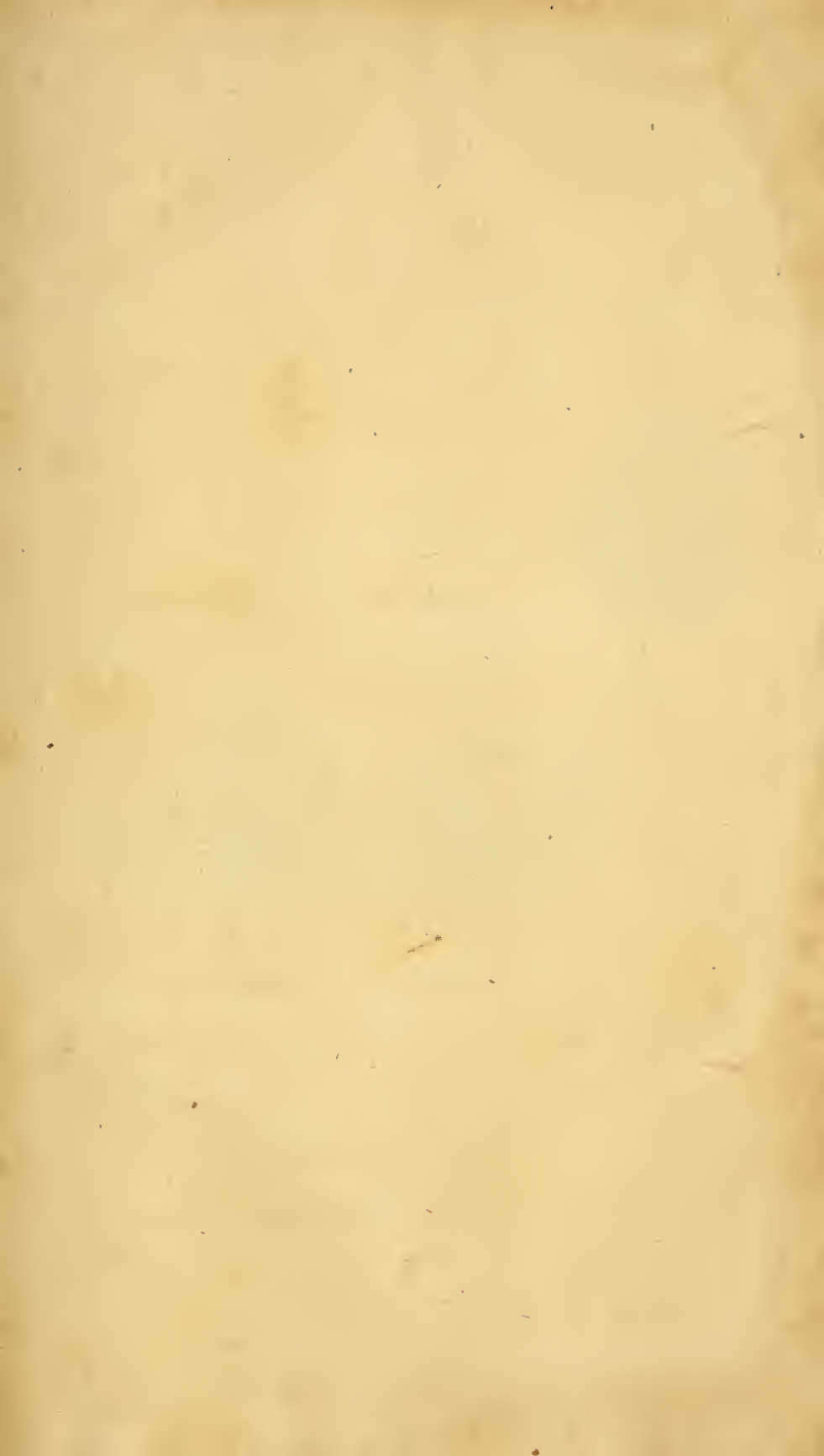
He towards the Ships his Way with speed pursues, 1230

And his Companions joins. Then near the Shore

Steers for *Caieta's* Port. The Anchors slip

From every Prow ; the Poops to Shore are turn'd.

The End of the SIXTH BOOK.





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